













THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW

V O L. XIX.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1854.

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## FISHING IN CASHMEER AND IN THE STREAMS WHICH FLOW THROUGH THE VALLIES LEAD- ING FROM CASHMEER TO THE PLAINS. .

DEAR SIR,—Although, from all accounts, the glory of the Dhoon as a fishing locality has fled, or at all events faded, yet the dwellers in the Upper Provinces and in the Punjab may still enjoy in tolerable perfection the noble art of fly-fishing, and that, moreover, in a climate where it may be followed at all seasons, save winter, without fear of the deadly fever which renders the Dhoon so fatal to sportsmen in those months, when, though the mahseer take the fly most freely malaria is rife.

In Cashmeer and the rivers which run through the vallies to the south east of it, both mahseer and trout are plentiful, and as I commenced my experience of Cashmeer fishing in the valley itself, I will begin my relation of it where I began the practice, premising, that if you should not think this article of use to your readers pray consign it to the B. B.

I arrived in Cashmeer about the middle of July, when I imagine the fishing in the Jhelum was at about its best; the only fish caught in it, at Srinugger, is neither a mahseer nor a trout, and only resembles the latter in being handsomely spotted. It has a large ugly pike-like head with an immense mouth well furnished with teeth; it is caught principally by trolling with either live or artificial bait, the boatmen will bring them (the former) every morning: those which are brightest and about the size of a largish minnow are the best. A small bright artificial minnow is equally killing with the live bait; not so, however the fly, though it is sometimes taken, but I have never made a bag with it; five fish being the most I took in a morning by its means; whilst with live and artificial fish bait, I have taken eighteen in a couple of hours. The best part of the river is near the first bridge, and sometimes you might see six or eight boats, (every thing is done in boats at Srinugger) each with its occupant busily engaged in piscatorial pursuits.

the degree of *Sport* which this fish affords, it can be called such, for though it is most ravenous in its attack on the bait, and is generally well on the feed, yet when hooked it becomes almost immediately passive, running out but little line, and allowing itself to be unresistingly landed in the boat : moreover, one of the most successful ways of catching it is to fix your boat against a piece of the bridge and sitting quietly down move your rod up and down, and thus keeping your bait spinning, you will have on these easy terms as many runs in a morning as you could wish for, the whole business being about as interesting as the Dough dodge as practised by Young Eurasia in the tanks of Bengal, and also (proh ! pudor), by some who call themselves fishermen in the sparkling stream of Cashmeer.

The name of this fish I cannot give you, as I was not much interested in catching it, although, to relieve the monotony of being without hooks or other amusements, I was a pretty frequent attendant at the bridge during my stay in Cashmeer—neither can I tell its species, a matter which is too little attended to by anglers in India. I hope next year to be able to furnish information such as your correspondent CYPRINUS is in want of. It runs from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 or 8lbs. weight.

The only other fish I have caught at Srinugger is a handsome trout-shaped fish, the belly of a fine golden color, and the back and sides dark and plentifully spotted with black. It is taken in the nullahs which run from the lake into the Jhelum and the Water Gate. Where the water is running out pretty fast is the best place, and late in the evening the best time. The extreme clearness of the water is such that the fish will not look at a fly till near dusk ; these trout also take the live and artificial minnow, but not so freely as the fly. During the mulberry season they may be caught in dozens by using a mulberry as a bait and taking the precaution to sit under a mulberry tree and use ripe mulberries only—they are called suss or tuss, and are more like a trout than any other fish I have caught in India, more so than the Bundelcund trout, which, although similar in shape to the *white* trout of Great Britain and Ireland, has rose-colored spots and a longer head than the fish of the Cashmeer river, which closely resembles the Burn trout of Scotland. Both it and the Bundelcund fish are deficient in the adipose dorsal fin, and have no teeth in the jaw, but are well furnished with them in the throat. It is pretty plentiful in the part of the river which runs by the town of Sapore, a day's journey from Srinugger, and there it takes the May-fly (Green Drake) freely. At a bridge half way between the above named places, I saw a Cashmeeree catching them with rather primitive tackle, but which was a compound

of fly-fishing and trolling. His rod was a limber switch about ten feet long, and his line of coarse black horse hair: in the bend of his thick and clumsy hook he had fastened a piece of cotton wool, which tapered off till it resembled a small white fish, this apparatus he threw with great precision, and was tolerably successful. I tried my hand with his tackle but could not manage it, and though I flatter myself that with a legitimate article I can throw a fly, yet I was completely eclipsed by the Cashmeeree, who threw his long heavy line with an ease which shewed no want of practice.

I must now leave the happy valley, not without regret, and ask the reader to accompany me to the banks of the streams which flow through the valleys leading from Cashmeer to the plains. Down then by water to Baramulla. Here my boatmen were discharged, and I prepared to trudge it across the Peer Punjal to Poonch, where I first intended to commence my campaign against the mahseer. There is fishing to be had at Baramulla, but I was unsuccessful, and cannot therefore say of what kind; but I have heard of trout and mahseer being caught there. I reached Poonch on the 23rd September, and took a stroll down to the river in the evening, and caught one small mahseer. I had only time to try one rapid. The next day I sent my things on to Jera whilst I remained behind to fish. I had very fair sport, catching one mahseer (small) and twelve trout of from 1 to 4lbs. The trout here are whiter than the Cashmeer fish and have smaller heads; they are a game fish rather and on this occasion rose very freely. I only fished about two hours and then went on to Jera, a long march over a shocking road, the coolies running away, and leaving my baggage on the road which lies along the banks of the river, giving the traveller occasional glimpses through the jungle, of the most beautiful rapids and pools. I remained two days at Jera, and was greatly disappointed with the sport, catching only a couple of fish of 2 and 8lbs., the latter with the artificial minnow. The water was of the most crystal clearness, and there was no possibility of fishing fine, the nature of the banks not affording facilities, for keeping out of sight of the fish.

Next day on to Samur ten miles: the same river, and as clear as before—caught a 4lb. mahseer; it is strange that I did not catch a trout after leaving Poonch, although the natives say they are in plenty.

On to the Kattie,—ten miles. Here I had been led to expect first rate sport. How my anticipations were realized you shall see. We started early with our rods: I say we, for I forgot to mention I had at Poonch fallen in with an old acquaintance, a sporting Major, whom I had not seen for many years. The Major was an

enthusiastic follower of Isaac Walton, and had spent part of the interval since we met in salmon-fishing in the Fiords of Norway; but he was fain to confess that mahseer are more difficult to catch than salmon. After a six-mile walk through the hills we came again upon the river, where a smaller stream falls into it, the water was as clear as ever, and after trying for an hour with the fly, and only catching a two-pounder, I put up a small artificial minnow; the banks, as I fished down the stream, had become rather more favorable, and carefully concealing myself behind a large rock, I dropped the bait quietly into a likely looking rapid. I had nearly drawn it to the top of the water, when I saw the back of a large mahseer, and felt the tug which told me he was hooked and no mistake; he felt it too, for with an astonished leap out of the water, he was off down the rapid at railroad pace. I had only a small reel and on my forgetting I had no glove on, I put my finger on the line to check its speed, the blister which it instantly raised made me "leave that," and luckily, just as only a few yards more remained on the pillar of the reel my friend stopped and turned his head up stream, slowly and cautiously I wound him in, and his first rush over, I had no fear for the result, barring my tackle failing, not an unlikely contingency, as the minnow was fitted with small hooks: however, patience and perseverance overcome anything, and in half an hour I had got the fish to the bank where, after a few minutes more, he was handsomely gaffed at the second attempt by a sporting kit-mutgar—his weight was 20lbs. I remained three days at Kottie, catching only thirteen more fish, from 3 to 8lbs. weight; these were all taken with the fly, and I was much disappointed with the sport, having anticipated many more and larger fish.

About a mile and a half below Kottie, at a village called Jumalpoore, the fish are preserved by the natives, and although I have seen many such preserves in the course of my fishing experience in India, I have nowhere seen so many large fish together. As from the high bank above them I threw down large pieces of chuppattee, brought me by the natives who feed them, it was curious to see their sharpness of sight, for almost as soon as a piece left my hand they would rush to the spot where it was to fall, and the splash they made in the water was a caution. When I first came on the preserve I dropped my fly in the middle of the shoal and it was immediately seized, but the fish after a minute or two got the hook out of his mouth. Again dropping it amongst them, it was swallowed by another, who took the matter very coolly and scarce appeared to feel the prick of the hook, in fact till I began to lead him away from his companion to an easy landing place, he did not

struggle at all. By this time the guardians of the fish had arrived, and at their entreaties I refrained from fishing any more, no great matter of self-denial, as there is little sport in catching fish so easily.

From Kottie I turned to the north-east, and crossing over a range of hills, reached in four marches Rijowrec, viâ. Thannah, Seree, and Sohana, near which is the fort of Azimghur. Rijowree is on the Torce river, or rather in the fork of two streams which form it. Here again the water was clear and very low, and although the fish rose readily to the fly they were too small to put down in my log. I therefore wasted no time here, but proceeded on to Jingus-serai, a long march. When my baggage came up there still remained a couple of hours of daylight, and I put my rod together and hastened to the river. I rose several fish, but, strange to say, from nervousness or over anxiety I did not hook one. I returned to my tent, dined and went to bed, giving orders to be awake before daybreak. Just as the sun peeped above the horizon I was throwing my fly at the tail of a lovely rapid, but for more than an hour I could not raise a fin. As the day grew warmer they began to take the fly, and by two o'clock I had loaded the two servants who accompanied me with about a maund of fish, none over 1 lb and none under 3 lbs; all taken with the fly, besides many small ones which I returned to their native element. Here I ought to have stopped a few days, but expecting still better sport further down the river I proceeded on to Nowshera. There I found that several sportsmen had been fishing the river for a month before, with on the whole, rather indifferent sport as to landing fish, though many large ones had been hooked and broken away. I tried the river in the evening, but without success. I found here that trolling had been most successful, a small mahseer six inches long, being the best bait, and the mode of using it is to stand at the head of a rapid and let down some fifty or one hundred yards of line, and thus await your chances of a fish: this may be sport for those who like it, but I can't say it comes up to my ideas of it. I now found that from this part of the river being so much fished, I had made a mistake in leaving Jingus; so thinking to mend matters, I started towards Jummoo in hope of getting some fishing in the Chenab, as well as in the streams I might pass on my way. However, I was again disappointed, the streams I passed being all small at this season, and containing therefore only small fish not worth putting up one's rod for. I came upon the Chenab at Akhnoor, about twelve miles from Jummoo. Four months back I had seen the same stream 10,000 feet above the sea, pouring a torrent of melted snow through the desolate valley

of Sahoul : here it flowed in a flood bright, clear, and 200 yards broad, but without rapids. I saw there was little prospect of sport, but not to leave it untried, I put my tackle together and made a few unsuccessful casts. Finding it of no use, I took my rod to pieces and returned to camp. My leave had now nearly expired, and as I meditated after dinner, I saw little prospect of doing any thing more in the fishing way, and therefore determined to proceed towards Sealkote, where I was anxious to stay a few days before rejoining my regiment. Started next day for that station, via Jummoo, where good bottom-fishing for mahseer may be had, I did not, however, try it. And now, having come to the conclusion of my piscatory wanderings, I give to my probably tired readers the description of flies I found successful. For trout in the river running out of the lake at Srinuggur and Sapore, I have found the may-fly (Green Drake) very killing, but the best of all is, in my opinion, the fly called by some the yellow and black : it is commonly dressed thus :—fore part of the body bright black mohair, hind part yellow ditto, dressed full wings, barred mallard's feather, rather flat legs picked out from body. No. 6 to 8 Limerick hook. This fly dressed larger, imitates the humble bee ; it may be varied, and I found it take just as well by mixing the black and yellow mohair together.

For the Poonch and Kottie river I only found the following fly, which I christened the "Soldier," successful. Body long, flat, and made of scarlet floss silk, legs of a bright red hackle carried all the way down the body, which is ribbed with gold plait or twist ; wings of a feather dyed to a scarlet, as closely resembling the color of the pomegranate blossom as possible—this can be done in Cashmeer to any white feather. Head peacock's harl. Hook no. 1 to 3 or 4.

For the Rajowrie river a large fly of yellow and black wool, or mohair well mixed, made full and ribbed with gold plait or twist, wings of the red spotted feather from the wings of the peacock : head peacock's harl, and legs picked out from body. Hook from no. 1 to 4, according to stream. The yellow Dhoon fly, I have never seen taken in the Cashmeer rivers, and of the many flies that I have tried, none succeeded like the above. I found my sport much increased by dying the gut of a blue color ; a native dyer can do it in half an hour. Although my own sport was but moderate, I have no doubt that it was in consequence of the lateness of the season. The water was in every place cruelly clear, and had also been much fished. A month earlier, say from 1st September, when the showers that fall in the hills darken the water would be the best time. The fishing is also good in April and May, and per-











PLATE I. *showing how M. Maff rode the Pen*

haps I may be fortunate enough to try it in those months, this season. If so, and you wish it, you shall have an account of my doings.\* I had no opportunity of sport with the gun last year, but this time I may be more lucky, and you shall know the results.

Would any of your readers give you an account of the fishing localities on the Chenab.

Yours truly,  
TIPULA.

Hoshyarpore, 10th March, 1853.

### THE HOG-HUNTER! †

*Air.*—"THE CAVALIER."

I.

'Twas a beautiful day in the month of May,  
And the sun o'er the jhcels did play :  
When a cove with a spear to a jungle drew near,  
A Bengali boar to slay.  
From a pocket-flask *Dutch-pluck* he did ask,  
And many a sip sipped he ;  
As o'er and o'er he fiercely swore,  
" Mr. Grunter ! I'll polish off thee !"

II.

He kept his eye on the jungle high,  
While the beaters they hullo and shout,  
With a tremour he twigs, as his spurs in he digs,  
A jolly grey boar sally out.  
Ride, ride ! the boar goes—but the horse has the *slows*.  
" What damnable ground ?" cries he—  
" Sure my horse I shall pump"—there's a nullah to jump—  
" The pig's off—and away from me !"

III.

Of course you'd have thought, he'd have followed and fought,  
As that was a pig-sticking age—  
But this *muff* with the spear quite funk'd the idea  
Of meeting a boar in a rage.  
Possessed by fear, he threw down his spear,  
And as homeward he rode, said he :  
" If thus at first sight a boar can affright,  
" Sure he 'll never be speared by me."

ROWEL.

\* We are always too glad to hear from our interesting Correspondent. Would we had many more like him.

† This has been entirely overlooked, and we owe our contributor an apology. As we do not mean to flatter him, we may say that the lines are but so, so ; the pen-and-ink drawings, however, are full of life, and capitally executed.—*Ed.*

## THE TROUT IN INDIA.

DEAR SIR,—In No. XXXI. of the *Review*, CYPRINUS puts a question regarding the fish we in India call a trout. You have so many trout fishers amongst your subscribers, that I am surprised the question of the fish's name has not been long since set at rest.

As the subject is an interesting one to many, I yet hope that some "good man and true" will come to the front, and let us know under what name the fish alluded to should swim, for assuredly, it is not entitled to that of "trout."

Leaving that point, however, to be determined by abler pens, I will, as requested by CYPRINUS, proceed to describe a "trout" caught in the vicinity of Saugor.

The accompanying is a sketch (the size of life) I made of a trout taken in the Dussaun. It is colored as correctly as I could copy nature.

The color of the upper part of the head and back is of a blueish black, the face and sides of a bright yellow, changing to a silvery hue on the belly. The sides and upper portion of the face are covered with purple spots, varying in size from a pea to a grain of No. 4 shot—The dorsal fin is black, with a tip of yellow; the two pectoral, two ventral, and the anal fin are yellow, tinged with pink, the tail is black with tinges of yellow and pink. The eye is bright yellow, with a black pupil. A seam (or break in the scales,) runs down each side of the body from the gills to the tail. The mouth has a very wide gape, but is *entirely deficient in teeth.*

Each Pectoral fin has 13 spines

" Ventral " 7 "

" Anal " 11 "

" Dorsal " 9 "

The size of the above specimen was from nose to tip of tail 14 inches. Breadth of widest part 2 feet 8 inches. Weight 13 ounces and 2 drams Avoirdupois. The habits of this fish appear to be similar to those of the English trout; it loves rapid streams, and is found lurking behind large stones, or hiding under hollow banks. I have seen it take both fly and glass-minnow. It is a bold and game fish, and its general appearance is that of a trout, but still the total want of teeth and the absence of the second or adipose back fin prove, as CYPRINUS justly remarks, "that he is, *malgre lui*, an imposter, and no more a trout than the man who caught him."

PETREL. .

## MY FIRST ANTELOPE.

IN the various exciting phases of a sportsman's life, perhaps the most exciting of all is, when he finds himself in a country before untrodden by European foot, and where there is a probability of finding animals never before seen by European eye, or at least never before killed by European sportsmen. Game may be scarce, the country may be repulsive in its natural aspects, travelling in it may be attended with all sorts of annoyances and difficulties, but what are these trifling *desagrémens*, when weighed with the chance of seeing, standing before you, some hitherto unknown tenant of the wilderness, or one known only through some skin or horn procured, no one knows how, or whither? In this pleasing state of mind I found myself last summer, when fairly set out with an intention of penetrating as far as possible into Thibet, in search of the wild yak and Thibetian antelope. Of the former I was almost certain, but the latter only floated in my mind as what might, by some chance, be met with, having been assured it was not to be found in any part of the country an European travelling undisguised could visit.

Ladak, the Choomareera, and Salt Lakes, and the wild country in that neighbourhood, forming one high-way from Simla and Mussoorie to Cashmere, have within the last few years become nearly as well known as the hills on our own side the snow, for the "happy valley" bids fair to rival either of those well known sanatoria in the number of its summer visitors. I will not therefore inflict on my readers a long journal of daily marches, but ask him to accompany me from the Salt Lake across the intervening hills to the Indus, and up that river to the confines of Golaub Sing's dominions; crossing it, and keeping a north easterly direction, after a fortnight's travel, we find ourselves on the banks of another river, but little inferior in size. Now, the early part of August, it is but just fordable, so that a week or two earlier it would have been impassable, and a formidable barrier to further progress in this direction; making a bridge in this country, destitute of trees, being out of the question. We will not, however, cross just now, but follow the stream upwards towards its source. First let us introduce ourselves. Our party consists of myself, six Gurwhal puharies, old hands inured to mountain travel of every kind, and three Tartars. We are provisioned for at least twenty days, and if fortunate in shooting, can hold out much longer, if needful. A small tent and other necessities are carried with the provisions on yaks and

sheep. For the last few days we have been travelling through a barren uninhabited country, sterile mountain ranges of most forbidding aspect, varying from 14 to 17,000 feet in elevation, and the banks of the river we have now reached, give little promise of improvement. There are, indeed, a few patches of stunted willow bushes bordering the stream, but apparently an entire absence of herbageous vegetation. The hills on each side consist of naked rocks or equally naked stony slopes and land-slips. To the north-west, in the direction of Yarkund, is a mass of peaks towering far above the limits of perpetual snow, the icy mantle extending several thousand feet down their rugged sides. Another mass of snowy peaks is seen far away to the west. Elsewhere only an occasional summit rises high enough to retain throughout the summer any portion of the winter snow, and the hills have the rounded outline and gentle declivity peculiar to the table lands of Tibet. But our camp is on the move, and we proceed along the bank of the river, rather slowly indeed, for the cattle having had little to eat the last few days, show evident symptoms of being tired; by noon we come to a spot where it is necessary to cross to the other side, a steep rock rising abruptly from the water's edge, putting a stop to further progress on this. But the river has risen considerably since morning, and being here confined to a narrower channel, its passage seems a rather difficult affair, and rather than hazard the loss or damage of any portion of our baggage, we decide to encamp and cross in the morning, when the waters will have subsided. It is certainly far from a desirable place to halt. There is not a blade of grass or a shrub of any kind for the hungry cattle, but in these regions they often travel days without it, so it is not considered a great evil. After wandering about a short time, sniffing at the stones and bare earth, the yaks lie down with seeming indifference, but the sheep are not so patient, and have to be tied to prevent them wandering away during the night in search of food. Fortunately, some wood has been brought from our last camp, so we are better off ourselves, being able to cook a comfortable supper. We have made it a rule when there is any probability of a scarcity of wood ahead, a bundle shall be carried on each yak from any place where it is plentiful. This precaution I would recommend to all travellers in these barren wastes, who have no wish to go occasionally supperless to bed.

Our next day's march, after fording the stream, which, in the early morning, is accomplished without difficulty, is still along its banks. There is little or no change in the scenery, and as we proceed, a slight shade of gloom seems gradually to steal

over the spirits of our little party. One is heard remarking that it is not very likely we shall find animals in a country where there is nothing for them to eat ; another speculating on how long the cattle will carry their loads, and a third on the probability of there being any improvement further on. No one, however, likes as yet to hint about the advisability of returning, and the march is continued in comparative silence, when these subjects are exhausted. Each fresh turn in the river is approached with the hope of seeing some green patch on ahead, but nothing greets the eye, but the brown sandy channel of the stream and the shingly rocks that slope towards it. But there, on that dry sand-bank, is a small willow bush torn up by the roots, and of course it must have been washed down from above ; and there, too, on the ripple marks left on that sand by the eddy, are long lines of decaying vegetable matter, insignificant objects, but sure signs all is not blank where they came from. Here again is the bleached skull of an *ovis ammon* lying in our path. The animal has fallen a prey to wild dogs, or been starved in the severe winter, or perhaps died from old age ; no matter, it is proof there is something to be met with, and that at no great distance, and we soon regain our usual cheerfulness. It is now getting late in the afternoon, and still no signs of a spot to encamp where the weary cattle may find a mouthful of grass. I will go on ahead to where that opening shows a tributary stream must join, perhaps on its banks there may be something. I reach it. Yes ! though a few scattered shrubs and tufts of grass fringing the stream on each side is all, it appears a garden compared to the utter barrenness of all around. Here we encamp.

It was determined next day to give the cattle rest, and that we should have a day's exploration of the land ahead returning to the camp at night. Two men were sent up the minor stream, and I with another kept up the main one. Some miles further up it took a sudden turn, coming now from the north west, its course having previously been from east to west, at the angle two smaller streams joined, one from the south, the other from the east. On crossing the first, we were on a level plain stretching from the other to a range of low hills about a mile to the right, and extending a long way ahead. For some time we traversed this plain, which appeared entirely destitute of vegetation, without seeing a trace of any living thing, but I fairly trembled with excitement when all at once we came to a large round hole scooped in the ground, and the foot-prints of some animal of the deer tribe in and around it. This hole was about two feet deep and four in diameter. A little further on we came to several others,



and the foot-prints were very numerous, and some, apparently, quite fresh. With feelings a sportsman only can thoroughly appreciate, I walked on, and in the direction of the stream on our left, a large patch of rich green vegetation came into view ; on it were two animals feeding. These on being scrutinised with the glass, resolved themselves into wild horses, and on a nearer approach, trotted off towards the stream. But where are the strange animals that have made those singular pits. Another green expanse is presented, and on it a large herd of what surely must be them. Even from this distance I can tell they are animals I have never seen before. What a moment of thrilling excitement as I took out the glass to examine them. It is adjusted, they are now within its field, and yes ! by all that's glorious ! they are—the scarce hoped for—Thibetian antelope. I could have sat and gazed at them for hours. That first long look at their graceful forms amply repaid a weary march through the desert country we had passed, and long will it be the exulting sensations of the moment are forgotten. But the day is wearing on and it is time to commence active operations. And now come the interesting questions. How will they demean themselves in presence of, probably, their first rifle-armed enemy ? Are they shy or the reverse ? Will they flee like the wind at the first startled glance, or stand gazing with stupid bewilderment at the strange apparition, a little while and this will be decided. There is no chance of a stalk from where we stand, for not the slightest elevation intervenes, and the only one seems to be to make a circuit round and get into the bed of the stream beyond, and try to approach from thence. This is done, and we are now ascending towards the flat. The incline is so slight, that long before we reach the level, the animals come into the line of vision, but it is, as we feared, they are far out of range. Stooping lower and lower, we reach the verge of the flat, and can now proceed no further unseen. If we could but steal another hundred yards, we should be within range, we can but try, they may not go away, and if they do, surely now we have found their country, we shall meet with others. Being quite exposed, we must crawl serpent-like, pushing the rifle before us, an uncomfortable mode of progression, and by no means speedy. Thirty or forty yards are accomplished, and we begin to have hopes, a few more, and these have vanished. See that old buck toss up his head and turn to gaze in our direction ; he has seen us. We are too fit to hear whether he utters any note of alarm, but the whole herd follow his example. Are they not beautiful looking creatures, with their long tapering black horns and clean elegant forms. Now they turn their fawn-coloured sides flashing in the

sunlight, and like race horses from the post, they are off: as near as we can count, there are five and twenty males and females. Away across the plain they race, with lightning speed to the low range of hills, where the pace is relaxed, and they slowly ascend the stony slope, standing now and then to look back. This was my first introduction to the Thibetian antelope. A long wished-for era in my sporting career was realized, and I felt so perfectly satisfied at having thus found them without local assistance or information, that not the slightest feeling of disappointment or regret at not having had a shot, interfered with the heart-felt pleasures, and I gazed as complacently at their receding forms as if the finest of the lot was lying at my feet.

Our ramble was continued till nearly nightfall, more for the purpose of seeing what the country was like, than in search of game, though of course a watchful eye was kept for it. The part we were in may be described as a large uneven plain between two high mountain ranges, intersected in various directions by minor chains of moderate height, some detached, others running upwards and joining the main ridges. The plain was watered by several rivulets flowing into the stream near which we found the antelope, but in many places both it and the smaller ones would disappear for miles together in the sandy channels. The hills and the broad flats between were, for the most part, barren, but occasional strips presented the usual Thibetian vegetation of prickly shrubs and hard crisp grass. But here and there, near the water, were patches of swampy ground covered with a rich carpetting of green fresh grass that might rival any meadow in England. Every thing gave promise of its turning out a splendid shooting country. Traces of antelope were every where plentiful, the grass on the swampy spots being covered with their dung, and in several places we came across sets of the pits before mentioned. These holes are evidently made by them to sleep in during the day, probably by continually scraping a little before lying down for the sake of coolness; the ground in the Thibetian Valleys retaining the heat to such a degree that it is often unpleasant to sit down upon it. In one spot we found the skull and a portion of the skeleton of a yak, which from its size we judged to have been a wild one, and the dried dung and footmarks showed that some time back there must have been lots of these animals about. So plentiful indeed were the traces, that I was doubtful whether they were not those of domesticated ones, though the absence of human footmarks almost forbade the supposition. Wild horses appeared to be comparatively scarce, though we saw occasional traces, both of them and *ovis ammon*. Three antelopes suddenly jump-

ed up in our front while crossing one of the dry plains, but out of range, and seven others were seen at dusk on one of the low hills as we returned. It was some hours after dusk when we reached camp after one of the most exciting day's ramble it has ever been my fortune to enjoy.

Eager were the enquiries as to what had kept us so late, and what kind of a land we had traversed. The puharies are fond of a joke of any kind, and my to-day's companion amused himself for a while by painting every thing in the blackest colours his fancy could picture. What a sorry termination to our journey it would have been, had his description been the reality. We had been, said he, some thirty miles up the river, and the further we went the worse the country became. Long faces were drawn as he spoke of naked rocks and sandy wastes, the dreary aspect of the country as far as could be seen from the furthest point we had reached, the utter hopelessness of further research in this direction, and the waste of valuable time our journey here had occupied. Disheartening, indeed, but rich in the extreme was his description of the imaginary scenes. And how delighted all were when made acquainted with the true result of our day's exploration. One might have supposed, instead of a few unfortunate animals, we had found a mine of gold, and they were exulting in the anticipation of each carrying away a load of the precious metal. The two men sent to explore the other valley had returned early, finding it of small extent and entirely barren.

Leaving the camp to follow and be pitched on the first grassy plain which would afford abundance of food for our cattle, the early morning saw me sally out, so certain of killing an antelope, that I took my sketch book, measuring tape, &c., to try my hand at delineating on paper the first one, as far as I can learn, that had fallen before the rifle of an English sportsman. Making direct to the green flat, I had the satisfaction of seeing five, and while moving towards the stream to keep out of their sight, the further pleasure to see three more fine bucks feeding on a small patch of swampy ground in its bed. These were in a favourable position, and I might probably have had a good stalk, but a new enemy appeared in the field. I had got to a little eminence some hundred yards in advance, and was peering over so see if they had moved, when my attention was attracted to a large "ponkoo," an animal of the wolf tribe, creeping stealthily towards them. Interested in watching his manner of proceeding, I was both vexed and pleased at the interruption, which, though it spoiled my chance of a stalk, might end in his killing an antelope and my getting it and him too. But they

were too quick, and perceived the danger long before he had got within distance of a spring. Off they started, and unfortunately took the direction of the flat on which the other five were feeding, and these joined and went off with them. The wolf trotted away up the stream and gave no chance of a shot. An hour's walk brought me to another flat, and here were two males and three females. These were also in a good place, and I managed to get within eighty yards under shelter of a little rising ground, but a few seconds spent in singling out the finest, lost me the pot shot. As will sometimes happen, they saw me and bounded off just as I was about to pull the trigger, and the consequence was, I missed with both barrels. "I never was a good hand at running shots with the rifle." With another lot found in the afternoon, I was equally unsuccessful. The plain they were on being too open to attempt a stalk, I posted myself in a likely spot, and sent a man round to show himself opposite, but they took a different direction to what I expected, and gave no chance whatever. Rather bad work this for the commencement, but some consolation was afforded by the almost certainty of having many more opportunities.

The first three or four green places, which may as well be termed feeding grounds, and must be understood to mean the swampy spots near the river, were blank when visited next morning, and it was not till afternoon I saw an antelope. I had got some miles further than I had hitherto been, up one of the little streams, and in the distance a green expanse, much larger than any I had hitherto seen, came into view. On sweeping this with the glass, I could distinguish two animals, but so indistinctly, that I could not be sure they were antelopes. It was a good hour's walk to the place, and when we arrived there they were not to be seen. I sat down and was beginning to feel rather disgusted at what I thought such bad luck, when on the hill side opposite I saw a single buck get up, walk across the slope a few hundred yards, and lie down again. With the glass I could plainly see he had laid down in one of the round pits, his head only being visible. On one side was a ledge of rock running from top to bottom of the hill, and if I could only get behind this, I should have a splendid shot. Leaving my two attendants to engage his attention in case he should have seen us, I succeeded in reaching the desired spot, and on peering over, there he was, all right, lying in the hole, and apparently looking steadfastly at the two men below. I was a little above, and could see nearly the whole of his body, and had a good rest over a stone. Yet, with all these advantages, I very nearly lost

him. I measured the distance with my eye as carefully as I could, and judging it to be about 120 yards, put up the hundred yards' sight. The ball went clean over his back, striking some paces beyond. Luck, however, for this once was on my side. He jumped up at the shot, but stood for a moment, so that I had time to cock the left barrel, turn down the sight and take another deliberate aim, this time with effect. He was just in the act of turning as I pulled the trigger, and the bullet went through his loins, disabling him so much that I saw at once he was mine. Indeed, I could have caught him without difficulty, but have a repugnance to catching a wounded deer of any kind, and always put an end to them with another bullet, before getting close. I would advise every one to do the same, and depend upon it, by doing so you will often be spared some rather unpleasant sensations. To come up to your game when dead, no feeling of remorse, no repugnance whatever is experienced; but to seize hold of a wounded animal, to see his frantic efforts to escape, his heart beating to such a degree, that the heaving seems ready to burst his ribs, while not unlikely the big tears are rolling down his cheeks,—bah! it is enough to make one forswear ever touching a rifle again; so, kind reader, if you are a sportsman, never undergo the pain of seeing all this when one more bullet would draw the curtain over all. Another shot put the antelope beyond all pain, and I went up to examine my prize. By careful measurement he was 5 feet 3 inches long, and stood 3 feet 3 inches high at the shoulder, the horns were 25 inches long. Except the belly and inside of the legs, which were white, the colour throughout was light fawn, a little black being powdered about the head. The most striking peculiarity was the thickness of the muzzle being nearly as much round as any part of the head, and the nostrils were very wide and prominent. Another singularity I have observed in no other animal, was an opening in each groin, a mere slit outwardly, but into which the closed fist could be thrust several inches, and when the skin was taken off, they appeared like bladders attached to it. It was too late to make a sketch, but I took one of his head afterwards which, if good enough for a copy, head this article.

It would be uninteresting repetition to detail each day's sport for the remaining ten days I spent in this wild place. The camp was shifted several times, for there seemed no end to the green swamps which we found in every direction so long as we kept in the hilly country. To the east we soon got fairly beyond the Himalayan ranges, a sandy plain extending without interruption to the verge of the horizon. Six more antelopes



*Head of the Tachycinotus Antelope*



rewarded our toils, and had I shot better or been more practised at long ranges, the bag would have been doubled. The great difficulty I found to be in judging the distance which, in this country, is most deceiving. You sometimes fancy an object is within eighty yards, when it is perhaps one hundred and fifty, and at others three hundred, when it is little more than half that distance. The high wind, too, which soon after sunrise generally blows from some quarter or other, may, I fancy, be blamed for more than one miss, for there is no doubt it has great effect on the ball, and it often caused a curious mirage-like appearance of the atmosphere, as if a thin transparent glassy fluid was running in a wavy stream along the surface of the ground, through which objects even near were but indistinctly seen. We had come across several other skulls or skeletons of yaks, and from what we could see, judged we were now on one of their winter resorts. The thermometer, in the valleys gave an elevation of but 13,000, feet, though to appearance, one would have imagined we were near the extreme limits of vegetation. From this it was probable their summer residence was in a country considerably more elevated, and as to get one was a principal object of my journey, it was necessary to search for such a place. This country we found two marches further north, in the direction of the snowy peaks at the head of the river we had left. I fancied I should have been the first to kill a wild yak and chronicle his death in these pages, but have since learnt that the year before several had been killed beyond the Jewar and Dharma Passes above Almorah, so I will leave the precedence of chronicling as in performing the deed to the adventurous sportsman whose luck it was to be the first in the field. I was myself disappointed in the beast, having in imagination compared the wild to the domesticated one, some thing in proportion to the difference between a wild and tame buffalo, A male is, undoubtedly, a noble looking animal, but not more than half as large again as a tame one, and his horns are not a bit longer, and only perhaps a third thicker. His greatest ornament, too, the long shaggy hair, is nearly all gone in the summer months. It would be necessary to kill one sometime between November and February, to have a perfect specimen, and at this period the cold must be much too intense to permit of the country being shot over. I brought away both the skin and skeleton of one, but from this cause I am afraid it will be little thought of in England, whither it has been sent.

MOUNTAINEER.

*April 15, 1854.*



## REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON OF 1853-54, IN THE NORTH WEST.

BY OXONIAN.

"Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem  
Leges sinebant"

*Hor.*

IN concluding my "Anticipations" of the then approaching Racing Season in the September Number of the *Review*, I observed that all was promising well for 1853-54. This anticipation at least has, I congratulate myself, been carried out. The commencement certainly was unpropitious, but the termination was triumphant. One swallow does not, according to the learned and venerable propounder of that somewhat antique saying, make a summer, but one such Meeting as the Umballa March Meeting, may be said to stamp the success of a racing season. But my vocation is to begin at the beginning and, as my pleasing task has been for now four years, to review one by one the different Meetings, descant on the sport, or want of sport, as the case may be, shewn at each, give praise where it is due, and more than all, lay open abuses and correct errors. I left off in August at that most delightful of abiding places, but most uncongenial racing locality, Deyrah. Now the rains here are the most violent and lasting perhaps of any place in India. Hence, the training ground being remarkably low, it follows that, for a considerable period of the training season, the horses have to gallop through a river, which is far from agreeable to them or consoling to their owners, but a still less agreeable state of things ensues *after* the abating of the waters, when the holes formed for two months, by the horses feet ploughing up the moist sward, are converted into caverns baked to the consistency of cast-iron. In the present season the said waters, instead of subsiding according to custom, some fortnight or so before the races, thought proper to continue their down-pour during the Meeting itself, thereby presenting the novel spectacle of racing in a river. The first day was however gracious enough to allow of the running taking place on the dry land, and under these influences, the first race of the season—"The Deyrah St. Leger for all Maidens"—was put on the stage. This event *Chorister*, light *Whalebone* of last season, won in a canter, the English mare *Melody*, late *Molly Bawn*, and an Arab, rejoicing in the title of the *Culiph* of

*Bagdad*, being the beaten ones. *Chorister* had been the favorite in the lottery, as the following will shew:—

1st Lottery.....54 tickets.	2nd Lottery.....42 tickets.
Chorister .....19 G. M.	Chorister .....20 G. M.
Melody.....9    "	Melody .....12    "
Caliph .....4    "	Caliph .....3    "
86	77

The next race on the first (or *dry*) day, was the Shorepore Stakes, for Arabs, which was won by the now renowned horse *Banker*, although *then* little thought of, and selling in the Lottery for a small sum. He won the race easy enough, but the proceedings that ensued thereon, were neither easy to those concerned in the unravelling of the mystery attached to the horse, and whercon he was objected to, nor agreeable to any interested in the race in any way. However, so little was any objection to the horse's receiving the Stakes anticipated, that the jockeys of the horses running second and third, actually omitted to weigh after the race, whilst the fourth having pulled up near the distance, walked in sometime after the judge had quitted the chair! Nor was it for some little time after the race, that the owner of the second horse, having heard whispers that all was not right about the horse's antecedents, raised his objection to the unhappy *Banker*. What followed, it is needless for me to enter into here, for is it not written in the March Number of the *Review*? Passing on then to the races following in due order, we find the English cripple *Bedford* managing to find an animal worse than himself in the Welter (a feat which he performed but this once during his season's career). Well with this, the *tableau* on the dry ground concluded and reopened on the second day, as I said before, in the river, *Chorister* running (would not wading be the more appropriate term?) away from *Melody* for the Merchant's Purse, the Waler and English mare being at even weights. The race of the Meeting (had it been fair weather) came on next, in which *Boomarang* and *Mercury* met for the first time, and *Bedford* (not that anybody supposed his chance was better than a Lottery hack's) joined issue. The Lotteries and betting on this race were very spirited, as thus:—

1st Lottery ... 62 Tickets	2nd Lottery ... 56 Tickets
Boomarang. ... 39 G. M.	Mercury ... 28 G. M.
Mercury ... 30    "	Boomarang, ... 26    "
Bedford ... 14    "	Bedford ... 15    "
145	125

The ground was of course all against *Mercury*, and he was

beaten by nearly a length, but the timing was something wonderful, 2m. 25s. being occupied in running  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile through a river, each stride sending the horses hoofs half a foot into the slush, while the run home for the last quarter of a mile is the steepest hill on any course Up-country! *Bedford*, as might be expected, was beaten off. The Rajpore Stakes fell an easy prey to *Surplice*, *Figaro* having no liking for such a course; the two miles were run in 4m. 18s. Thus this wretched day was brought to a close, the rain having descended in torrents the whole time the racing was going on. The third day brought out *Oregon*, the champion of last year, and the gallant grey *Boomarang*. *Oregon* had been out of work twice or thrice during his training from the effects of the course, and was hardly able to make *Boomarang* stride out, but he ran an honest horse, and the grey was not able to win without being punished about a quarter of a mile from home. A wretched affair of a Handicap, which *Surplice* won, and in starting for which that eccentric-minded animal *Uira* charged the starting post and succeeded in flooring it, wound up another miserable pouring morning. The last day the weather brightened up a little, but the Course was in a dreadful state, and *Boomarang* was much distressed in winning the Winners' Handicap, carrying 10st. 2lb. over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile in 3m. 10s! giving *Surplice* 30lbs. and *Bedford*, who was in his usual place, 6lbs. That very mediocre specimen of British blood, *Melody*, actually managed to lose her Maiden by beating *Uira* for the Losers' Handicap! and the said *Uira* having polished off the hack *Jenny Lind*, for an affair denominated the Consolation, the Deyrah Meeting was declared to be at an end. It must be set down as a complete failure. No management, either at the Course or at the Ordinaries, no attendance at the latter of the public, who, as last year, preferred playing the carpet knight at Mussoorie to partaking of the sports of the week at Deyrah, added to the continual rain and the dreadful state of the Course, combined to render the whole affair "flat, stale, and unprofitable."

From Deyrah the scene was changed to Lahore, whose Meeting began on the 8th November, but before entering into the detail of the sport here, I wish to refer to a correspondence that took place between myself and divers other individuals, on the subject of the Prospectus of this Meeting, and as the letter may amuse some of the readers of the *Review*, who have not seen them in the papers, I will give them entire. Immediately on glancing over the Prospectus, I perceived the glaring errors which it contained, and what they were, will be gathered

from the following letter addressed by me to the Editor of the *Mofussilite*.

"A FEW WORDS ON A SPORTING SUBJECT—RACE PROSPECTUSES MADE FOR INFERIOR, TO THE EXCLUSION OF SUPERIOR HORSES.

*"To the Editor of the Mofussilite.*

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The number of sportsmen in India is so limited that they cannot support even a single Sporting Journal, and but one Sporting Magazine, which latter appears quarterly only. Hence it follows, that many interesting sporting events and topics of the day remain un-reported and un-discussed. But the subject on which I am at present addressing you will, I trust, justify your insertion of my letter in your columns, since it derives its importance not as being one—the interest of which is confined to the circle of sportsmen, but is of as much moment also to the community at large, that it is to the *horse-owning* community, which, I need scarcely add, comprises the great majority amongst us.

"It was confidently expected that, upon the introduction some few years ago, of the English and Australian breeds of horses upon our Turf, in the North West Provinces, the prices of Arabs as chargers and saddle horses, which had been for many years absurdly high, owing to the Arabs having the entire monopoly of the Turf, would come down to something like their proper rate, on its being found that they met their conquerors for all the best Stakes and races in the Englishers and Australians. And this effect *was* partially produced. It *was* found that the Arabs had no chance of carrying off the large Stakes and valuable Prizes of the Turf against their more racing-like competitors, and as a natural consequence, their value decreased, and the public were beginning to obtain their saddle horses and chargers at fairer and more moderate prices. But it is obvious that these good effects will very soon be neutralized, if the framers of the Race Prospectuses allot nearly all the Stakes at a Meeting to Arabs and inferior horses in general, to the exclusion of the superior class of racers. Then again is it fair to the owners of what are the crack horses of our Turf, the English and Australian horses, to *exclude* them from running for the greater part of the public money given at a Meeting? I am a decided advocate for allotting a fair proportion of Stakes to be set apart for Arabs, for Maidens, for hacks, &c., but I think (and I am confident that every true sportsman will be on my side) that the larger portion of the money added and the best Stakes of the Meeting should be thrown open to all horses on fair terms. There is no doubt

that the true spirit of racing is, that the *best* horse should win the Stakes contended for, and accordingly that races should be open to all horses at equal weights, but although we cannot hope to find this true spirit carried out in practice, surely it is no reason that we should run into the opposite extreme, as some of the Prospectus framers have done this year. Take as an example (one is as good as a dozen.)

#### THE PROSPECTUS FOR LAHORE RACES, 1853.

##### *First Day.*

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—The Derby, 20 G. M., given from the Fund. *For Maidens only.*

2<sup>ND</sup> RACE.—The Lahore Handicap, 15 G. M. from the Fund. *Nominally* for all horses, but *in reality* the best horses put *hors de combat* by welter weights being put on them.

3<sup>RD</sup> RACE.—A Sweepstakes. No money added from the Fund.

4<sup>TH</sup> RACE.—Hack Stakes, 2 G. M. from the Fund. *For Hacks only.*

##### *Second Day.*

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—Purse of 15 G. M. from the Fund. *For all horses.* This is the only *open* race at the Meeting, and even in this *racing* weights are not laid down.

2<sup>ND</sup> RACE.—Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund. *For Maiden Arabs and C. B. only.*

3<sup>RD</sup> RACE.—Purse of 10 G. M. *For horses of the value of 1,000 Rupees, and under only.*

##### *Third Day.*

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—96th Cup, value 1,000 Rupees. *For Arabs only.*

2<sup>ND</sup> RACE.—Welter of 15 G. M. from the Fund. *At welter weights.*

3<sup>RD</sup> RACE.—Scurry Stakes. 5 G. M. added. *For hacks only.*

4<sup>TH</sup> RACE.—Give and Take Purse at give and take weights, which preclude horses above 15 hands or so from running on account of the weight accumulated.

##### *Fourth Day.*

1<sup>ST</sup> RACE.—The Winners' Handicap. No public money added. *Forced* for winning horses.

2<sup>ND</sup> RACE.—The Losers' Handicap, 1 G. M. from every Lottery added. *For losing horses only.*

3<sup>RD</sup> RACE.—The Consolation Stakes, 10 G. M. added. *For horses value 800 Rupees, or less, only.*

"It will be observed that in this Prospectus the best horses are all but excluded from the Meeting, one 15 G. M. Purse being

all that is open to all horses at anything like racing weights. To such an extent is this extraordinary favor carried towards the inferior class of horse, that in the Winner's Handicap, which is for the picked horses of the Meeting, who are *forced* to enter, nothing whatever is added; whilst in the two races on the same day, one for the beaten horses only, and the other for comparative hacks, good Purses are given. On the second day again 20 G. M. is given for the Arab and C. B. race, whilst to the race for all horses 15 G. M. is allotted. Can anything go further than this? It is an alarming *exposé* I am aware, and though the majority of the horse owners on the Turf may be against me, for whilst many have inferior, few possess crack horses, yet I am certain of the support of every disinterested sportsman. To sum up the whole question, and to put the thing in its true light before the discerning public. The mean little Arab, value 800 Rupees, is actually worth more at Lahore than the splendid racing mare *Deception* would be, for whom, in Calcutta, the other day, 5,000 Rupees were refused!!! Need I say more?

"Your's faithfully,

"OXONIAN."

To the above letter the following extraordinary production appeared as an answer in the *Lahore Chronicle*.

"To the Editor of the *Lahore Chronicle*.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—OXONIAN, in a letter which appeared in the *Mofussilite*, having brought the Prospectus for the ensuing races at Lahore, so prominently before the public as *unsportsman-like*, will you allow me space to say a few words in support of those who framed it, not being one of those myself, nor even present.

"The Prospectus for last March was made before a large meeting of officers, and after considerable discussion. Purses were very evenly distributed, and terms offered which would have probably brought horses well up to the winning post. *Similar* terms were made compulsory for horses from Lahore and other stations running at Ferozepore the previous year. The 96th, Queen's, gave a Cup of 1,000 Rupees, value on its terms, open to all horses. Now then, as OXONIAN could not have been present, I must tell you what the result was. We had not a single contested race during the Meeting, chiefly from the want of some English and Australian horses to oppose *Prince Charles*, who did little more than take a quiet gallop for the public money, and I am sorry to say, but a walk over for the Trades' Plate; few of the Purses filled, and, in consequence, most of the racing was got up at the Lotteries for the

last 'two days' running, in the shape of Handicaps, such scratch affairs, that they were not deemed worthy of publication.

"Surely, Mr. Editor, such a Cup, with entrances, should have been an inducement to bring opponents together, but no; these English horses (mis-named racers) and Australians, appear so carefully to avoid each other by going to separate Meetings, for all but walks over, that when Purses are made, where they can run, we have no racing. From what I have stated above, I think the Lahore Public will agree from the bad support given last March, that the Stewards would have been perfectly authorized in excluding all but Arabs and C. B., but they have not done so, as I shall prove: 1st., I will dispose of the Cup which last year did not fill, rather, I should say, to the disgust of the Officers; its being now given exclusively for Arabs, can only arise from a desire on their part to bring numbers together without regard to quality, as there are horses in the regiment now barred, who would prove dangerous competitors for the rest. Now then OXONIAN, if you have a hack or C. B., allow Arabs to run the second race, second day, and for the Cup, and out of fourteen races, they are the only two which can fairly be called open to them on the Up-country heavy Courses, the rest (as Arabs will not start, and if they do, will tail) can all be contested by the English and Australian horses. I think I have now fairly shown that your remarks are mistaken, as to the Prospectus being drawn out entirely for Arabs, and I must further add, that the introduction of English and Australian horses upon the Indian turf has completely and effectually barred all the sport. A few years ago as many as sixty subscriptions were taken to one Purse at Lahore, for Arabs. What is the racing there now? A few years ago, what was the sport in Calcutta? This year, if they have a Meeting, it will be in the hands of the stable-keeper; but it is currently reported that there will be no Meeting at all. One word more; the class of men racing (if such it can be termed) has completely changed. The majority of persons have not means at their command to give 5,000 Rupees for horses, and it is not the object of the public to subscribe their money for the benefit of, and to have the turf in the hands of one or two who can afford to give such prices, which, when given in former days, matches of 5,000 Rupees were made, and Sweepstakes from 50 to 200 G. M. filled, by which the purchaser made himself independent of the public money. Not so in the present day, when a match of 20 G. M. is a nine days' wonder, and subscriptions not even taken for a Sweepstakes. The owner of *Deception* might therefore have done better, had he bought *her own sister*

untried, which was for sale in this country for 800 Rupees, or imported the Australian horse *Shadow*, who ran two miles, 9st. up, in 3m. 44s., and was for sale for a mere trifle, and would have kept the head well throughout against the needy wretched animals called English racers by ship Captains. Hoping that OXONIAN will re-peruse the Prospectus, and send his stable to the ensuing Lahore Meeting.

"I am, yours very truly,

"CANTAB."

Now it is obvious to the *Sportsman* who is *au fait* to the goings on in the racing world, that the above letter was such an utter abortion, so full of mis-statements, and such a complete failure in the object it professed, namely to answer my letter, that any rejoinder to it was almost needless, for to the well informed man it carried its condemnation on the face of it. However, as the general public might have drawn erroneous impressions from it, I thought it best to publish the following reply in the *Lahore Chronicle*:—

"To the Editor of the *Lahore Chronicle*.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I imagine that your readers will expect a reply from me to the letter of CANTAB, which appeared in your columns of the 31st August, although any racing man may see at a glance that, so far from his having answered any of my arguments, he has, on the contrary, evaded them altogether, and made his case much worse, by showing his ignorance of the racing and of the horses on our Turf. When a man sits down to write a *critique* on the racing affairs of the day, it is generally supposed that he has made himself acquainted with the going on in the racing world, as recorded in the *Sporting Review* and *Racing Calendar*; this CANTAB evidently cannot have done, from the mistakes he has made in his letter. I will just run through his production, and see what his statements are good for.

"He begins by stating that the Prospectus of the March Meeting was drawn out upon fair and liberal terms. Here I differ from him at the outset. The Prospectus, so far from being an open one, imposed in all the races heavy penalties on winners of any sort of races three times in the season, and lesser penalties for winners once or twice. The weights were without any *variation*; and on neither of the two last days was a Rupee of public money advertised for a single race open to all horses! The 96th Cup terms were fair enough, but CANTAB, if he had looked at the *Sporting Review*, would have found the true reason of the failure of that Meeting. The Meerut Meeting was



held at the same date, and the attractions there were so much more considerable, that two owners of stables, both within 100 miles of Lahore, and more than 300 from Meerut, ran at the latter place, and not at the former. As regards his assertion that similar terms were made at Ferozepore, I must again refer him to the Racing Calendar, and he will find that such was never the case. CANTAB's next assertion is also a pure fiction, as every Turfite knows. He says, 'these English horses (mis-named racers) and Australians appear so carefully to avoid each other by going to separate Meetings for all but walks over, that when Purses are made where they can run, we have no racing.' Does he expect *every* good horse in Upper India to come to *every* Meeting that is held? Considering the difficulties in the way of travelling horses about the country, and of owners getting leave, it is wonderful how often we do see the crack horses come together. Witness Deyrah last year, the four best in these parts going in one race. With regard to his 'English horses mis-named racers' there happened to be only *two* English horses running last season. One, *Molly Bawn*, only appeared at Meerut, at the time CANTAB was witnessing his Lahore racing, and the other, *Oregon*, is well known as one of the most blood, racing-like, and lasting horses in the country. Where then are those 'mis-named racers,' save in 'CANTAB's distempered brain?' He then goes on to say that he thinks the Stewards should have excluded all but Arabs and C. B.s from the Meeting. A fine liberal opinion for a man writing on a sporting subject truly! He next proceeds to *prove* that they have not done this, and we come to his 'first,' in which, as he says, he disposes of the Cup! and that its being made for Arabs only arises from a desire to get quantity instead of quality. Why not then make it for bazar tattoos only, (entrance 1 Rupee) and you might see any number at the post? CANTAB does not favor us with any 'second' to his unhappy 'first,' that *disposes* of the Cup; but he proceeds to propound a request to me in such ambiguous and dreadfully obscure terms, that if he were the Delphic Oracle itself, he could not have been more mysterious. 'Now then, OXONIAN, if you have a hack or C. B., allow Arabs to run for the second race, second day and the Cup; and out of fourteen races they are the only two that can be called fairly open to them on the Up-country heavy Courses.' Now I venture to say that, if any philanthropic gentleman were to convert that wonderful sentence into the most canine Latin, and repeat the same backwards, it would not come out one bit more enigmatical or mysterious than it there stands. He requests me, if I have a hack or C. B.,

to allow Arabs to run for the Cup and the Maiden Arabs race. Well, at all events, I am glad to hear that I have the power of allowing the said Arab to run, but dependant upon my having in my possession a C. B. or a hack. If I sell my hack or C. B. to-morrow, I presume my power is lost. 'The only two fairly open to them out of fourteen races.' Why these two are *exclusively* for Arabs (and C. B. in the second race second day.) Oh dear! oh dear! CANTAB thinks that, having 'disposed' of the Cup, polished off his '*first*,' and given me the mysterious power relative to owning a hack or C. B., that he has 'fairly shewn my remarks to be mistaken.' Heaven save the man! Why he has not even once touched my real arguments. What were my arguments? Why, that by giving all the public money to inferior horses, you do an injustice to the superior class of horse, and you also raise the price of the inferior one so much, that, the general market rising accordingly, chargers and saddle horses attained an exorbitant price. Has he answered or attempted to answer these? There stands the Prospectus, as I showed in my letter, with but one race open to all horses at racing weights. CANTAB says that all the races, except the two in which I am to allow Arabs to run, can be contested by English and Australian horses. • Very true, but not by *superior* ones. There are English and Australian hacks, as well as Arab and C. B., and I presume when he made this remark, he must have had in his eye some of the 'wretched seedy animals,' brought out by his friends the ship Captains. They might go in for the 3rd race, third day, and 3rd race, second day. I really cannot follow CANTAB in all his remarks about the degeneracy of racing. Degenerated no doubt it has, in the amount of money subscribed for Race Meetings, and in the number of horse owners, but there were never at any period before anything like such good horses on our Turf, as there are at present. What CANTAB means by saying that the owner of *Deception* might have done better by buying her own sister, untried for 800 Rupees, I cannot understand. *Deception* has proved herself to be the best Colonial in Calcutta, but her sister *might* not be worth her keep. As for the redoubtable *Shadow*, he would no doubt have kept the lead well with the seedy wretched animals of CANTAB's friends, the ship Captains; but what chance he would have had against the English *race horses* in Calcutta, *Babylonian*, *Valentine*, *Peythesilea*, &c., is quite another thing. However, his performances do not seem to have created a panic as yet, though perhaps, if he were to arrive in Calcutta with "3.44" branded on his gallant carcase, he might do so!

I have now come to the end of CANTAB's letter, and very weary am I of it. Hoping that CANTAB will borrow a *Sporting Review* and Racing Calendar, study them, and not bother me any more.

"I remain •

"Yours' faithfully,

"OXONIAN."

To which I may add, that, had I not been weary as I was of the task having to answer such a production as CANTAB's, I could have pointed out many more absurdities in his letter. For instance, he begins by stating that the Prospectus for the March Meeting previous, was "made before a large meeting of officers, and after considerable discussion Purses were very evenly distributed." This to me is at once sufficient explanation of the failure of that Prospectus. The idea of attempting to make out a good Race Prospectus, before a large meeting of officers, all discussing at once, and the horse owners present, all trying to get the terms made to suit their own stables! A pretty hash such a Prospectus would be! CANTAB's remark about the best horses so carefully avoiding each other, was a singularly unfortunate one, and shows his ignorance again in the goings on of the racing world. Any one acquainted with the principal horse owners, knows how anxious they always are for arrangements to be made by which all the stables may be brought together twice or thrice during the season, and how they will forsake Meetings at which there are likely to be few horses for those, even though at a greater distance, where a large number of horses are congregated. A notable instance of this CANTAB must have had before his eyes, when the owner of the most powerful stable in that circuit, sent his horses 300 miles to run at Meerut, against far better horses than he would have had to oppose within fifty miles of his own station! Again he affirms boldly that the introduction of the English and Australian horses have effectually barred all sport. With what feelings of wonder, mingled with vexation, must he have read the accounts of the last Umballa Meeting, the best by far ever held on that Course! But here is a death blow to CANTAB's assertion and to all the arguments of those who advocate exclusive Arab and Country-bred racing. Suppose there were not a single English or Australian horse Up-country, how much racing would you have had this year with *Banker* in the field? No! No! banish all such illiberal ideas as confining racing to any one particular breed of horse, thank your stars that you have racing now-a-days 100 per cent. better than you

ever had before, and commit all such notions to the happy oblivion in which such monstrosities as "English blood excluded," two mile *heats*,—remnants of the dark ages, deserve to be buried.

To return to CANTAB's veracious statements. "as many as sixty subscriptions were taken to one Purse at Lahore for Arabs," which is either a misprint or a "huge" mistake, but as it has nothing to do with the question, suggesting rather a reference to the bazar tattoos again, I pass on without further remark on it. His next allusion to persons not being able to give 5,000 Rupees for a horse, means to say, I suppose, that people were actually so green as to give such a sum formerly for an Arab in what he seems to think the golden age of Indian racing, but as happily now-a-days we can get nags at less than half that sum, able to give any Arab that ever was foaled, a stone and a licking, we smile at the folly of the generation who might have got three English race horses of fair repute for such a sum. But he says that "the purchaser made himself independent of the public money," by making matches of 200 G. M., or so. *Especially the loser*, I should say. Twenty G. M. matches now-a-days are, according to CANTAB, "a nine days' wonder," but unfortunately for his statement, there are records in the Racing Calendar for 1853-54, in the North West, of one match for 100 G. M. each, one of 50 G. M., two of 30 G. M., three of 25 G. M., one of 20 G. M., besides many others for lesser sums.

By this time it will be seen that the unhappy CANTAB, if anything, "put his foot in it" with a vengeance, but one more castigation awaits him at the hands of AN OWNER OF RACE HORSES IN THE NORTH WEST, who thus addressed the Editor of the *Mofussilite*.

"A FEW REMARKS ON CANTAB'S LETTER, AND DEFENCE OF THE SPORTSMEN IN THE NORTH WEST.

"To the Editor of the *Mofussilite*.

"MY DEAR SIR.—In the last issue of the *Lahore Chronicle*, a letter appears signed CANTAB, seemingly in defence of the Lahore races. On the merits of that Prospectus, I do not intend giving an opinion, and it would have been better if CANTAB had confined himself to that subject alone, instead of taking upon himself to abuse all the racing men, and horses of the North-west and Calcutta. Who is CANTAB that he issues such ill-natured and unfounded remarks as the following that, 'these English horses (mis-named race) and Australians appear so carefully to avoid each other, by going to separate

Meetings for all but walks over, that when Purges are made where they can run we have no racing.'? Oh shade of the late Sir Walter, and mighty Kinloch,\* are you no sooner lost to us, than the best and speediest horses of the Indian Turf are to be held up to ridicule, and their owners so deficient in pluck as to fear to meet on equal terms! I hope not, but as these foregoing remarks I have quoted, unless contradicted, are likely to have a damaging effect on the public mind (who do not pay sufficient attention to those things so as to see their absurdity, and on whom we are, as CANTAB truly states, entirely dependant for sport) I beg to call his attention to the following Meetings last season, in the North-west, and to the horses respectively engaged, and I will show that these 'mis-named English racers' and Australian horses do not always avoid one another. At Deyrah, Umballa, and Meerut, he will find *Boo-marang*, *Oregon*, *Mercury*, and *Prince Charles*, and many other good horses, all entered and running one against another with varying success. I would also call CANTAB's attention to the latter Meeting, where there were more horses and better contested races than ever were seen at Lahore; and why? Because the Prospect's was drawn out on fair and equitable terms, and no one class of horses were favored to the exclusion of another. So that every sportsman, were he owner of an English, Australian, or Arab (mis-named racers) would have a fair chance for his money. Nor was a penalty of two stone inflicted on any horse.† Nor was he refused to be run against because he had the desideratum of speed, but of this CANTAB seems to be altogether ignorant.

But as I suppose CANTAB's remarks refer chiefly to Ferozepore and Lahore, he is jealous, it seems, and perhaps a sufferer by Mr. Catapult's success at the former Meeting. I beg to inform him that, besides the horses present, *Boo-marang*, *Matchem*, and the best down-country horses were entered, and no fear of the above-mentioned horses deterred his owner from running them, but in consequence of the inducements and solicitations that were held out to him to go to Lucknow, and run his team against *Lunatic*, *Pilot*, *Zorab*, *Waddee*, *Rosalie*, and the gallant *Wahaby*, and many more, all able to give CANTAB's Arabs and C. B. a stone and a licking, that they did not go Up-country, and though an unforeseen accident prevented the Meeting‡ taking place (bad luck to it!) it will shew

\* Sir Walter Gilbert and T. J. Francis, Esq., two of the best supporters the Indian Turf has ever had.

† Referring to the two stone extra imposed on Prince Charles at Lahore, 1851-52.

‡ Lucknow.

the public that it was not the fear of meeting superior horses that prevented them running at Ferozepore and Lahore, and prove how unfounded his strictures on their owners are. Hoping that OXONIAN may win the 96th Cup with a hack or C. B. (a fit antagonist for Lahore) but that he will send his 'mis-named racers' to Meerut, where he shall have a fair field and less abuse, is the wish of every true sportsman. CANTAB's dog in the manger remarks on those who give long prices and pay them for race horses, is beneath my notice, and I beg to tell him that the English horses he takes such pride in abusing, have always held their own against the best Colonials and Arabs that could be brought against them, and always will, both here and every where, and as to the reported timing of *Shadow*, OXONIAN is, I fancy, as well aware of the value of salt water pedigrees and Tasmanian timing\* as is

"Your obedient servant,

"AN OWNER OF RACE HORSES IN THE NORTH WEST."

I think CANTAB may now put his head in a bag and be sorry he spoke, meanwhile, I must go on to notice some further correspondence that ensued on this subject, and give a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Mofussilite* by "F."

"A FEW WORDS MORE ON A SPORTING SUBJECT. RACE PROSPECTUSES MADE FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THOSE WHO SUBSCRIBE THE MONEY.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Looking over your paper of August 15th, I read a letter from OXONIAN to you on the system of Race Meetings in the Provinces. I shall feel obliged by your inserting the following remarks having reference to the same subject.

"The general term of OXONIAN's letter seems to me to be a complaint that horses like *Prince Charles*, *Boomerang* and *Oregon*, &c., (who have been proved to be able to give any Arab 2, 3, if not 4 stone) are not allowed to canter over (as they have been in the habit of doing lately) for money subscribed by the people for the purpose of seeing some fun, and what they call racing in India. Now it is principally for amusement that race Meetings are got up in the Provinces, and as the greater part of the owners of horses are owners of Arabs only, I suspect strongly that OXONIAN will now often have cause to object to Race Prospectuses. Had not the importation of Walers so suddenly ceased in consequence of

\* Quite enough at any rate to believe nothing whatever he hears on the two subjects.

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gold-finding in Australia, I have no doubt that by this time Arabs would have been almost driven from the Indian Turf, in which case we should have had far better racing, as the Walers, if good ones, would be able in many cases to compete with the 3rd or 4th rate horses that are generally brought to this country from England, and I fancy that then most racing men would be in possession of at least one Waler. Race Prospects would then be drawn up differently. The proof of the error of allowing English and Colonial horses to enter with Arabs, is shown in the fact that the Purse annually given by H. M.'s 96th Regiment, was last year advertised for all horses. The entrances made were :—

Mr. Catapult's	English horse,	<i>Oregon.</i>
"	Waler,	<i>Mercury.</i>
Mr. Kinloch's	Waler,	<i>Prince Charles.</i>
Mr. There-I-Go's	C. B.	<i>Uira.</i>

" No one dreamt of entering an Arab. *Catapult* paid forfeit,\* and as the rules of the race required horses from three stables to start, or the Purse to be withheld, there was of course no start, and *Prince Charles* walked over for the forfeits, and thus one of the largest, if not the largest Purse given Up-country, was returned to the sporting donors. This Purse would have been won, without doubt, by *Oregon*, perhaps walked over for, and right glad should I have been had he won it, as I know his owner to be a sterling, straight forward sportsman, though I cannot always agree with him in his ideas of racing in India. In a country like this, where we require good riders and horses for military and sporting purposes, up to at least 10st. 7lbs. (as very few Europeans can ride under that) I should like to see all the racing, out of Calcutta, for heavy weights and gentlemen riders, entrance smaller and less gambling. It is absurd to imagine that racing can be carried on in India as it is in England. In the first place, the obstacles to proper training are great in India, and, in the second place, from the peculiar manner in which Anglo-Indian Society is constituted, no project ever succeeds in a station unless it has the name of some "Big-wig" attached to it, consequently, the Stewards of a race Meeting (from among whom the judge and starter are usually selected) mostly consist of men chosen on account of their rank in a station as military men or civilians, and not from their knowledge of racing. The consequence is, that very often all sorts of mistakes arise at a Race Meeting from the total want of Turf knowledge of the men whose "decision is

final." In conclusion, it may be as well to state that I myself cannot ride under 10s. 7lbs.

"Yours truly,  
"F."

To which my reply was as follows :—

"To the Editor of the *Mofussilite*."

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I will not trouble you at any great length in answer to F., who has written a comment on my letter, which appeared in the *Mofussilite* of August 15th, but will point out to him a few errors he has made. His first remark is a most unjust one, and I think F. might have known OXONIAN's ideas of sport (writing on a sporting subject, I assume that he is a reader of the *Sporting Review*) better than to think 'horses cantering over for public money' would please him! And it is the more unjust, because it is not the fact that 'Prince Charles, Boomarang, Oregon, &c., have been in the habit of cantering over for public money.' On the contrary, whenever these and one or two others met last year at Deyrah, Ferozepore, Umballa and Meerut, the public saw fine racing for their money. What F. says about the importation of Walers having ceased, is certainly true, but there are plenty of Walers and English horses Up-country to make excellent racing; only if people want to bring them together at one Meeting, they must have a Prospectus sufficiently good to attract good horses, not give all the money to the Arabs and inferior horses. With regard to the 96th Cup, F. has overlooked the fact that the Meerut races going on at the same time, entirely ruined the Lahore March Meeting, and therefore there was no race for the Cup. I willingly acknowledge the truth of F.'s assertion that Race Prospectuses should be made for those that subscribe the money. What is more attractive to witness than well-contested races between two, three or four of the best horses Up-country, and how infinitely superior to a field of twice the number of Arabs, the latter spluttering and rolling about like a flock of geese on a common; while the beautiful 'packed up' action and commanding ride of the thorough-bred Waler or Englisher, looks like racing indeed. I have no wish to be bitter against Arabs (indeed, I have two in training myself at the present moment) but I cannot witness the injustice done to their superiors, without coming forward to denounce it. Had the 96th thought proper to give their Cup this year for all horses, and had the Lahore Prospectus been a good one, they might have had the following entry for the Cup—*Bedford, Pulcherim, Chorister, Oregon, Mercury,*



*Pompey*, *Boomarang*, *Prince Charles*, and if but five of these came to the post, it would be a sight worth a sportsman's while to travel 300 miles, even in roadless India, to gaze upon. It is a great mistake to think that a race with a lot of bad horses is to be preferred to a race between a select few of the best horses of whatever country—England or India—it comes off in. As an instance what sportsman would not (if allowed only one week in England) have rather seen the match between the *Dutchman* and *Voltigeur*, or *Teddington* and *Mountain Deer*, than the race for the Chester Cup, in which the largest field of horses always starts, and which is usually won by some wretched weed carrying 5 stone, worth probably £25! It is the Crystal Palace to a thimble in favor of the former. But I must not digress further, but subscribe myself once more,

“Yours’ faithfully,

“OXONIAN.”

Thus ended this correspondence, and on the 8th of November, the Lahore Meeting, which had been the subject of so much discussion, commenced. The sport was better than might have been expected, no thanks to the *Prospectus*, however, for the best races were the Handicaps made up on the spot, and a variety of Matches got up also during the Meeting. *Mercury*, however, was so far superior to any other horse present, (*Banker* having not as yet got into his subsequent Umballa form) that great allowances in weight were necessary to bring him to the level of the others.

“Well might that Waler’s owner,  
The first night of the Meeting,  
Declare he could live the distance, and give  
Each foe a stone and a beating.”

He having offered to run any thing on the spot, and give a stone for 100 G. M. The Meeting commenced as customary, with the Derby for all Maidens, which brought forth the winner of the Deyrah Maiden Race, the English mare that distinguished herself in the same event, and a new untried Waler *Leviathan*, by *Lucifer*, &c. This, *Chorister*, a great “pop” in the Lottery, made no difficulty in winning; the one and a half mile being done in 3m. 4s. *Mercury* then walked over for the “Free Handicap” (which have been perpetual failures throughout the year, and better be abandoned for the future) and a Hack Stakes concluded the morning’s amusement. On the second day the proceedings commenced by another walk over by *Mercury*, followed up by a canter for *Banker*, in front of four

other Maiden Arabians and Country-bred of sorts. This spoil however, he had subsequently to disgorge by the mandate of the N. N. I. T. C. Stewards, but the Lotteries by previous agreement *Banker* "collared," not drawing a large sum indeed by the arrangement, seeing that he fetched 46 G. M., and 40 G. M. respectively in two Lotteries of sixty and fifty-five tickets, the whole of the others drawing 9 G. M. and 8 G. M. The next race on the cards was a mile Handicap, for which five accepted, but *Banker* did not come to the post. It was won by *Mercury*, carrying the steady weight of 9st. 12lbs., *Leviathan*, 8st. 4lbs., second; *Chorister* 9st. 7lbs., and *Uira* 8st. 0lb., "all in the rear." *Mercury*\* was considerably the favourite in the Lottery. The first half was 56s., the mile 1m. 59s. A "small" match wound up the morning's sport.

On the third day, the 96th Cup, value 1,000 Rupees, for *Arabs only*, was brought on the scene. *Banker*, the *Buffer*, *Surplice* and *Peradventure* (the Derby winner at Calcutta, in 1850) were the competitors. The Lotteries were "tremendous," it being premised that *Banker*, disqualified or not, should, if first, win all Lotteries. Thus did they eventuate:—

1st Lottery. . 86 tickets.	2nd Lottery. . 66 tickets.	3rd Lottery.. 40 tickets.
<i>Banker</i> ..... 51 G. M.	<i>Banker</i> ..... 51 G. M.	<i>Banker</i> ..... 32 G. M.
<i>Surplice</i> ..... 27 "	<i>Surplice</i> ..... 12 "	<i>Surplice</i> ..... 8 "
<i>Buffer</i> ..... 10 "	<i>Buffer</i> ..... 12 . "	<i>Buffer</i> ..... 5 "
<i>Peradventure</i> 6 "	<i>Peradventure</i> . 3 "	<i>Peradventure</i> . 1 "

Total ... 180 G. M.	Total...144 G. M.	Total ... 86 G. M.
4th Lottery . 80 tickets	5th Lottery ... 55 tickets.	
<i>Banker</i> ..... 53 G. M.	<i>Banker</i> ..... 42 G. M.	
<i>Surplice</i> ..... 11 "	<i>Surplice</i> ..... 7 "	
<i>Buffer</i> ..... 5 "	<i>Buffer</i> ..... 5 "	
<i>Peradventure</i> 5 "	<i>Peradventure</i> . 3 "	

Total ... 151 G. M.      Total ... 112 G. M.

Making up a "small tottlet" of 668 G. M. in the Lotteries on the Cup, of course the purchasers of *Banker* considered they were coining money, nothing less, but had there been a slip between "the cup and the lip," what a catastrophe had ensued! That either of the other three, though nags of good fame, could have a chance, giving *Banker* 2lbs. (the idea of any Arab in the North-West giving *Banker* weight!) was never anticipated, but still there was "the off chance you know—long race—accidents might happen—short of weight—fall down, &c." "*Diis aliter visum*," *Banker* making play at a good pace, disposed of his field before they had reached the three-quarter mile from home, and won as he pleased. The *Buffer* ran with his usual

honesty, and gained the much coveted second place, and eventually, by *Banker's* disqualification, the Cup; the great consolation to his owner for getting it in such a way being, that it was the same cup that was withheld in March, which he *must* have won then in a canter, had he not paid forfeit and sent his stable to Meerut, instead of running for it. Another match, which produced a remarkably fine race, and a scurry, concluded this day's sport. On the third day a very sporting Handicap was got up, about which there was a good deal of excitement, many going so far as to doubt whether *Mercury* could successfully give *Banker* 12 lbs. in a long race over the heavy course, the acceptances being :—

	st.	lb.
<i>Mercury</i> ,.....	10	0
<i>Banker</i> ,.....	9	2
<i>Leviathan</i> .....	8	4

25 G. M. were given from the Fund, and the sporting former owner of *Shamrock*, *Roderic*, &c., made this up to 30 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. P. P. Distance R. C. *Mercury*, despite his crushing weight, was considerably the favorite at the Lott&ies, whilst *Leviathan* was little thought of, it being fancied that his part in the race would be confined to making the running for the first part of the distance. This expectation was proved to be correct. *Leviathan* made the pace strong from the post, the first half being done in 55½s. When *Leviathan* declined the running, *Banker* took it up, and it was a very pretty race to the distance, when it was seen to be *Mercury's* race easy. The time was quite first rate, and gave the "knowing ones" some idea of what a clipper *Banker* must be, this being the first race in which he was made to gallop. He was pulled immediately it was found his chance was out, the time was 3m. 25s., the course ultra-heavy. *Mercury* super-excellently ridden. A Match for 25 G. M. each, in which *Vira* beat *Peradventure*, giving him 7lbs., was the other dish set before the sporting public. The hack beat the Calcutta Derby winner, who was all abroad on this heavy course easily. Now came the fifth and last day, with its usual Winners' and Losers' Handicaps—the former was run a Match between *Chorister*, 9st. 7lbs., and *Banker* 9st. 6lbs., and ended in the defeat of the Waler, who had gone very much "off" since the first day, in 3m. ¼s. the one and a half mile; *Banker* having won his race in the first three-quarter mile, only cantering in. The Losers' Handicap gave us a sporting race, with five starters. *Leviathan* the top weights, 9st. 9lbs., was considerably the favorite, but there was a good deal of betting between him and

*Surplice*, 9st. 0lb. The race was won cleverly by *Surplice*, the *Buffer* second, *Leviathan* a bad third. A host of Matches wound up the last days' proceedings, including one eccentric one, in which *Peradventure* essayed to give *Selim* twenty-five yards start in half a mile, but took nothing except a beating for his pains. *Telegraph* polished off that very worst of all race horses (!) The *Caliph of Bagdad*, for one and a half mile, in 3m. 13s. ! This wound up the regular Meeting, but another morning's sport was provided in the shape of a 100 G. M. Match, between the *Buffer* and *Surplice*. This *Surplice* won cleverly, though very much distressed at the end. The *Buffer* is the very worst Match horse in existence, as it is essential for him to have another horse to make the running for him. Hence the reversal of their places in the Cup. The Meeting on the whole may be pronounced *fair*, certainly not good.

The next Meeting to notice is the Peshawar "Autumn" Meeting, which was held there in the beginning of December. From the difficulty of getting jockeys up in that remote locality, the weights were necessarily made for gentlemen riders; 3lbs. extra being imposed on "professionals," though the three who came under this denomination at Peshawur, ought on the contrary to have been *allowed* weight as being about the three very worst riders one would meet in a summer day's journey; so much for "professionals." The sports opened with the Maiden Race, for which three came out, viz., *King Charles*, a dark English horse, *Peter Peebles* a Waler trained but never started in previous years, and *Bolivar*, who ran at Lahore and Ferozepore a couple of years ago and on those occasions showed a want of heart that gained for him the appellation of "a thorough cur." Two years of laying by and judicious treatment had, however, created a different state of affairs, and in this Meeting under notice, *Bolivar* ran well and honestly. The Maiden Race he won with perfect ease, though least thought of of the three, *King Charles* being the pot that boiled over. The weights were, *King Charles* 10st. 4lbs., *Peter Peebles* 10st. 4lbs. and *Bolivar* 9st. 11lbs. Distance one and a half mile. Time 3m. 3s., *Banker*, not the *Banker*, but a boy of that name—polished off three quadrupeds for the Give and Take, and a Charger and Pony Stakes concluded the first day. On the second *Bolivar* came out for the Free Handicap, and with 10st. 7lbs. up, polished off an Arab called *Recruit*, carrying a like weight—one-half mile, in 3m. 5s. Old *Prince Charles* once more to the fore, walked over for the Open Stakes, and a second Give and Take was won by *Nora Creina* (late *Bedlamite*.) Two Sky

Races ended this day. One of these latter—the hacks to wit, gave rise to a whole battery of protests, counter-protests and objections, and the matter was finally referred to the Turf Club. It appeared that the first heat having been won by one *Yorkshire Lady*, the same animal passed the post first in the second heat, but was immediately declared distanced, for having crossed the second horse, *Canada West*. But when they came to weight, *all* of them were found a shade under weight, but as *all* were in the same boat, the Stewards thought best to “pass” them all, and accordingly this was done, and they went again for the third heat. This event *Canada West* won, but when the knotty point of weighing came again, his jockey was found short of weight a second time, but the Steward doubting the correctness of the scales, ordered the jockey out of them, proposing to test their accuracy, and if they should prove “all right,” that he would consider *Canada West* distanced. The jockey having vacated the scales, they were found correct, but, wonderful to relate! he was actually permitted to re-enter them, and this time managed to be the proper weight. The Stewards of the Turf Club, though of course condemning the manner of the proceeding, had no option but to pronounce the rider of *Canada West* “weight,” the person appointed to weigh having so given him, never mind at what period of the weighing process,—that monosyllable, having escaped the lips of the official, no power could annul it.

On the third day the boy *Banker* won the Gilbert Stakes for Arabs, beating *Woodpecker* and *Tipperary Joe*, all 9st. 7lbs., and the mile in 2m. 4s. *Prince Charles* won the Ladies’ Purse (Handicap) easily, carrying 11st. 7lbs., and giving Mr. Squeer’s (Arab) 25lbs., 2m. 34s., the one and a quarter mile. *King Charles* won a one and a quarter mile Scurry, beating seven others “of sorts,” and *Nora Creina* won a Selling Stakes. The St. Leger on the fourth day was the most interesting affair as yet of the Meeting, bringing *Prince Charles* and *Bolivar* out as opponents for the first time, the latter getting 10lbs., which told to such good effect in the one and three-quarter mile, that *Bolivar* won with great ease. Time 3m. 33s., 9st. 9lbs., on the winner. The old *Prince* came out again and polished off *Nora Creina*, *Mulih Sadip* (why can’t men find names in their mother tongue for their horses?) and *King Charles*, giving them all heaps of weight, for one and a quarter mile, in 2m. 33s. On the fifth day the Winners’ Handicap again brought *Prince Charles* and *Bolivar* to the fore. The Handicappers allowed the *Prince* 10lbs., for his beating in the St. Leger, which was very air, but *Bolivar* again managed to win. The *Prince* was

however favored with a "professional" jockey, which imposed 3lbs. more on him, so that the horses were actually running at even weights (11st. 11lbs. and 10st. 12lbs.) the gelding getting his 3lb. The time was 3m. 5s., the one and a half mile. The Beaten Handicap was won by Mr. Squeers, who formerly rejoiced in the extraordinary appellation of "Sukur, Bukkur and Roree," (where men get these wonderful names from, is the puzzle to me,) beating *Peter Peeble* the Waler at even weights, and giving *Yorkshire Lady* 11lbs., one mile in 2m. 4s. There was another day's fun got up in the shape of a leash of Steeple Chases, the first for all horses won by a country-bred called *Smoke*, beating a country-bred (good second) and a Waler and Englisher, who bolted. The second for Hacks was won by the same horse that ran second for the first chase, and a third for galloways, was won by one *Creepers*. *Sic transit gloria Peshawari*. The next Meeting in order is Meerut, which exhibited a slight falling off from last year, when the Meeting of *Oregon* and *Boomarang* excited so much interest. This year there was no horse to oppose the latter mighty Waler, though, had *Banker* been in his Umballa form, he would have been very near beating him the last day. However, to take things in their proper order, let us begin with the St. Leger, on the first day, bringing out the English horse *Serpentine* (mentioned by me as a worthless animal last year) and a Waler *Linton*. They met at weight for age, *Serpentine* (a five years old) getting 5lbs. allowance, in consideration of this being his first appearance. The *debut* was not a successful one, the English horse never having a chance of the race, which was one and a three-quarter mile, and ran in 3m. 4ls. *Linton*, no wise fatigued with this effort, then won the Welter in good style, with 11st. 2lbs., and his worthy owner on his back, defeating that melancholy old remnant of antiquity, *Black Hawk*, at the same weight, and a maiden Arab *Esperance*, 10st. 7lbs., doing the mile in 2m. 4s. The *Duke* won the Give and Take, beating the, once famous galloway *Pam*, and two others, with ease. On the second day the Merchants' Plate brought out *Boomarang* 9st.-5lbs., and *Linton* 8st. 12lbs., with *Banker* 8st. 10lbs. It was hardly to be expected that the Arab could have a chance at these weights, and *Linton*, though a good "miler," was not able to beat the gallant grey, who won easily in 1m. 56½s. *Figaro* (who it will be remembered, made his first appearance at Deyrah) found no difficulty in disposing of the two maidens from the same stable, *Whiteford* and *Esperance*, giving them 4lbs. in the Sirdhana Stakes, R. C., in 3m. 17s., and the Craven between *Boomarang* 9st. 5lbs., and *Esperance*

8st. 10lbs., was of course a farce. A wonderful and beautiful little pony, by name *Chocolate*, beat a horse called *Dudgeon*, in a half mile Scurry, the little fellow with 11st. up doing the distance, *hill* and all, in 1m. 1s. ! thus ended the second day. *Boomarang* walked over for the Champagne on the third day, the only entrance against him having been *Nineveh*, the English mare (and in the same stable formerly as *Serpentine*). The Arab race *Banker* of course won, as he did the Turf Club Purse (for Arabs) on the fourth day, beating *Figaro* and *Surplice* at even weights, one and half mile, in 3m. 0s., not bad Arab timing on Meerut Course. A couple of Hack Races wound up the sport. The Winners' Handicap on the last day gave us the only really exciting race of the Meeting, between *Boomarang* 10st. 11b., and *Banker* 8st. 13lbs., the Arab very nearly pulling through, and losing at last by half a length only. The Losers' Handicap *Surplice* appropriated, and *Caviare* having won the Hunters' Stakes (for all horses regularly hunted with the 14th Dragoon hounds) and *Chocolate* the pony, the Meerut Meeting was at an end, and it will be gathered from the report that it was far below the average. We should expect great things from Meerut from its position, but not a single stable came from Cawnpore and Lucknow, both which places have quite lost their once sporting character, and the whole proceedings were "flat, stale and unprofitable."

Now for the Meeting of the season! March saw most of the stables of the North West assembled at Umballa in her second week. Great was the excitement about the Meeting of *Boomarang*, hitherto unconquered this year, and *Mercury*. The unsatisfactory trial they had in the Deyrah river, as before related, was regarded as no criterion, and it was still looked on as their first encounter at even weights, *and even chances*. The Champion Cup was looked forward to with no ordinary anticipation. The terms were made out before the star of *Banker* shone forth so resplendently, and with a magnanimous contempt of the class of Arabs then running Up-country and, indeed, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the framer of the conditions had written "Arabs at a feather." It was thought that *Boomarang* and *Mercury* would have hard work to give a stone and a half to the Arab in a two mile race, (equal to a start of nearly 200 yards), which was thought would be about the difference between the weights, while if *Banker's* owner could procure anything like a real feather, he would of course win in a canter. With such hopes and fears the curtain drew up, and brought on the stage the first day's racing. The Derby opened the proceedings with *Linton*, *Levi-*

*athan* and *Whitefoot* at the post. All these had run before during the season, but *Linton* alone successfully. They made him the favorite considerably, seeing that he sold in the Lottery for 21 G. M., *Leviathan* for 6 G. M., and *Whitefoot* 1 G. M., The race was exciting, and ended in the defeat of the favorite by a couple of lengths. Condition had, no doubt, a good deal to say to this, for whilst *Leviathan* was in fine form, the other had only been in work some six weeks or two months. The one and half mile was run in 3m. 2s., the first mile being 1m. 58s. *Whitefoot* never shewed in the race. The Arab Sweepstakes was looked forward to with interest. *Figaro* and *Surplice* meeting together at even weights over a mile, and selling respectively for 17 and 15 G. M. in the Lottery. Condition, however, again told, *Figaro* making the running the whole way, and winning easy in 1m. 59s. The exciting appearance of the two cracks was now looked for by every eye, and in due course forth they came to contend for the one and a half mile weights, 8st. 4lbs. *Boomarang* was ridden by his old jockey Stubbs, and was said to be in first rate form. He sold in the Lottery for 22 G. M. *Mercury* was ridden by William Johns, who was obliged to carry 2lbs. over weight. Mr. Catapult's own jockey, T. Folkes, had unfortunately broke his collar bone only a week before the Meeting, and was unable to take the mount. The little Waler was in admirable condition, and looked as usual like a picture. He sold in the Lottery for 16 G. M. The race was very exciting, *Boomarang* making the running from the post at a good pace, doing the mile out in 1m. 54s. *Mercury* came up with him, however, a quarter of a mile from home, and so they went on to within 100 yards from home, up to which time neither jock had gone to work, but *Boomarang's* jock set to first. William Johns lifting his hands and going in a clever winner by a length. Time 2m. 57s. The race for the Shorts came next, and five horses started, but the race was spoilt by the bad start, and was only contested by two horses, a remarkably fine race resulting in *Passover's* favor, by half a head from *Figaro*. Thus the first day ended. The second day brought out *Mercury* and *Boomarang* for a mile race. The "Claret," at 9st. 5lbs. each. This was regarded as rather an "off day's" affair, for with the great race, the Champion Cup so near at hand, it was not likely that the cracks would care to take it very much out of themselves in a minor affair. The finish was exciting enough, *Boomarang* beating *Mercury* (who was ridden without whip or spur) by a head. Time 1m. 55s. This result increased the interest of the Champion Cup ten-fold. *Figaro*,



with 8st. 10lbs., had no difficulty in winning the St. Leger (for maiden Arabs) against *Lord Arthur* 8st. 5lbs., and *Whitefoot* 8st. 5lbs. The former, however, ran better than ninth-tenths of the public had given him credit for, being able to do, but his condition was Smithfieldy. The other animal is troubled with an incurable disease—the Slows. Linton won the Welter easily, *Bob Sawyer* breaking down, and *Chanticleer* (late *Con Cregan*) tiring when near home. The Hacks produced a merry Scurry, won by a little speedy chesnut country-bred mare, the *Countess*.

The third day came at last big with the fate of thousands (of Rupees.) For the Champion Cup the following were declared to go:—1. The English horse *Oregon*, carrying 9st. 5lbs., and ridden by Daly. 2. The Waler *Mercury*, carrying 8st. 7lbs., and ridden by T. Folkes. 3. The Waler *Boomarang*, with 8st. 7lbs., and Stubbs up. 4. The Arab *Banker*, carrying 7st., and Black William. For the Tankard, as interesting a race among the second class horses as the Cup was to the cracks; six were announced to start. 1. The Waler *Chanticleer* (late *Con Cregan*, formerly *Bem*) with his worthy owner R. Anderson, Esq., in the pigskin, 10st. 11lbs. 2. The Waler *Black Hawk*, bestridden by the Sporting Major, 10st. 11lbs. 3. The Waler *Armitstead*, carrying Mr. Vansittart and 10st. 9lbs. 4. The Arab *Surplice*, ridden by Mr. Story, 10st. 7lbs. 5. The Arab *Passover*, with 10st. 7lbs., and Mr. Lloyd up, and last, but not least, the Waler *Leviathan*, ridden by Sir C. Oakeley, and carrying 10st. 6lbs. The Lotteries were well attended and “eventuated” as follows:—

Champion Cup.....	42 tickets.	2nd Lottery .....	42 tickets.
Boomarang .....	20 G. M.	Boomarung .....	22 G. M.
Mr. Catapult's Sta-		Mr. Catapult's Sta-	
ble .....	19    "	ble.....	22    "
Banker .....	10    "	Banker .....	11    "
Total...	91 G. M.	Total...	97 G. M.

The *general* opinion was, that the race must *eventually* lie between the two Walers, whatever position the Arab with his feather might occupy, for the first part of the distance. *Oregon's* chance was looked upon as hopeless, for since his breakdown at Deyrah, in September, he had done very little work, and though he was not *fat*, yet he was not in the form for a Champion Cup winner, such as we saw him at Meerut last year. In fact, his sporting owner merely started him “for the fun of the thing.” As for *Banker*, though the general public would not have him, his party, if small, were confident, and besides buying him in the Lotteries, backed him to win the race

for a large sum, one gentleman alone laying them forty to fifty in Gold Mohurs three times over, then thirty to ten twice, and expressing his willingness to go on! That their confidence in backing him at these odds was fully justified, will be seen in the event, for which he ran a right good horse. A few bets were laid at evens between *Mercury* and *Boomarang*, and one or two that the race would not be run *under* four minutes! The speculation on the Tankard was brisk and busy. The Lottery came off as follows:—

1st Lottery .....	60 tickets	Second Lottery....
Leviathan .....	28 G. M.	Leviathan .....
Armitstead .....	18	Armitstead...
Chanticleer .....	8	Chanticleer
Surplice .....	8	Surplice .....
Passover .....	5	Passover.....
Black Hawk ...	1	Black Hawk

128 G. M.

There were besides numerous Lotteries at the messes of those two sporting and liberal regiments, the 56th and 70th N. I., the donors of the Tankards. Before *Bob Sawyer's* break-down in the Welter, he was much fancied for this race, as was *Surplice*, before his bad form was manifested by his running on the first day. But *Leviathan* was the favourite among the *cognoscenti*, who argued that his first rate condition, the welter weight and the distance suiting him, and also the favourable terms he got in on as a Maiden, all gave him the claim to be the first favourite in the betting. *Armitstead's* chance was said to be good, if he could manage the "heats," but *Passover* was looked upon as safe as if he had been boiled. *Black Hawk* as a mere whipper into the field.

The eventful morn arrived, pregnant with excitement. One by one the field for the Champion Cup came forth in all the pride and pomp of power, and of might. *Boomarang*—the great *Boomarang*, looked as fit as a fiddle, and as strong as a house; *Banker* in first rate form and fettle, and looking exceedingly well; *Oregon* in, as I observed before, hardly the condition for a Cup horse, but of *Mercury*, what shall we say? In magnificent condition, a compound of muscle and sinew, not an ounce of superfluous flesh, as strong as a house, as long as a ship, and as handsome as a perfect model of a race-horse can be, what greater perfection could be attained? Mindful of his

\* There is an omission here in our able correspondent's manuscript, which unfortunately time will not permit us to have supplied.—Ed.

former defeats at Deyrah, and on the Thursday previous to this event, knowing that the hour of trial was come, who so calm and conscious of the coming victory as he?

"Onward he came with a stately step,  
And a skin as bright as a raven,  
And his eye seemed to say, with its glance so gay,  
No mortal shall call me a craven;  
Be the course light or deep, come woe or come weal,  
'Gainst the Deyrah verdict I here appeal."

At last they are committed to the able hands of "Captain John," for the onerous duty of starting. One false start, owing to the eagerness of *Boomarang's* jockey, and *Banker's* not being ready, and then away they shoot from the two mile post, *Banker* with the lead, *Boomarang* second, *Mercury* next, and *Oregon* in the rear. In this order they ran for the first half mile (a slight ascent all the way, and including about 150 yards of deep sand just before nearing the one and half mile post at the top-turn (for it was run on the *old* course) which was done in 53 seconds, *Banker* with a good lead, and forcing the running. The hopes of the *Banker* party rose high—

"He'll never let them catch him,  
He'll tire them I'll be bound,  
By taking them a rattler  
Through the deep parts of the ground."

The mile was finished in 1m. 52s., and still the same order preserved, but at the three-quarter from home the pace had begun to tell its tale, the effects of which were visible on *Boomarang*; who had up to this been going remarkably well. On his succumbing about the half mile from home (the one and a half mile run in 2m. 52s.) "*Banker's* race!" burst from every mouth, but immediately on getting into the straight running, *Mercury*, who had come up inside *Banker* at the turn, by a masterly effort of his jockey, laid alongside the Arab, and the two raced home together, amidst the excited shouts of the multitude; but *Mercury* had all along been running within himself, and had enough in him to make his final effort, and win very cleverly and untouched by whip or spur, by a length. *Boomarang* was about a dozen lengths behind, and *Oregon* about 90 yards. The time was exactly 3m. 51s., of which I am enabled to speak positively, as I was requested to time the race accurately, and to be the umpire as to the bets about the time. I therefore went to the

starting post to take the time accurately from the post, and returned to the winning post to stop it. I mention this, as there were disputes about the time and, in consequence of some making it 3m. 52s., it was set down in the report of the racing as 3m. 51½s. Considering the difference between the Umballa and Calcutta Courses, it must be set down as one of the best performances in timing for two miles yet run in India. The pace was true from end to end, the first half mile is all up hill, there is one deep sandy place near the one and a half mile post, for about 150 yards, and another worse one, three-quarter mile from home, lasting for 200 yards, very sandy. Taking all these into consideration, the performance was a wonderful one. The riding of *Mercury's* jockey (his first appearance since the broken collar bone only twelve days before) was the theme of universal admiration. *Banker* had the disadvantage of a native on his back, and had he had a good jockey up, the race would have been a very close one, and would have been run in perhaps a second less, but *Mercury* must have won in any case. So ended this great race. Next in order came the exciting Tankard race. The competitors for this prize were, as I said before, six in number, and as they came out, they were eagerly regarded by their respective partisans. The favorite *Leviathan* looked remarkably well, although, carrying a deal of flesh, he had got rid of all superfluous fat, and was as fit as possible, as fresh as paint, and lusty as an eagle. The next in point of condition was *Passover*, who looked uncommonly well, better I think than I ever before saw him, but the terms of the race, whereby he had to give the Waler *Leviathan*, a pound, were considerably against him. *Chanticleer* was in fair condition, but his work had been irregular, and he did not look like a winner at the weights. The "heats," too, were against him. *Surplice's* condition was decidedly bad. He looked weak and washy, and sweated immoderately after his race. *Armitstead* is a fine horse, and was in pretty good form—a trifle short of work perhaps for such a severe race as this. *Black Hawk's* chance was not to be thought of for a moment. A most excellent start was effected, thanks to "Captain John," who would stand no nonsense from the jockeys, and immediately after getting off, *Chanticleer* went to the front and ran them out the first half in 57s. *Armitstead* waiting on him. *Leviathan* laid off some six lengths from the leading horse, till the pace slackened round the turn, when he made a dash for the inside place, obtained it, and at the quarter from home had a slight lead. *Passover* now made his effort and came up to the leading horse, but never got quite up to his head, the

Waler winning easy by a length. The only question now was whether a Waler of his class could run heats, and *Passover's* chance of the race was now thought to be not so hopeless. There was more trouble at the start for the second heat than for the first. *Surplice* was very fractious, and required much coaxing to get him to the post, while *Chanticleer* was too eager to be off. However, a good start was at last effected, and *Armitstead* cut out the work for the first quarter, when he was joined by *Passover* and *Chanticleer*, *Leviathan* laying fourth. The first three horses rounded both turns head and head, their jockeys knee to knee, and so they swept into the straight running; on being fairly round the last turn, *Leviathan*, who was full of running, passed the leading three, and was never caught again, winning very easily by a couple of lengths; *Passover* again second. *Surplice* and *Black Hawk* never shewed in either heat. *Leviathan* was excellently ridden by Sir C. Oakeley. He is a remarkably lazy horse, and required both whip and spur for the first quarter of a mile in both heats, never choosing to exert himself till his head was turned for home. One praise must also be given to the riders of *Chanticleer*, a notorious bolter, *Armitstead* and *Passover*, all of whom rode well, but

"Where was the once champion\* *Surplice*?

Echo answers 'where!'

T——n's fondest hopes have proved

Castle's of thin air."

So much for the Tankard. *Leviathan* was claimed immediately for the 800 Rupees, by the owner of the second horse.

The next race of this eventful morning was the Champagne for Arabs only, bringing out *Figaro* and *Lord Arthur*, to oppose *Banker*, under the hope that his action might be somewhat cramped after the Champion Cup achievement. *Banker* however giving them 5lbs., had the race in hand the whole way, waiting in front, and winning as he pleased. The Give and Take, in which the old Arab *Snatcher* beat the *Countess*, wound up the morning's sport, and a rare good morning it was! May I see many such another! But there was good sport in store still. *Mercury* and *Boomarang* had to meet once more for the Turf Club Purse, at 9st. 5lbs. each, one and a half mile, and *Boomarang's* partisans were sanguine enough to fancy that the heavier weight and the shorter distance might give a reversal of the Champion Cup running. *Boomarang* went for a trial over

\* As for the Adelaide Cup in 1871, when he beat *Passover* by fifty lengths,

the distance on the Monday morning, and this was so good a one, that his party came to the Ordinary in the evening prepared to "put on the pot" again. The Lottery went off thus—

Tickets.....	40	G. M.
Mercury.....	31	"
Boomarang .....	21	"
Total.....	92	G. M.

Each horse bought by his owner. The betting was extremely brisk at three to two on *Mercury*, and these odds were taken to some extent. Both horses came to the post well, and the running was made by *Boomarang*. *Mercury* waiting the whole way to the last turn, when he joined the big horse, and at the distance *Boomarang's* jock was at work to maintain his position, *Mercury's* rider steady and going past the post with his hands down, three lengths ahead. Time 2m. 55s. The only other race this day was the Consolation, for which five started, and which *Passover* won easy. The fifth day brought round the usual Handicaps. The Winners were divided into two classes—first and second.

#### First Class.

	st.	lbs.	
Oregon .....	11	0	} For this Banker walked over, the others declining. Boomarang, if fit, would have gone as a matter of course, at the weights, but he had "gone all to pieces" since his last race.
Mercury ...	10	0	
Boomarang .	9	2	
Banker .....	8	4	

The second class winners were

Leviathan .....	9st.	6lbs.
Linton .....	9st.	2lbs.
Figaro .....	8st.	9lbs.
Passover .....	8st.	0lb.

which gave us the closest race of the Meeting and the finest display of riding of the year. The three first named declared to go, *Linton* and *Figaro* being in the same stable; William Johns on *Figaro* and T. Folkes on *Linton*. Mr. Lloyd rode *Leviathan*. In the Lotteries the stable sold for 20 G. M., and *Leviathan* for 5 G. M. *Figaro* made the running at a good pace, *Leviathan* second, and *Linton* laying off, at the half mile from home *Leviathan* drew upon *Figaro*, and ran with him to the distance, where the Arab was beat, and having executed his task, was pulled, leaving *Leviathan* with a clear lead and apparently with the best of the race. He preserved his lead to within three strides of the post, when "Tommy," who had nursed *Linton* with the greatest care and judgment up to this point, came at the right time to a second, and with a magnificent rush landed his horse a winner by half a head on the post! With any

body else on his back, except Tommy or William Johns, *Linton* would inevitably have been beaten. Mr. Lloyd rode his horse well, but what a position for a gentleman rider having two first-rate jockeys going at him on the "one-down-another-come-on" principle the whole way! The one and a quarter mile was run in 2m. 28s. The Losers' Handicap only brought out two starters. *Armitstead* 9st. 4lbs. and *Surplice* 8st. 7lbs. T. Folkes rode the latter and won easy. Both made a waiting race, and the first quarter was done in 40s., the one-half mile in 3m. 11s. Mr. Anderson won a Sky Race by a head, which wound up the morning. This was the end of the regular Meeting, but a sixth day was got up. The Merchants gave a Purse, and a Handicap Purse was knocked up with a Hurdle and Pony Race. The Merchants could only manage to scrape together 200 Rupees, and this was managed chiefly by the exertion of Mr. Allen, of the well known first-rate firm of Peake and Allen. Mr. Macdonald also subscribed liberally as did most of the English Merchants, but the Native Merchants refused to contribute an anna, which deserves to be recorded that they may be "sent to Coventry" for the future. Such low mean native ideas deserve due punishment. So, like a native, too, not subscribing to anything that does not directly benefit him. But you might as well try to make a Purse out of a sow's ear as make a Native a sportsman! The terms of this Purse were to be a Handicap, one and a half mile. A Sweepstakes of 200 Rupees, P. P., for all acceptances. These were but two, *Mercury*, 10st. 2lbs. and *Banker* 8st. 10lbs. The owner of *Mercury* Mr. Catapult to wit, no doubt thought that he was doing a sporting thing in running that little clipper at the end of a long and severe meeting, under such a weight as 10st. 2lbs. against *Banker*, at a racing weight on his back, and certainly he only did so at the earnest and repeated solicitation of the Race Secretary, who assured him (what was quite true) that there would be no race if he did not let his horse go; and he also gave his jockey positive orders not to press the good little horse, in fact "to win easy, or not at all." Still I differ from him altogether, and I don't call it at all a sporting act—anything but. There was a delicate little Waler, who had been kept at the pitch of his condition for a whole fortnight, brought out to run at a welter weight, over a nasty Course (the New Course) against a well known clipping Arab of wonderful power and constitution, and carrying a racing weight. Had anything happened to *Mercury* what would have been the feelings of his owner? If anything had happened, he (the owner) ought to have been hung then and there in front of the Grand Stand, in presence of the assem-

bled multitude. No delicate high bred horse can ever keep in form after the *pitch* of condition has been once attained for more than a few days, and *Mercury* proved no exception to the rule. *Banker* cut him down in the first half mile, and won in a canter. The one and a half mile in a shade under 2m. 55s. The next race proved a splendid one, the four following horses coming to the post to run one and a half mile.

Oregon .....	10st.	5lbs.,	ridden by T. Folkes.
Leviathan.....	9st.	9lbs.,	ditto Daly.
Figaro .....	8st.	12lbs.,	ditto W. Johns.
Surplice .....	8st.	4lbs.,	ditto Stubbs.

*Leviathan* was the favorite considerably, whilst *Oregon's* chance was esteemed as nearly hopeless, as he had been out of training for some days, and that he could carry such a weight to the front or live the distance in such form as he was, was never anticipated. The race was a fresh proof what blood, some of the best blood in England *can* do against all disadvantages. The whole four got off well, after a false start, and considerable delay, owing to the restiveness of *Surplice*, and ran in a cluster all the way. A sheet might have covered them. *Surplice's* race! *Leviathan's* race! *Figaro's* race! were all proclaimed with the usual vehemence, and it was not till they got within 100 yards of home that it was perceived that the English horse had the best of it, the other three being all at work. A splendid race ensued, *Oregon* winning with a little shaking by a neck—a dead heat for second place, and the favorite last! The time of the one and a half mile was 2m. 59s.—pretty well for an untrained horse! with a welter weight on his back! Tommy's riding was again splendid. The next affair was a Pony Stake, for which eight ponies went, and produced an amusing scramble, and a Hurdle Race concluded this great Meeting. Eight started, and Mr. Anderson on his Waler mare *Jenny Lind*, won with his usual well-known excellent riding, beating Mr. Jenkin's *Paddy Whack* by half a length.

Thus ended the best Meeting ever seen at Umballa. The beautiful *Old Course*, by far the best Course Up-country, was in good order, excepting in the two places I mentioned as being deep and sandy. Unfortunately, it had been decided to run all races for public money, on the New Course, which is a really very bad course, with no one thing to recommend it. It is badly made, the turns sharp and bad, and it is barely one and a half mile round. The excuse for running the races on the New Course was, that people could not see all the race from the Stand on the Old Course!!! (the view of the said Course being splendid all round, and no obstructions at all in the way.) What



would these fastidious folks think of the Goodwood Course, one of the finest Courses in England, where the horses go out of sight behind a hill for a considerable part of the distance ! The owners of horses in this instance ran all the races, *not* for public (or fund) money on the Old Course, and nobody complained of not seeing the races well. The magnificent race for the Champion Cup was seen perfectly by all, and I am sure no one could have wished to see that race run over any other course. I strongly recommend the Umballa folk to plough up that abomination, the New Course, at once, for by paying proper attention to the Old Course, there is no reason why it should not be made quite as good as the Calcutta or any other Course.

The only other Meeting to notice in my circle of North West races, is Peshawur Spring Meeting, which was held in April. It had, however, more the character of a "Sky" than a regular Meeting, as no publication of a Prospectus was made, and the horses starting were confined to those in the station or in the immediate neighbourhood. A brief mention is therefore all that is called for. *Bolivar* beat *Peter Peebles*, *Chorister*, and *Kathleen*, for the Maiden Stakes, all four being Walers. The mile in 2m. 2½s., (the Course was very heavy from recent rain). *Woodpecker* won the Arab Stakes, one mile in 2m. 4s., beating old *Nutcut* and *Phantom*. A Charger and Poney Race concluded the first day. On the second *Bolivar* pursued his victorious career by beating *Peter Peebles* and *Chorister* again for the Cashmere Stakes, one and a quarter mile, in 2m. 32s., carrying 10st. 4lbs., (the weights were heavy for Gentlemen riders throughout the Meeting). *Nora Creina* beat *Woodpecker* for a Give and Take, and *Nutcut* won the Hacks. On the third day the victorious *Bolivar* again beat *Peter Peebles* and *Nutcut* for the Lottery Handicap, one and a quarter mile, in 2m. 34s. 11st. up. *Peter Peebles* then avenged himself for his defeat on *Nora Creina*, for the Welter, the mile in 1m. 59s., with 11st. up. There was a Poney Race and a Cheroot Stakes. On the fourth day for the Winners' Handicap, *Nora Creina*, 10st. 2lbs., beat *Woodpecker*, 9st. 5lbs., and *Peter Peebles*, 10st. 9lbs. one and a quarter mile in 2m. 84s. *Chorister* with 10st. 10lbs. up won the Losers' Handicap in 2m. 1s. the mile ; and a Hurdle and Scurry Race wound up the Meeting. There was however a rich treat in store for the good people at Peshawar in the shape of a Match for 50 G. M. each, made between *Bolivar*, the "cock of the walk" for two Meetings at Peshawar, and the English mare *Pulcherrima*, by *Venison*, out of *Bellissima*, lately imported, and never having started as yet in this country. She came out with a good character, having won about a baker's dozen

of races in England. The Match was made for one and a half mile, the mare to give a stone, the Waler to carry 9st. 12lbs. On the match being made, *Bolivar* was the favorite, until a short time previous to the race being run, when the mare was backed at odds, it being found out that her condition, which was supposed to be under the mark, was "all right." It was a sporting match and caused great excitement. The eventful morning having arrived, horses and riders were brought up to the scratch. Both animals were in good order, and the mare, who is a beautiful creature, looked especially well. *Bolivar* made the running from the post, waited on by the mare. After running about half a mile, the mare improved her position a little, and the two ran together at a first-rate pace under the weights to the distance, where *Pulcherrima's* rider called on her "to do a little more," when she almost immediately quitted the Waler, and went past the post an easy winner by two lengths. She was very ably ridden by Captain Poulet. A good deal of money changed hands on the race. With this sporting finish concludes my record of the Racing Season of 1853-54. It has always been my custom in these Reviews to conclude with a glance at the different horses, courses, &c., &c., of our racing world, but I shall not on the present occasion go to any length on these subjects, as this Review has gone into most of the details, and has besides, perhaps, already occupied too much space. With regard to the horses, I will commence with the present Champion of the North-west. *Mercury* has improved wonderfully upon all previous form, in which he has appeared in before this season. This is easily to be accounted for by the gross mismanagement he had down country, and the consequent wretched state in which he came into the hands of his present owner. When the horse came out first last year, he was weak, thin, and looking bad altogether. He gradually improved all through the season, and at the last Meeting of the year at Meerut, he gave us a sort of "foretaste" of what we might expect of him this season. In August I wrote that *Boomarang* ought in the Handicaps to have been made to give *Mercury* some 9 or 10lbs., a remark that was perfectly justified by public running, *Boomarang* having run through the season a 5lb. better horse than *Prince Charles*, and the latter 5lbs. better than *Mercury*, so that by public running we had the line of these three exactly. But no one could have anticipated the wonderful advance made by *Mercury* on his last season's form, which is now proved by public running to be fully a stone, for if *Boomarang* could give him 10lbs. last year, *Mercury* has proved himself quite

equal to give the other horse 4lbs. or 5lbs. this year. As I have remarked before, this little Waler is a perfect picture and the embodiment of perfection in a racer as to blood, shape and action. He never has either a sweat or a rug of clothing on him during the whole of his training, and is a difficult horse to train from his *delicacy* in work, but at Umballa his condition was something almost *ideally* good, and certain it is no horse has ever come to the post more fit in every way than he was for the Champion Cap. It was such condition as could not *last* more than four or five days, without falling off. Next comes *Boomarang*, of whom it would be difficult to speak too highly. The wonderful game and pluck of that old horse in defeat is something surprising. Before the Umballa Meeting his form was reported to have been never better, but after the race for the Champion Cup, the old horse "went all to pieces" and could not run a bit for the Turf Club Purse on the fourth day. *Oregon's* break down and consequent absence from the chief races, I have already noticed, and I should think the readers of this *Review* have had quite enough of *Banker* to wish for any lengthy description of him. He is certainly a slashing Arab, the property of one of the best and most sporting members of our Turf, whose bad luck in "The Banker Case" was a matter of regret to all sportsmen. This case will be a lesson, however, to all purchasers of Maiden Arabs, to be more cautious in future, especially in their doings with the native horse-dealers. The English horse *Serpentine* was, as I said before, a melancholy failure. *Pulcherrima* I have described in the report of the Peshawur Match. She ought to come out well for the Cups, &c., next year. *Bolivar* has proved himself a good and *working* horse at Peshawur, and seems to have quite got over his currish character. *Chorister's* form, shape and action are about as ugly as can well be imagined, but he got through the dirt well at Deyrah, and if he can be got well to the post, is a good second-class horse. *Linton*, a very light bay Waler with good stride, is a very speedy horse, but without bottom. He will, I think, run better next year. *Leviathan* is another Waler of the class of *Linton* and *Chorister*, but different enough in shape, being a remarkably powerful, weight-carrying animal, a very clumsy gallopper, but he gets well over the ground. *Armitstead* is a great fine loose made horse, of very moderate powers, though he may have some slight claims to speed. *Chanticleer*, late *Con Cregan*, once *Bem*, never could be got to run straight till this year, when in the able hands of Mr. Anderson he managed to do so. Coming back to Arabs, there is *Figaro*, who has more blood than

half a dozen of the Arabs now-a-days put together, and 'is a horse of great "foot;" *Surplice*, whose "latter days" I fancy are nearly at hand; *Buffer* as sturdy, stout, and slow as ever; *Passover*, who was in capital form, and improved upon all his previous performances; and *Peradventure*, who won the Calcutta Derby, but whose build is hardly strong enough for the generality of the Up-country Courses. The Maiden Arabs were *Murillo*, a handsome and young horse, who ran once at Lahore, and was then reserved for future years; *Lord Arthur*, who is a cross-grained one, though he does not lack speed and, perhaps, when in condition, may be found to have some share of stoutness also; *Voltigeur*, a fair charger, but no race horse; *Telegraph* neither a charger or a race horse, and *Caliph of Bagdad*, than whom a greater brute or anything more unlike a racer has never appeared on a Course. *Sir Walter* is a fair Country-bred, though the less said about these cattle the better. So much for the quadrupeds. The North West is badly off for *Jockeys* at present, there being only four amongst us—William Johns, T. Folkes, Daly and Stubbs. William Johns' riding is too well known Up-country to require much comment. Whatever errors he may commit in occasionally making running too strong, beginning to work his horse too soon, and punishing a beaten horse too much, it must still be acknowledged that he is an elegant, and often effective rider. His *forte* certainly is waiting the whole way, and not "coming" till a few strides from home. In a race where his orders are to this effect, he shows in great force. T. Folkes now has no superior Up-country. His riding is "quite the jockey," and he is particularly good in the essential qualities of patience, temper and nerve. His seat is good, and strong, and his rushes made on the post are sometimes even masterly, as on *Linton* at Umballa. Daly, I must say, has improved, and in any race in which he is not called upon to "set-to," his riding is very good and steady, but he has none of the *brilliant* qualities of a jockey. Stubbs, I cannot say much of as a rider. He is neither a judge of pace nor quick at taking an advantage in a race, nor can he "finish" well. There are other men besides these who ride as professional jockeys, but I cannot enrol them in that category, some of them, however, may do to ride at exercise, *one*, though is not even fit for that, I allude to that one who has received the appellation of "the coffee grinder." It is positively painful to a disinterested spectator, and I don't know what it must be to the owner of a horse ridden by such a man, to see him working away with his hands, as if he was setting to in a race on every horse he rides up a

gallop in a morning's exercise. The first thing taught a boy in a trainer's establishment in England, is to keep the hands low and perfectly still, and, if a rider will persist in working his hands about, the trainer or owner of the horse should ride alongside of him and give him a smart rap over the knuckles with a cane, every time he commits such an absurdity. There are only two native riders worth anything, viz., Sadoola and Black William, and these "no great shakes," but the latter is useful, as he can ride 6st. 10lbs. The Gentlemen riders would, I dare say, rather not be thrust forward with that amount of criticism that one bestows upon the professionals, so I will merely give the initials of those I deem most worthy to occupy the foremost rank. A——n, G——h, M——ll, M——n, C——y, V——t, T——d, and P——t.\*

Of Race Courses the Umballa is the best, and Deyrah the worst. Having entered so fully into the questions of how RaceProspectuses ought to be framed with reference to giving the money to the best horses in preference to second raters, and the favoring Arab system, in my controversies with "CANTAB," &c., I shall not pursue the subject further here, though I rejoice that the advent of *Banker* has destroyed the fallacy that races for Arabs only would produce more competition. I am glad to see that all the Turf writers in the *Sporting Review* fall in with my remarks, as the LOVER OF RACING in Number XXXV., whose doctrine on the Arab question is very sound, viz., that if Arabs cannot run with English and Colonials at a fair allowance of weight, (say 2½st. from highest to lowest weight) why, let them not run at all. When you get a really good Arab worthy the name of a racer, as *Banker* is, it is very easy to bring all breeds together within racing weights, without going so low as to prevent the owner of the Arab getting a ride, say between 7st. and 9st. 11lbs., which should be the usual range. There is a very absurd idea abroad, by the way, that horses weighted at 7st. and 7st. 7lbs. run under great disadvantages from none of the good English riders we have being able to get up so light, but this is a contingency that an owner of an inferior horse must always be prepared to expect. Thus, in the great English Handicaps, the good horses at the top weights, 8st. to 8st. 7lbs., have the advantage of Frank Butler, or men of his calibre on their backs, while those weighted at 4st. and 5st., are best ridden by children of eleven and twelve years old, the difference between them and Butler being far more than between William Johns and Black William, yet what owner of the light-weighted ones in

\* We beg to suggest another O——y.—ED.

England thinks of grumbling on such grounds, and how often do these feathers carry off the great Handicaps every year? "Finish" of course they are never expected to do, "take the lead, the conventional pull at the distance, and then sail in again," is the style of thing for the horse with 5st. up in English races, or 7st. in Indian. The starting—that knotty point, I have declaimed on till I am nearly tired of doing so, and even now we have not six men Up-country who are good at this duty, and there is room for improvement in them. "Captain John" is decidedly the best hand at starting I know. He takes command of the jockeys in something like the proper way, and is down any of their throats in an instant, if any of them try to take advantages by *edging on past* the post, until the others are ready or anything of that sort. The duties of a starter are most important, but at the same time simple, when well understood. Any rider attempting to take advantage at the start—professional or gentlemen, should be *fined* then and there, and the horses should never be "sent off" until all are together, and with an equal chance. Once off, "devil take the hind-most!" The great fault is, as I have often written before, but with little effect it appears, that the starter does not form up his horses and *take command of the jockeys* some little distance from the post, and not be so particular about starting from *the very post*. Directly the horses are upon fair terms, they should be started. I have seen many starts spoilt by this error, when the horses have been in beautiful line ten yards from the foot, but the starter persisting in walking them up to the very post, one or two fidgetty ones impatient to be off, have broke away and completely spoilt the whole thing. It is good, too, that the horses should be started without the jockeys knowing the *exact* place of starting, for in walking up to a post, when a rider approaches what he knows will be the identical place of starting, he begins getting his horse on his legs, his neighbour follows his example or goes perhaps a little further, and shortly before reaching the post, the field of horses, instead of being an orderly assemblage have become a dancing, fidgetty, frantic set of mountebanks. All this the starter can prevent by a quiet exercise of his authority and a little decision. Some men appear to think that a good start is no great odds after all. "Oh, never mind being too particular about the start, they'll soon shake into their places!" This is another great mistake. A start is to some horses *everything*. One horse's chance may depend upon his going to the front at first, and making play for the first half mile. How is he to accomplish this if he gets off half a dozen

lengths from the leading horse? Reform is strongly wanted in starting, and where the means are so easy, it is very hard that the consummation cannot be attained. The second in order of the stumbling blocks of our Racing system, are the Handicaps. As regards the Free Handicaps published three months or so before the Meetings, acceptances to be made a month after publication, their fate has been so bad this year that I should scarcely think they will find a place again in the Prospectuses. The usual Winners' and Losers' Handicaps on the last day remain however, and how seldom do these give satisfaction! When a Winners' Handicap, in which the Winners are *forced* to pay, results in a walk over, as at Umballa, (and *very nearly* at Lahore) it must be a poor composition. It is rather a hard case for instance, for the horse who may have won three times in a Meeting and has to pay 5 G. M. for each race won to the Winners' Handicap, to be shut out of the said Handicap by a 10st. 7lb. or 11st. "crusher," and thus to pay his 15 G. M. without a chance of winning it back. It may be said that "the owner of a horse that has won three times in a Meeting can afford to give the 15 G. M. in such a case." True in some cases, but the said owner *may* have lost all the money won in the said three races and more besides on *one* other race, so that Stewards should always put on a horse, however often he has won and however "crack" he may be, a weight that he can gallop under.

I must now bid farewell to my readers, having completed my task of reviewing our past Racing Season. I cannot do better for the ensuing season than wish it many such Meetings as the Umballa March Meeting of 1854; nor can I conclude my Review better than with the following good advice of my friend, AUGUSTUS HOWARD, the last sentence of which I strongly recommend to the notice of all, more especially to THE STAFF and those who are in the receipt of the largest salaries, but are curiously enough the most backward in drawing their purse strings when called upon to support a right noble and national sport.

"Lastly men of all classes, don't smoke, swear or drink,  
 These are not quite such venial sins as you think,  
 Don't go out for a lark to bazars and low places,  
 But stick to your work AND SUBSCRIBE TO THE RACES.

Yours' faithfully,  
 OXONIAN.

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## THE DYING BOAR'S CONFESSION.

## I.

A WILD boar confessed before he died,  
 And I don't think that the animal lied,  
 That he had been wounded in the side  
 By a ball from a *Sportsman* (?!) who funk'd to ride.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## II.

"The *Sportsman's* name," then said the poor boar,  
 "Is 'Watty L——c,' of Lutteeppore,"  
 A place just opposite 'Pangulpore,'  
 Across the Ganges three milcs or more.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## III.

Of pigs he's *shot* full many a score,  
 Not caring whether they're sows or boar,  
 And, Sportsmen! all listen to me,—what is more,  
 On maidauns where *an infant* might ride a boar.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## IV.

"The cause," the boar told me, "arises from sheer  
 Funk of approaching a boar with a spear,•  
 To pluck up Dutch courage, you've no idea  
 How he swills and he guzzles at Bass' beer.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## V.

"But, alas!" the pig told me,—"I fear I must own  
 That this '*Lutteeppore Sportsman*' is not alone  
 The one from whose rifle balls has flown  
 The gallant boar's life-blood without a moan.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## VI.

Some others there are just as bad, I confess,  
 'Though I don't know their names, I think I could guess,  
 Who to Sportsmen constantly cause distress,  
 By making pig-shooting their only business.  
 Ri tooral, &c.

## VII.

Then, pig-stickers, rise! and show your disgust!  
 At conduct so cowardly—really you must!  
 Let the thing be 'put down,' or our spears will all rust,  
 While the pigs from their guns are all biting the dust!"  
 Ri tooral, &c.  
 ROWEL.



## THE PROPHECY ON THE UMBALLA RACES, 1854.

THE following prophecy appeared in the *Mofussilite* newspaper, before the last Umballa Meeting, and is very remarkable for the extreme accuracy it displayed in fore-telling the winners of the races, and in some instances placing the horses exactly as they came in!

“To the Editor of the *Mofussilite*.

“DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Umballa Meeting will commence on Tuesday next, March 7th, and as it is expected to prove the best of the Up-country Meeting of the season, I am induced to forward, for the amusement of your readers, this glance at the Programme of the sport which is to be brought on the *tapis*, with a few guesses at the probable winners of the different Races. On the first day, then, we have as the opening race the Umballa Derby, with the following entry:

		st. lbs.			st. lbs.
Br. E.	H. Serpentine.....	9 10	B. N.S.W. G.	Leviathan.....	9 2
B. N.S.W. G.	Linton.....	9 5	B. A.	H. Whitefoot .....	8 7

The English horse, had he legs and “wind,” might possibly win the Derby, but being without those indispensable requisites for galloping, I must decline having any thing to say to him. *Linton* is fast, but I doubt his being up to the distance; the Arab is not of a high enough stamp I think, to run with even second rate Walers, and therefore I place *Leviathan* first for this Race: *Linton* second.

The second Race is a mile Sweepstakes for all Arabs.

		st. lbs.			st. lbs.
B. A. H.	Figaro .....	9 0	C. A. H.	Lord Arthur.....	8 9
G. A. H.	Surplice .....	9 0	G. A. H.	Esperance .....	8 9

Considering, as I do, that *Figaro* has the foot of *Surplice*, I do not hesitate to place him first, and *Lord Arthur*, though I cannot fancy him “in time” for a longer distance, may for this mile Race run a good race with *Surplice* for second honors.

For the Free Handicap, two miles.

	st. lbs.
V. D. L. H. Armitstead.....	8 12
must of course succumb to	
G. A. H. Banker .....	8 10

These being the only two acceptances, owing to the absurdly bad Handicap made out.

ones, and with *Oregon* in a good temper, and *Mercury* not the worse for his previous Races, I reckon upon his stable carrying off the Champion Cup. *Banker*, if well ridden, must run forward.

The next event is The Tankard, one mile heats. Winner to be sold for 800 Rupees. This Race for the second rates promises to be amongst the most exciting of the Meeting, no one first class horse being in to frighten any from "putting in their appearance" at the post. The entrances are:—

	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
Bob Sawyer .....	11	0	Flying Dutchman .....	10	7
Black Hawk .....	10	11	Passover .....	10	7
Con Cregan .....	10	11	Leviathan .....	10	6
Armitstead .....	10	9	Uria .....	10	4
Surplice .....	10	7	Sir Walter .....	9	13

Out of which imposing phalanx I do not think we shall see *Con Cregan*, *Flying Dutchman*, or *Sir Walter* at the starting post. Of the remainder, *Bob Sawyer*, though the top weight, provided he comes well to the post, appears to me to have as good a chance as any. *Surplice* is a good horse for heats, which I doubt either *Armitstead*, *Uria* or *Leviathan* being, though the two former may run forward in a single heat. *Uria's* distance not being beyond three-quarter of a mile, cannot be of much use for this Race. *Black Hawk* is too infirm to have any chance, and *Con Cregan's* temper must shut him out. *Passover* I can't think of for a moment as possessing the slightest chance of ever seeing the front. My pick therefore are, *Bob Sawyer*, *Surplice* and *Leviathan*. If the former has recovered his break down at Deyrah, and is really up to the mark, I look upon him as the inevitable winner. But as there exists a doubt on these points, I take *Surplice* and *Leviathan* as my "cock boats" believing that although there are four horses in the Race of great speed than the former, that his soundness, endurance and Arab blood, will give him one of the first three places at the conclusion of the Race, and that the speed, condition, and power of the latter, with the favorable terms he is in the Race, will bring him in the winner of one of the heats, if not of the race itself.

The third Race on this eventful day is the Champagne, a two mile Race, for Arabs, will fall an easy prey to *Banker*, 8st, 10lbs., *Figaro*, 8st. 10lbs., second, and the rest "no where."

The Give and Take will fall to the lot of the *Snatcher*, beating the *Countess*. On the fourth day we have the Turf Club Purse, one and a half mile.

	st.	lbs.		st.	lbs.
<i>Oregon</i> .....	10	1	<i>Bqomarang</i> .....	9	
<i>Mercury</i> , .....	9	5			

The weights in *Boomarang's* favor, and to him I award the race. The Sweepstakes for all Arabs *must* fall to *Banker's* share, and this is all for the fourth day. The Consolation having yet to be named for, on the fifth and last day there are the usual Winners' and Losers' Handicaps, so here I vacate my prophetic chair, doff the cap of vaticination, and subscribe myself,

"Your obedient servant,

"PEGASUS."

The results of the Meeting were as follows:—

Race.	Horse prophesied by "Pegasus."	Winner.
Derby .....	Leviathan 1. Linton 2 .....	Leviathan 1. Linton 2.
Mile Sweepstakes ...	Figaro .....	Figaro.
Free Handicap .....	Banker .....	Banker.
30 G. M. Sweeps. ...	Mercury .....	Mercury.
Claret Stakes .....	Boomarang .....	Boomarang.
St. Leger .....	{ Figaro 1. Lord Arthur 2. } Whitefoot 3 .....	{ Figaro 1. Lord Arthur 2. Whitefoot 3.
Welter .....	Linton .....	Linton.
Champion Cup .....	{ Mr. Catapult's stable, "Ban- ker must run forward" ... }	{ Mr. Catapult's stable, Banker 2.
Tankard .....	{ Bob Sawyer, if well; other- wise Leviathan or Sur- plice .....	{ Leviathan, Bob Saw- yer broke down in the Welter, and Sur- plice was in bad condition.
Give and Take .....	Snatcher .....	Snatcher.
Turf Club Purse ...	Boomarang .....	Mercury.
Arab Sweepstakes...	{ Banker 1. Figaro 2. Rest no where .....	{ Banker 1. Figaro 2. Lord Arthur dis- tanced.

Making altogether as wonderful a prophecy as ever was made.

OXONIAN.

## CRICKET AT UMBALLA.

### THE GENTLEMEN *versus* THE PLAYERS.

A VERY interesting Match was played at Umballa on the 9th and 13th of March, between "the Gentlemen and the Players." Both sides mustered very strong indeed, the former having on their sides several of the Officers of H. M.'s 52nd, who made their first appearance in an Indian Cricket field at Umballa. The Gentlemen being put in first, sent Sir C. Oakeley and Mr.

Story, "*Arcades ambo*," both Etonians, to the wicket, Allum and Tomkins handling the ball. Steady play was the order of the day for some time, when Mr. Story let out at a leg ball, and made a fine hit for 5, but soon after succumbed to Allum. Col. Wheler made a 4 hit the first ball, and lost his middle stump the very next one. Mr. Bayley, who is a fine player from the Eton Eleven, was unfortunate, and Capt. Luard joined Sir C. Oakeley, who had been playing remarkably steadily, the bowling of Allum being first-rate, and not to be "got away." Capt. L. began playing very carefully, and Sir C. O. being now well in, made a beautiful cut, which went down to the Lancer barracks, and for which 6 was scored. He followed this up with a fine hit to the off for 4, and the leg for 3, then two more 4s to the coverpoint, when, in attempting to hit a leg ball, he sent it "skying," and was caught by Allum for a score of 35, made in a splendid manner. Mr. Curzon and Col. Frank did not remain long, but Colonel Campbell ran up an excellent score, principally from the slow bowler Collins, who had gone on for a change, hitting him all over the field, and was at last caught by Tomkins for a score of 41, made by 4 fours, 3 threes, 2 twos and 12 singles. Captain Coles made 9 in an energetic manner, and the total of this innings was 122.

The men sent in Farewell and Brooks to the bowling of Messrs. Bayley and Sarel, the former made 3 hard hits, and was then removed by a trimmer of Mr. Sarel's, and the latter was splendidly caught at the wicket by Mr. Story for 0. Allum played well, but could not score many, the bowling at both ends being first-rate, especially Mr. Sarel's, but Marchant made an excellent innings of 16 by some good off hitting. Tomkins remained in a long time for 9, while Turner scored 12 in good style, when he was bowled by Mr. Hamstead, who had taken up the bowling at Mr. Bayley's end. Clarke hit away for a short time, and also fell to Mr. Hamstead. The total was 87 or 35 in the minority. The Gentlemen sent in Messrs. Curzon and Story. Allum and Best (an underhand bowler) taking the ball. Both played exceedingly steady and carefully, till Mr. Story lost his wicket by placing one of Allum's best balls in the hands of point. Mr. Sarel was bowled by Best for 0 and Colonel Wheeler ditto, while Captain Luard fell to Allum for 3. When the stumps were drawn for the day, the score was only 19 for 4 wickets down. On resuming the game on the 13th, Capt. Curzon again appeared, and was joined by Mr. Bayley, who did not remain long, being caught at the point, and Sir C. Oakeley, who came next, was equally unfortunate. Capt. Curzon played remarkably well, and after getting single runs for

some time, he made a fine off hit for 4, and shortly after another fine hit for 5, and then a leg hit for 3. Finally Best got a ball under his bat, but he left 33 on the paper, capitally obtained, with a five, a four, 2 threes, 3 twos and 12 singles. The only other score was made by Mr. Hamstead, who got 11 very quickly, when the underhand bowler dismissed him with a shooter. The total was 78, leaving the Player 114 to win. A very interesting innings ensued, victory hanging in the balance for some time, but at last declaring in favor of the Gentlemen by 14 runs, after a well-contested and well-played Match. Farewell hit away in his usual free style, and placed 20 on the paper by 3 threes, 4 twos and 3 ones. Marchant, who is a good bat, made 17 by a four (off-hit) 2 twos and 9 ones. Tomkins made 12 by some hard hits, and Whitehead 10. Byes mounted up the score. Mr. Bayley's bowling being fast and difficult to stop. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Sarel's bowling, which was most excellent, steady and effective. Messrs. Flamstead and Bayley also bowled well. On the men's side Allum's bowling was much admired. The fielding of the men was most excellent. Altogether it was a fine Match, and we seldom see two such powerful Elevens brought together in India.

## GENTLEMEN.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Sir C. Oakely, ct Allum, bd	
Turner ...	35 Ct Brookes, bd Allum 4
J. Story, Esq., H. M.'s 52nd,	
bd Allum ...	8 Ct Brookes, bd Allum 7
Col. Wheeler, 2nd Lt. Calvy.,	
bd Allum ...	4 Bd Best 2
J. A. Bayley, Esq., H. M.'s	
52nd, bd Allum ...	1 Ct Brookes, bd Allum 0
Capt. Luard, H. M.'s 52nd,	
bd Turner ...	7 Bd Allum 3
Capt. the Hon'ble E. Curzon,	
H.M.'s 52nd, bd Allum ...	0 bd Best 33
Col. Grant, 9th Lancers, ct	
Allum, bd Collins ...	3 Not out 4
Col. Campbell, H. M.'s 52nd,	
ct Tomkins, bd Collins ...	41 Bd Allum 1
G. Flamstead, Esq., H. M.'s	
52nd, st. Whitehead, bd	
Collins ...	1 Bd Best 11
Capt. Coles, H. M.'s 9th	
Lancers, bd Collins ...	9 Bd Allum 1

H. A. Sarel, Esq., 9th Lancers, not out	...	0	Bd Best	0
Byes	...	3	Byes	10
Wides	...	10	Wides	2
		<hr/>		
Total	...	122	Total	78

## THE PLAYERS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Farewell, 9th Lancers, bd Sarel	...	Bd Sarel	20
Brookes, 52nd foot, ct Story, bd Sarel	...	Bd Bayley	1
Allum, H. A., bd Sarel	...	Ct Bayley, bd Sarel	3
Marchant, 52nd foot, bd Sarel	16	Bd Bayley	17
Collins, 9th Lancers, bd Sarel	...	Bd Story	4
Tomkins, 9th Lancers, bd Sarel	...	Bd Story	13
Whitehead, 9th Lancers, bd Sarel	...	Run out	10
Clarke, 52nd foot, bd Flamstead	...	Bd Bayley	2
Best, 9th Lancers, bd Sarel	0	Ct Campbell, bd Story	1
Lawes, 9th Lancers, not out	4	Not out	2
Turner, 9th Lancers, bd Flamstead	...	Bd Sarel	2
Byes	...	Byes	17
Wides	...	Wides	8
Leg Byes	...		<hr/>
Total	...		99

Gentlemen winning by 14 runs.

A SPECTATOR.

## THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1853-54, AT LAHORE.

BY "OUR OWN REPORTER."

THE Lahore Club commenced their Season on the 7th November, and finished it on the 16th February. Thus the Season was an unusually short one, and the number of Matches played was twenty-two, out of which a large proportion were not played out. This is to be attributed to the great distance of the Cricket ground from the military cantonment, Mean-Meer,

and the consequent difficulty of getting together an Eleven to play on a second day.

The following is a summary of the Matches played :—

MATCH.	DATE.	WON BY.	By.
Mean-Meer vs. Lahore...	November 7th	Lahore.....	Given up.
Officers vs. Men .....	November 15th	Men .....	7 wickets.
Officers vs. Men .....	November 17th	Not finished ..	
Lahore Club vs. The } Uncovenanted Service }	November 26th	Lahore Club ...	In 1 innings & 116 runs
Mean-Meer vs. Lahore..	Nov. 30 & Dec 1	Lahore .....	4 wickets.
Mounted vs. Dismounted	December 3rd	Dismounted	Given up.
English vs Irish & Scotch	Dec 8th and 10th	Irish and Scotch	59 runs.
Mean-Meer vs. Lahore...	Dec. 10th & 14th	Mean-Meer .....	1 wicket.
Cavy. & Arty. vs. Infantry	December 17th	Cavy. and Arty.	Given up.
Cavy. & Arty. vs Infantry	December 19th	Cavy. and Arty.	1 innings and 5 runs.
Seven vs. Eleven .....	December 20th	Not finished	
English vs. Irish & Scotch	December 22nd	Irish and Scotch	1 innings and 64 runs.
Eleven vs. Twenty .....	December 24th	Not finished ..	
Lahore vs. Mean-Meer...	December 26th	Lahore .....	29 runs.
The 64th Regt. vs. the } Uncovenanted Service }	December 31st	Uncovenanted .	9 wickets.
The 64th Regt. vs The } Uncovenanted Service }	Jan. 7th & 13th	Uncovenanted .	5 wickets.
Alphabetical Match ....	January 9th	Last Half..	Given up.
Lahore Club vs. the Un- } covenanted Service.. }	January 18th	Lahore Club	220 runs.
Lahore Club vs. the } Artillery .....	January 21st	Lahore Club .	105 runs.
The 64th Regt. vs. } "No. 2 Company," }	February 20th	64th Regiment	1 innings and 38 runs.
H M.'s 10th Regt... }			
The 64th Regt vs. the } Artillery in the Fort }	February 14th	Artillery .	4 wickets.
The 8th Cavy. & 64th } Regt. vs. the Club }	February 16th	8th Cavy & 64th	131 runs.

Of these Matches the following were given in the December Number of the *Review* :—

The Lahore Club vs. Uncovenanted Service—1st Match.

Officers vs. Men—2nd Match.

Irish and Scotch vs. English—1st Match.

The scores of the principal of the remaining Matches I subjoin.

MEAN-MEER versus LAHORE.—(1st Match)

First Match played November 7th, 1853.

MEAN-MEER.

1st Innings.

2nd Innings.

E. C. Impey, Esq.,	bd
Stewart	...
E. C. Simpson, Esq.,	bd
Forbes	...

1.

6

Serjeant Allum, ct Scutt,					
bd. Forbes	...	6	Ct Stewart, bd Forbes	...	2
C. Græme, Esq., run out...	1		Bd Scutt	...	7
Captain Jackson, run out...	5				
Sir C. Oakeley, Bt., bd.					
Forbes	...	20	Bd Forbes	...	4
H. King, Esq., bd Forbes...	1		Bd Forbes	...	3
Serjeant Miller, bd Scutt	...	5			
J. Barclay, Esq., bd Scutt...	6		Bd Scutt	...	7
Gunner Hickey, not out	...	0	Bd Forbes	...	3
R. C. Stevenson, Esq., ct					
Bryce, bd Forbes	...	2			
Byes	...	18	Byes	...	4
Wides	...	1	Wides	...	1
Total...	72		Total...	31	

## LAHORE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Gunner Scutt, ct Barclay, bd			
King	...	Ct Allum, bd King	35
Gunner Bryce, bd Allum	...	Ct and bd Allum	5
G. Snell, Esq., bd Allum	...	Not out	21
A. Stewart, Esq., bd King	64	Ct Allum, bd Simpson	16
W. Brown, Esq., bd King	0	Bd Allum	1
J. V. Agnew, Esq., ct Simp-			
son, bd Miller	...	Bd King	
Private Waller, hit wick.,			
bd Allum	...	Leg bef. wick., bd King	5
W. Forbes, Esq., not out	...	Bd Allum	5
R. Smith, Esq., bd Allum...	5	Run out	1
W. H. Wise, Esq., ct King,			
bd Allum	...	Ct Græme, bd Allum	
F. Bainbridge, Esq., ct King,			
bd Allum	...	Absent	0
Byes	...	Byes	5
Wides	...	Wides	9
No Ball	...		
Total...	147	Total...	112

In Mr. Stewart's score of 64 were 6 fours, 2 threes, 10 twos and 14 ones.

In Scutt's score of 35 were 2 fours, 1 three, 8 twos and 8 ones.

In Mr. Snell's score of 21 were 1 four, 1 three, 4 twos and 6 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 20 were 2 threes, 4 twos and 6 ones.

This Match was not finished, owing to the unavoidable absence of some of the players. Lahore would have of course won.



MEAN-MEER *versus* LAHORE.

*Second Match, played Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st.*

MEAN-MEER.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
E. C. Simpson, Esq., bd			
Scutt	9	Bd Stewart	1
Green, bd Stewart	8	Bd Scutt	1
H. King, Esq., bd Stewart	0	Ct Bryce, bd Scutt	1
Sir C. Oakeley, ct Stokes,			
bd Scutt	3	Bd Stewart	24
H. A Prinsep, Esq., bd			
Scutt	8	Bd Scutt	7
C. Smith, Esq., bd Scutt...	9	Bd Scutt	7
C. Græme, Esq., ct Bryce,			
bd Stewart	3	Bd Stewart	27
Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, bd			
Stewart	0	Bd Scutt	4
G. Maister, Esq., bd Stewart	0	Run out	10
R. C. Stevenson, Esq., bd			
Scutt	6	Not out	3
E. C. Impey, Esq., not out.	6	Ct and bd Scutt	2
Byes	9	Byes	13
Leg Bye	1.	Wides	2
Wides	4	No Balls	2
Total...	66	Total...	105

LAHORE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
G. Snell, Esq., bd King	1	Bd Maister	1
A. Stewart, Esq., bd Green.	22	Ct Græme, bd King	9
Gunner Scutt, run out	18	Ct Maister, bd King	2
„ Bryce, ct Maister, bd			
King	3	Not out	7
W. Brown, Esq., bd Green.	11	Not out	22
Gunner Stokes, bd King	0		
F. Bainbridge, Esq., bd			
King	6	Bd Maister	1
R. Smith, Esq., bd Green...	6	Ct Smith, bd Maister	30
W. H. Wise, Esq., bd			
Maister	3		
Sergt. Carroll, not out	1		
Gunner Maslin, bd Maister.	0	Bd Green	8
Byes	3	Byes	5
Wides	8	Wides	5
Total...	82	Total...	90

In Mr. R. Smith's score of 30 were 1 five, 1 four, 6 twos, and 9 ones.  
In Mr. C. Græme's score of 27 were 1 four, 1 three, 3 twos and 14 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 24 were 1 four, 1 three, 4 twos and 9 ones.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 22 were 1 four, 3 threes, 2 twos and 5 ones.

In Mr. Brown's score of 22 were 2 threes, 4 twos and 8 ones.

In Scutt's score of 18 were 1 five, 2 threes, 3 twos and 1 single run.  
Lahore won with 4 wickets to go down.

# MEAN-MEER *versus* LAHORE.

*Third Match, played 10th and 14th December.*

## LAHORE.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
G. Snell, Esq., bd Cautley...	0	Bd Cautley	... 22
A. Stewart, Esq., bd Prinsep.	23	Ct Græme, bd King	... 26
F. Bainbridge, Esq., bd Cautley	...	3 Not out	... 0
G. F. Hotham, Esq., bd Prinsep	...	0 Bd Cautley	... 0
W. Brown, Esq., run out ...	0	Bd Cautley	... 4
Gunner Scutt, ct Oakeley, bd King.	...	2 Bd Prinsep	... 43
Bryce, bd Cautley	...	5 Bd Cautley	... 3
R. Smith, Esq., ct Gough, bd Cautley	...	0 Bd Cautley	... 0
Sergt. Carroll, run out ...	1	Ct and bd Cautley	... 3
W. Forbes, Esq., ct Græme, bd Prinsep	...	0 Leg. bef. wick., bd Cautley.	10
Parsons, not out	...	0 Bd King	... 5
Byes	...	6 Byes	... 29
Wides	...	17 Wides	... 19
No Ball	...	1	
Total...		Total...	
58		164	

## MEAN-MEER.

<i>1st Innings.</i>		<i>2nd Innings.</i>	
C. Smith, Esq., run out ...	5	Bd Stewart	... 3
E. Simpson, Esq., ct and bd Scutt	...	17 Ct Scutt, bd Stewart	... 0
Sir C. Oakeley, ct Carroll, bd Scutt	...	34 Ct Bryce, bd Stewart	... 26
H. King, Esq., bd Forbes ...	27	Bd Forbes	... 15
C. Græme, Esq., bd Forbes.	33	Ct and bd Stewart	... 15
G. Cautley, Esq., bd Forbes.	1	Bd Stewart	... 0

H. A. Prinsep, Esq., bd	0			
Forbes	...	0	Bd Forbes	...
J. Barclay, Esq., bd Stewart.	0	Bd Forbes	...	2
C. Gough, Esq., bd Stewart.	0	Bd Forbes	...	4
E. C. Impey, Esq., not out...	2	Not out	...	3
J. Barclay, Esq., bd Forbes.	0	Not out	...	0
Byes	...	8	Byes	...
Leg Byes	...	2		
Wides	...	4	Wides	...
Total...		133	Total...	
			90	

Mean-Meer winning with one wicket to go down.

In Scutt's score of 43 were 2 fours, 2 threes, 6 twos and 17 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 34 were 1 five, 3 fours, 1 three, 3 twos, and 8 singles

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 26 were 1 five, 3 fours, 1 three, 1 two and 4 singles.

In Mr. Gröome's score of 33 were 1 five, 5 threes, 3 twos and 7 singles.

In Mr. King's score of 27 were 3 fours, 1 three, 4 twos and 4 ones.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 26 were 1 six (square leg hit) 2 fours, 4 twos and 4 ones.

In Mr. Stewart score of 23 were 1 three, 4 twos and 12 ones.

In Mr. Snell's score of 22 were 3 fours, 2 threes, and 4 ones.

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY *versus* INFANTRY.

*Played 20th December.*

CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY.

R. Smith, Esq., bd Snell	...	...	24
G. Cautley, Esq., bd Stewart	...	...	22
Gunner Scutt, bd King	...	...	5
Sir C. Oakeley, bd Stewart	...	...	27
Gunner Bryce, bd Stewart	...	...	56
C. J. S. Gough, Esq., bd King	...	...	29
Kelley, bd Stewart	...	...	2
Chadwick, run out	...	...	0
Mullins, bd Stewart	...	...	1
Carroll, not out	...	...	8
Stokes, bd Stewart	...	...	0
Byes	...	...	18
Leg Byes	...	...	2
Wides	...	...	26
No Ball	...	...	1
Total			221

## INFANTRY.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
E. Simpson, Esq., ct Bryce, bd Scutt	...	6	
A. Stewart, Esq., ct and bd Scutt	...	8	Ct Bryce, bd Oakeley
Captain Jackson, bd Cautley.	0		23
C. Græme, Esq., ct Bryce, bd Cautley	...	3	
C. Smith, Esq., hit wicket, bd Cautley	...	5	
G. Snell, Esq., ct Cautley, bd Scutt	...	2	
H. King, Esq., bd Scutt	...	0	Not out
W. Bluett, Esq., bd Cautley,	0		17
H. A. Prinsep, Esq., ct Stokes, bd Scutt	...	1	
R. Stevenson, Esq., not out.	15	Not out	32
W. H. Wise, Esq., run out.	4	Ct Bryce, bd Cautley	0
Byes	...	5	
Leg Byes	...	1	Byes
Wides	...	1	Wides
			3
Total... 51		Total... 81	

The Infantry gave up at the end of the day's play.

In Bryce's score of 56 were 1 six (straight forward hit) 1 five, 3 fours, 3 threes, 5 twos and 14 ones.

In Mr. Stevenson's score of 32 were 1 four, 4 threes, 3 twos and 10 ones.

In Mr. Gough's score of 29 were 1 five, 1 three, 4 twos and 13 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 27 were 1 five, 2 fours, 5 twos and 4 ones.

In Mr. Smith's score of 24 were 3 threes, 2 twos and 11 ones.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 23 were 2 fours, 1 three, 3 twos and 6 ones.

In Mr. Cautley's score of 22 were 2 fours, 2 threes, 2 twos and 4 ones.

THE SEVEN *versus* THE ELEVEN.

Mr. Stewart was "given" to the Eleven, or the Seven would have been two strong for them.

## SEVEN.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sir G. Oakeley, bd Fulton	12	Bd Stewart	...
H. King, Esq., bd Stewart.	1	Bd Stewart	...
F. Anderson, Esq., bd Ful- ton	...	Bd Stewart	...
G. Cautley, Esq., bd Fulton	6	Run out	...
W. Forbes, Esq., not out	12	Bd Fulton	...
			5

# CRICKET SEASON OF 1853-54, AT LAHORE.

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W. Brown, Esq., bd Stewart	...	7	Bd Stewart	...	0
R. Smith, Esq., bd Stewart	...	0	Not out	...	7
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	11
Wides	...	2	Wides	...	7
Total...		46	Total...		110

## ELEVEN.

### 1st Innings.

### 2nd Innings.

A. Stewart, Esq., ct Brown, bd Cautley	...	20	Ct Forbes, bd Cautley	...	4
E. Simpson, Esq., bd Cautley	...	17			
J. Fulton, Esq., bd Cautley	...	1			
C. Smith, Esq., bd Forbes	...	1			
J. VansAgnew, Esq., bd Cautley	...	0	Bd Forbes	...	4
J. H. Prinsep, Esq., run out	...	6	Not out	...	0
H. A. Prinsep, Esq., ct King, bd Forbes	...	0			
C. Gough, Esq., bd Cautley	...	0			
W. H. Wise, Esq., bd Cautley	...	0	Not out	...	1
R. W. Nott, Esq., not out	...	1			
Byes	...	12			
Leg Byes	...	2	Byes	...	5
Wides	...	1	Wides	...	2
Total...		61	Total...		16

This Match unfortunately could not be finished.

In Mr. Cautley's score of 32 were 3 fours, 1 three, 3 twos, and 11 ones.

Mr. King's score of 30 were 1 five, 3 fours, 2 threes, 1 two and 5 ones.

## LAHORE versus MEAN-MEER.

### Fourth Match, played January 7th and 13th.

#### LAHORE.

### 1st Innings.

### 2nd Innings.

W. Forbes, Esq., ct Grant, bd Cautley	...	8	Bd Oakeley	...	57
Quigley, bd Grant	...	8	Ct King, bd Oakeley	...	15
A. Stewart, Esq., ct Cautley, bd Grant	...	3	Ct Cautley, bd Fulton	...	25
J. VansAgnew, Esq., bd King	...	24	Bd Cautley	...	2

Fitzpatrick, bd Grant	...	2	Not out	...	1
Preston, ct King, bd Grant	0	Bd Oakeley	...	2	
F. Bainbridge Esq., run out.	3	Bd King	...	12	
Tier, bd Grant	...	0	Bd Oakeley	...	3
Ryan, run out	...	1	Ct Best, bd Oakeley	...	0
Egg, not out	...	3	Ct Shaw, bd Oakeley	...	3
R. Nicholas, Esq., run out...	1	Bd Oakeley	...	0	
Byes	...	13	Byes	...	21
Wides	...	12	Wides	...	34
Total...			78	Total... 175	

## MEAN-MEER.

*1st Innings.**2nd Innings.*

E. Simpson, Esq., bd Stewart	...	6	Ct Bainbridge, bd Forbes...	19	
J. Fulton, Esq., bd Stewart.	0	(H. Best, Esq., for) bd Forbes	...	3	
G. Cautley, Esq., bd Forbes.	5	(C. Shaw, Esq., for) bd Forbes	...	20	
Sir C. Oakeley, bd Stewart.	0	Bd Stewart	...	31	
H. A. Prinsep, Esq., bd Stewart	...	18	Bd Forbes	...	20
C. Græme, Esq., bd Stewart.	5	Bd Stewart	...	10	
G. Maister, Esq., bd Stewart	1	Bd Stewart	...	22	
H. King, Esq., bd Forbes...	6	Run out	...	1	
A. C. Grant, Esq., bd Stewart	...	3	Run out	...	1
W. Bluett, Esq., not out	...	3	Bd Forbes	...	9
J. Whaite, Esq., bd Forbes...	0	Not out	...	6	
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	5
Leg Byes	...	1	Leg Byes	...	4
Wides	...	5	Wides	...	10
Total...			55	Total... 169	

Lahore winning by 29 runs.

In Mr. Forbes' score of 57 were 2 fours, 5 threes, 8 twos and 18 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 31 were 1 five, 3 fours, 2 threes, 1 two and 5 ones.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 25 were 2 fours, 1 three, 2 twos, and 10 ones.

In Mr. Agnew's score of 24 were 2 fours, 1 three, 3 twos and 7 ones.

In Mr. Shaw's score of 20 were 2 fours, 1 three, 1 two and 7 ones.

In Mr. Prinsep's score of 20 were 1 three, 6 twos and 5 ones.

# THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1853-54, AT LAHORE. 129

In Mr. Simpson's score of 19 were 1 six (square leg hit) 1 three, 2 twos and 6 ones.

## THE LAHORE CLUB *versus* THE UNCOVENANTED SERVICE.

*Return Match played 2nd February.*

### LAHORE CLUB.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Sir C. Oakeley, bd Tait ...	19	Ct Bicknell, bd Lincoln ...	7
A. Stewart, Esq., ct Hodgkinson, bd Tait ...	0	Bd Bicknell ...	123
H. King, Esq., leg. bef. wick, bd Lincoln ...	32	Bd Tait ...	10
W. Forbes, Esq., bd Tait ...	0	Run out ...	9
H. A. Prinsep, Esq., bd Tait ...	14	Bd Bicknell ...	0
T. Bainbridge, Esq., bd Lincoln ...	4	Bd Lincoln ...	0
C. Shaw, Esq., bd Tait ...	7	Ct Lincoln, bd McGowan ...	0
R. Nicholson, Esq., bd Tait.	0	Not out ...	39
Capt. Hamilton, ct Tait, bd Lincoln ...	4	Bd Bicknell ...	0
J. VansAgnew, Esq., bd Lincoln ...	7	Bd Lincoln ...	0
J. Mackinnon, Esq., not out.	1	Bd Lincoln • ...	4
Byes ...	5	Byes ...	13
Wides ...	11	Leg Byes ...	3
		Wides ...	16
Total... 104		Total... 224	

### UNCOVENANTED SERVICE.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Mr. Collier, bd Stewart ...	4	Ct Oakeley, bd Stewart ...	4
Mr. Tait, run out ...	0	Bd Forbes ...	4
„ Butler, leg. bef. wick., bd Stewart ...	12	St Nicholson, bd Stewart ...	0
Mr. Hodgkinson, bd Stewart.	6	Bd Stewart ...	0
„ Bicknell, bd Stewart ...	6	Ct Oakeley, bd Forbes ...	7
„ Fitzgerald, bd Forbes ...	4	St Nicholson, bd Stewart ...	0
„ Platts, bd Stewart ...	5	Not out ...	12
„ Salt, not out ...	0	Run out ...	0
„ Lincoln, ct Oakeley, bd Forbes ...	3	Bd Forbes ...	1
Mr. McGown, bd Forbes ...	0	Bd Forbes ...	0

Mr. Sharpe, ct King, bd					
Forbes	...	1	Bd Stewart	...	12
Byes	...	5	Byes	...	5
Wides	...	10	Wides	...	4
			No balls	...	2
Total...			Total...		
56			52		

The Club won by 220 runs.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 123 were 2 sixes, 1 five, 10 fours, 9 threes, 10 twos, and 19 ones.

In Mr. Nicholson's score of 39 were 1 seven, 1 five, 2 fours, 2 threes, 3 twos, and 7 ones.

In Mr. King's score of 32 were 1 seven, 1 four, 3 threes, 3 twos and 5 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 19 were 1 four, 2 threes, 2 twos, and 5 ones.

#### THE LAHORE CRICKET CLUB *versus* THE ARTILLERY.

*One Innings Match, played 4th February.*

ARTILLERY.			LAHORE CLUB.		
T. Hughes, Esq., bd Stewart.	25		Sir C. Oakeley, ct Hughes,		
Kelly, ct and bd Stewart ...	12		bd Green	...	56
S. Woodcock, Esq., bd Stewart	12		A. Stewart, Esq., bd Gillespie		135
Major Kinleside, ct and bd Prinsep	28		J. Vans Agnew, Esq., ct and bd Gillespie	...	12
G. Maister, Esq., bd Stewart.	0		C. Gröme, Esq., ct Gillespie, bd Green	...	4
J. Worthington, Esq., bd Prinsep	13		H. A. Prinsep, Esq., ct Hughes, bd Green	...	2
W. Mackinnon, Esq., bd Stewart	20		C. Shaw, Esq., ct and bd Green	...	11
A. Gillespie, Esq., bd Stewart	0		C. Smith, Esq., ct Tier, bd Gillespie	...	6
Tier, bd Prinsep	0		H. King, Esq., ct Maister bd Gillespie	...	12
Drew, leg. bef. wick., bd Stewart	0		H. Osborn, Esq., ct Kinleside, bd Green	...	6
Green, not out	0		F. Bainbridge, Esq., bd Gillespie	...	3
Byes	19		C. Gough, Esq., not out	...	1
Leg Byes	5		Byes	...	5
Wides	23		Leg Byes	...	3
Total...			Wides	...	6
157			Total...		
			262		



The Club winning by 105 runs.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 135 were 3 sixes, 4 fives, 8 fours, 7 threes, 9 twos and 23 ones.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 56 were 3 fives, 2 fours, 5 threes, 2 twos and 13 ones.

In Major Kinleside's score of 28 were 1 four, 1 three, 4 twos and 13 ones.

In Mr. Hughes' score of 25 were 1 four, 4 threes, 2 twos and 5 ones.

In Mr. Mackinnon's score of 20 were 3 threes, 1 two and 9 ones.

THE 8TH CAVALRY AND 64TH NATIVE INFANTRY *versus* THE CLUB.  
*Wind-up of the Season, 16th February.*

THE 8TH CAV. AND 64TH N. I.			THE CLUB.		
Sir C. Oakeley, bd Bluett...	55		E. Simpson, Esq., leg. bef. wick., bd Oakeley	...	0
A. Stewart, Esq., bd Prinsep	...	20	H. A. Prinsep, Esq., bd Stewart	...	24
R. Nicholson, Esq., bd Gillespie	...	4	A. Gillespie, Esq., bd Stewart	...	28
F. Bainbridge, Esq., bd Gillespie	...	3	C. Smith, Esq., run out	...	4
R. Nott, Esq., bd Bluett	...	17	W. Bluett, Esq., bd Stewart.		5
R. Nicholas, Esq., bd Prinsep	...	36	Drew, ct Nicholson, bd Stewart	...	0
C. Gough, Esq., bd Bluett...	1		Fuller, run out	...	9
H. W. Best, Esq., not out...	47		Lewis, not out	...	2
R. Griffin, Esq., bd Bluett...	18		Gamester, bd Best	...	4
Byes	...	23	Byes	...	16
Leg Byes	...	2	Wides	...	14
Wides	...	11			
Total...			Total...		
237			106		

The 8th Cavalry and 64th N. I. won by 131 runs.

In Sir C. Oakeley's score of 55 were 2 sixes, 1 five, 2 fours, 3 threes, 5 twos and 11 ones.

In Mr. Best's score of 47 were 1 seven, 1 six, 1 five, 1 three, 7 twos and 12 ones.

In Mr. Nicholas' score of 36 were 2 fours, 3 threes, 3 twos and 13 ones.

In Mr. Gillespie's score of 28 were 1 five, 3 threes, 5 twos and 4 ones.

In Mr. Prinsep's score of 24 were 1 five, 1 four, 3 threes, 1 two and 4 ones.

In Mr. Stewart's score of 20 were 1 four, 3 threes, 3 twos and 1 single run.

The Season was thus prematurely closed by the departure of several of the Members from the Station. The following is the Table of the averages for the Season.

TABLE OF AVERAGES OF LAHORE CRICKET CLUB, 1853-54.

BATSMEN.	Number Match	Number of Innings.	Best score in one Innings.	Best score one Ma	Number of Times out without scoring.	Number of Times not out.	Total Ru
1. A. Stewart, Esq. . .	22	37	135.	135			87½
2. Sir C. Oakeley . . .	18	31	103	103			687
3. Scott, Artly. . . . .	11	18	43	45	2		267
4. W. Forbes, Esq. . . .	7	11	57	65	1		127
5. H. King, Esq. . . . .	17	28	32	42	3		304
6. Bryce, Artly . . . . .	10	14	56	56	1		144
7. C. Græme, Esq. . . .	13	21	33	48	3		200
8. R. Smith, Esq. . . . .	11	17	36	36	5		150
9. G. Cautley, Esq. . . .	8	12	32	38	2		98
10. G. Snell, Esq. . . . .	13	21	48	48	4		168
11. E. Simpson, Esq. . . .	14	19	19	25	3		141
12. H. A. Prinsep, Esq. .	16	25	32	38	7		187
13. W. Brown, Esq. . . .	11	18	28	33	3		129
14. J. Vans Agnew, Esq. .	6	10	24	26	2		70
15. R. Nicholas, Esq. . .	7	11	36	36	1		63
16. R. Nott, Esq. . . . .	8	10	17	17	0		54
17. G. Maister, Esq. . . .	8	11	21	21	3		56
18. C. Smith, Esq. . . . .	10	16	21	21	2		75
19. F. Bainbridge, Esq. .	11	18	13	19	3		80
20. C. Gough, Esq. . . .	7	10	29	29	4		40
21. J. Barclay, Esq. . . .	7	14	13	15	4		51
22. W. H. Wise, Esq. . . .	8	12	7	7			25

N. B.—No. Batsman's average given who has had less than ten innings, and No. Bowler's who has bowled in less than five matches.

BOWLERS.	Number of Matches	Wickets bowled	Caught from	Hit wick, lg. bef. wick & stumped from	Total Wickets.	Average per Match.
1. W. Forbes, Esq.*..	7	35	16	0	51	7½
2. A. Stewart, Esq.†.	22	104	41	6	151	7
3. Scott† . . . . .	11	52	23	1	76	7
4. G. Cautley, Esq.*.	8	36	13	2	51	6½
5. H. King, Esq.†....	11	19	21	0	40	3½
6. G. Snell, Esq.§....	6	10	5	0	15	2½

\* Fast round hand bowler.

† Moderate pace do.

‡ Fast underhand do.

§ Slow underhand do.

SELECTIONS  
AND  
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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### THE HORSES OF THE SAHARA.

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THE French General Dumas, director of affairs in Algeria, has just published an interesting and original work on the horses of the African desert, in which he gives all the experiences of Abd-el-Kader and other Arab chiefs, as well as his own. *The Journal des Debats* of Saturday contains a summary of this work, from which we translate the following passages :—

"The horses of the true breed (hoor) has his position amongst the Arabs of the desert like the date tree. According to his age he bears a different name, and is even more famed for his exploits than for his genealogy. The horse is of the true race, which after a long journey shakes himself, paws the ground, neighs when a feed of barley is offered to him, which he begins to eat eagerly after smelling it three or four times. It is of the horse of this kind that the Arabs say, 'Give him barley, and abuse him.' If a horse neighs with joy at the sight of an oasis, and seems to salute, with graceful movements of his head, the green trees and the flowing waters; if he never drinks without disturbing the water, and always drinks without bending his knee, and so as to mark, by an undulating line from the croup to the head, the flexible curve of his body; if his nostrils dilate continually; if his eyes are always in movement; if his ears rise and fall alternately; if, at the least noise, he quivers without changing place, he is of noble blood. He can bear thirst, hunger, and fatigue. 'Give him barley and abuse him.'

"But if the Tell, the region of grain, is closed against the horse of the Sahara, he is able to pass the whole year without barley, and yet, to perform journeys of thirty leagues a day, without any other nourishment than dates and the coarse herbage of the desert—the *alfa* which makes him travel, the guet of which makes him fight, and the guet of which is even better than barley. It was thus that Abd-el-Kader, driven from Tell, passed like a flash of lightning from one extremity to the other of Moghreb, without making a single halt, and often at the head of thousand horsemen.

"Abd-el-Kader himself, in his letter to General Dumas, gives examples of the powers of endurance of the desert horses, which would be incredible, if he had not proved them to be true at our expense. He speaks, amongst others, of a gallop of five or six hours a day, continued for 25 successive days, which suppose a distance of 25 leagues (75 miles) traversed every day. This, it not all, adds the Emir:—A horse travelling every day, and which eats as much barley as it pleases, can continue this for three or four months, without resting a single day.

"As to the swiftness of the Barbary horse a fact is cited by General

Dumes which will give an approximate idea of it. A French general, suddenly arrested at Oran, required to see certain papers which he had left at Tlemcen. Tlemcen is 35 leagues (105 miles) from Oran, and the route which separates them is cut up by mountains and ravines. The arrested general confided his barb to an Arab messenger, who promised to return on the following day. He arrived, in fact, at the same hour the following day with the documents in question. The horse had travelled 70 leagues (210 miles) through a difficult country, having halted only once and been fed once.

"As some mention is often made of the greater or smaller difference which exists between the Barbary and the Arab horse, let us speak, in passing, of the manner in which the breed of horses is tried in the two countries. The nejhid (the horse of Arabia) is tried by being made to gallop seven leagues (21 miles) in a certain time, and then to eat a measure of barley. In Algeria the trial is the same in result, but different in the manner. The horse under trial must race with three relays of fresh horses, over distances of three leagues each, and arrive first at the goal each time. If he is successful, and after that eats barley, his master is reputed a fortunate man throughout the whole of Sahara, and the horse's renown is without rival.

"It is curious to compare, in point of view, of the locomotion gained by means of the horse, the habits of the South American horseman with those of the Arab. Here we have, in place of the desert of sand, the Sahara, the desert of grass, the Pampas. The Pampas are 800 leagues across, and in these almost limitless plains live, in an almost wild state, innumerable herds of horses. The Guacho, in the midst of the wilderness, selects the horse which he determines to ride, throws the lasso over it, drag the horse thus caught to him, saddles it, and gallops along. After three or four hours of furious riding the horse falls, and the rider continues his course on another caught in the same way. Thus the Guacho, mounting horse after horse, performs a journey of 100 leagues in 24 hours.

"The Arab has not the resources of the Sahara in changing his horse at will, and the nature of the soil of Africa renders this mode of riding impossible. In the Pampas the horse is seldom worth more than 50*l*. The price of a horse sometimes rises to 20,000*l*. in the Sahara. The former horse only performed two or three journeys of 30 leagues in his life; the latter can re-commence on the morrow a journey of 60 leagues."—*Bell's Life in Sydney*.

## CONSOLATIONS IN TRAVEL, OR THE LAST DAYS OF A PHILOSOPHER.\*

### DIALOGUE THE SIXTH.

POLA OR TIME.

DURING our stay in Illyria, I made an excursion by water with the Unknown, my preserver, now become my friend, and Eubathes, to Pola, in Istria. We entered the harbour of Pola in a slucca, when

Continued from No. XXXVI. of the *India Sporting Review*.

the sun was setting ; and I know no scene more splendid than the amphitheatre seen from the sea in this light. It appears not as a building in ruins, but like a newly erected work ; and the reflection of the colours of its brilliant marble and beautiful forms, seen upon the calm surface of the waters, gave to it a double effect, that of a glorious production of art, and of a magnificent picture. We examined with pleasure the remains of the arch of Augustus and the temple, very perfect monuments of imperial grandeur. But the splendid exterior of the amphitheatre was not in harmony with the bare and naked walls of the interior ; there were none of those durable and grand seats of marble, such as adorn the amphitheatre of Verona ;—from which it is probable, that the whole of the arena and conveniences for the spectators had been constructed of wood. Their total disappearance led us to reflect upon the causes of the destruction of so many of the works of the elder nations. I said, in our metaphysical abstractions, we refer the changes, the destruction of material forms, to *time*, but there must be physical laws in nature by which they are produced ; and I begged our new friend to give us some ideas on this subject, in his character of chemical philosopher. If human science, I said, has discovered the principle of the decay of things, it is possible that human art may supply means of conservation, and bestow immortality on some of the works which appear destined, by their perfection, for future ages.

THE UNKNOWN.—I shall willingly communicate to you my views of the operation of time, philosophically considered. A great philosopher has said, man can in no other way command nature, but in obeying her laws ; and, in these laws, the principle of change is a principle of life ; without decay, there can be no reproduction ; and, every thing belonging to the earth, whether in its primitive state, or modified by human hands, is submitted to certain and immutable laws of destruction, as permanent and universal as those which produce the planetary motions. The property, which, as far as our experience extends, universally belongs to matter, *gravitation*, is the first and most general cause of change in our terrestrial system ; and, whilst it preserves the great mass of the globe in a uniform state, its influence is continually producing alterations upon the surface. The water, raised in vapour by the solar heat, is precipitated by the cool air in the atmosphere ; it is carried down by gravitation to the surface, and gains its mechanical force from this law. Whatever is elevated above the superficies by the powers of vegetation, or animal life, or by the efforts of man, by gravitation, constantly tends to the common centre of attraction ; and, the great reason of the duration of the pyramid, above all other forms, is, that it is most fitted to resist the force of gravitation. The arch, the pillar, and all perpendicular constructions are liable to fall, when a degradation from chemical or mechanical causes takes place in their inferior parts. The forms upon the surface of the globe are preserved from the influence of gravitation by the attraction of

cohesion, or by chemical attraction; but, if their parts had freedom of motion, they would all be levelled by this power, gravitation, and the globe would appear as a plain and smooth oblate spheroid, flattened at the poles. The attraction of cohesion, or chemical attraction in its most energetic state, is not liable to be destroyed by gravitation: this power only assists the agencies of other causes of degradation; attraction, of whatever kind, tends, as it were, to produce rest, a sort of eternal sleep in nature. The great antagonist power is *heat*. By the influence of the sun, the globe is exposed to great varieties of temperature: an addition of heat expands bodies and an abstraction of heat causes them to contract; by variation of heat, certain kinds of matter are rendered fluid, or elastic, and changes from fluids into solids, or from solids or fluids into elastic substances, and vice versa, are produced; and all these phenomena are connected with alterations tending to the decay or destruction of bodies. It is not probable that the mere contraction or expansion of a solid, from the subtraction or addition of heat, tends to loosen its parts; but if water exists in these parts, then its expansion, either in becoming vapour or ice, tends not only to diminish their cohesion, but to break them into fragments. There is, you know, a very remarkable property of water, its expansion by cooling, and at the time of becoming ice, and this is a great cause of destruction in the northern climates; for where ice forms in the crevices or cavities of stones, or when water, which has penetrated into cement, freezes, its expansion acts with the force of the lever or the screw, in destroying or separating the parts of bodies. The mechanical powers of water, as rain, hail, or snow, in descending from the atmosphere, are not entirely without effect; for in acting upon the projections of solids, drops of water, or particles of snow, and still more of hail, have a power of abrasion; and a very soft substance, from its mass assisting gravitation, may break a much harder one. The glacier, by its motion, grinds into powder the surface of the granite rock, and the Alpine torrents that have their origin under glaciers, are always turbid, from the destruction of the rocks on which the glacier is formed. The effect of a torrent, in deepening its bed, will explain the mechanical agency of fluid water; though this effect is infinitely increased, and sometimes almost entirely dependent upon the solid matters which are carried down by it. An angular fragment of stone, in the course of ages, moved in the cavity of a rock, makes a deep round excavation, and is worn itself into a spherical form. A torrent of rain flowing down the side of a building, carries with it the silicious dust, or sand, or matter which the wind has deposited there, and acts upon a scale infinitely more minute, but according to the same law. The buildings of ancient Rome have not only been liable to the constant operation of the rain courses, or minute torrents produced by rains, but even the Tiber, swollen with floods of the Sabine mountains and the Apennines, has often entered into the city, and a winter seldom



passes away in which the area of the Pantheon has not been filled with water, and the reflection of the cupola seen in a smooth lake below. The monuments of Egypt are perhaps the most ancient and permanent of those belonging to the earth, and in that country rain is almost unknown. And all the causes of degradation connected with the agency of water act more in the temperate climates than in the hot ones, and most of all in those countries where the inequalities of temperature are greatest. The mechanical effects of air are principally in the action of winds in assisting the operation of gravitation, and in abrading by dust, sand, stones, and atmospheric water. These effects, unless it be in the case of a building blown down by a tempest, are imperceptible in days, or even years; yet a gentle current of air carrying the silicious sand of the desert, or the dust of a road for ages against the face of a structure, must ultimately tend to injure it, for with infinite or unlimited duration, an extremely small cause will produce a very great effect. The mechanical agency of electricity is very limited; the effects of lightning have, however, been witnessed, even in some of the great monuments of antiquity, the Colosseum at Rome for instance; and only last year, in a violent thunder-storm, some of the marble, I have been informed, was struck from the top of one of the arches in this building, and a perpendicular rent made, of some feet in diameter. But the chemical effects of electricity, though excessively slow and gradual, yet are much more efficient in the great work of destruction. It is to the general chemical doctrines of the changes produced by this powerful agent that I must now direct your especial attention.

**EUB.**—Would not the consideration of the subject have been more distinct, and your explanations of the phenomena more simple, had you commenced by dividing the causes of change into mechanical and chemical,—if you had first considered them separately, and then their joint effects?

**THE UNKNOWN.**—The order I have adopted is not very remote from this. But I was perhaps wrong in treating first of the agency of gravitation, which owes almost all its powers to the operation of other causes. In consequence of your hint, I shall alter my plan a little, and consider first the chemical agency of water, then that of air, and, lastly, that of electricity. In every species of chemical change, temperature is concerned. But unless the results of volcanoes and earthquakes be directly referred to this power, it has no chemical effect in relation to the changes ascribed to time simply considered as heat, but its operations, which are the most important belonging to the terrestrial cycle of changes, are blended with, or bring into activity, those of other agents. One of the most distinct and destructive agencies of water depends upon its *solvent* powers, which are usually greatest when its temperature is highest. Water is capable of dissolving, in larger or smaller proportions, most compound bodies, and the calcareous and alkaline elements of stones are particularly liable to this kind of operation. When water holds

in solution carbonic acid, which is always the case when it is precipitated from the atmosphere, its power of dissolving carbonate of lime is very much increased, and in the neighbourhood of great cities, where the atmosphere contains a large proportion of this principle, the solvent powers of rain upon the marble exposed to it must be greatest. Whoever examines the marble statues in the British Museum, which have been removed from the exterior of the Parthenon, will be convinced that they have suffered from this agency; and an effect distinct in the pure atmosphere and temperate climate of Athens, must be upon a higher scale in the vicinity of other great European cities, where the consumption of fuel produces carbonic acid in large quantities. Metallic substances, such as iron, copper, bronze, brass, tin and lead, whether they exist in stones, or are used for support or connexion in buildings, are liable to be corroded by water holding in solution the principles of the atmosphere; and the rust and corrosion, which are made, poetically, qualities of time, depend upon the oxydating powers of water, which by supplying oxygen in a dissolved or condensed state, enables the metals to form new combinations. All the vegetable substances, exposed to water and air, are liable to decay, and even the vapour in the air, attracted by wood, gradually re-acts upon its fibres and assists decomposition, or enables its elements to take new arrangements. Hence it is that none of the roofs of ancient buildings more than 1000 years old remain, unless it be such as are constructed of stone, as those of the Pantheon of Rome and the tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna, the cupola of which is composed of a single block of marble. The pictures of the Greek masters, which were painted on the wood of the abies, or pine of the Mediterranean, as we are informed by Pliny, owed their destruction likewise, not to a change in the colours, not to the alteration of the calcareous ground on which they were painted, but to the decay of the tablets of wood on which the intonaco or stucco was laid. Amongst the substances employed in building, wood, iron, tin, and lead, are most liable to decay from the operation of water; then marble, when exposed to its influence in the fluid form; brass, copper, granite, sienite and porphyry are more durable. But, in stones, much depends upon the peculiar nature of their constituent parts; when the felspar of the granite rocks contains little alkali or calcareous earth, it is a very permanent stone: but when, in granite, porphyry or sienite, either the felspar contains much alkaline matter, or the mica, schorl or hornblende much protoxide of iron, the action of water containing oxygen and carbonic acid on the ferruginous elements tends to produce the disintegration of the stone. The red granite, black sienite and red porphyry of Egypt, which are seen at Rome in obelisks, columns and sarcophagi, are amongst the most durable compound stones; but the grey granites of Corsica and Elba are extremely liable to undergo alteration,—the felspar contains much alkaline matter, and the mica and schorl much protoxide of iron.

A remarkable instance of the decay of granite may be seen in the hanging tower of Pisa; whilst the marble pillars in the basement remain scarcely altered, the granite ones have lost a considerable portion of their surface, which falls off continually in scales, and exhibits every where stains from the formation of peroxide of iron. The kaolin, or clay, used in most countries for the manufacture of fine porcelain or china, is generally produced from the feldspar of decomposing granite, in which the cause of decay is the dissolution and separation of the alkaline ingredients.

EUB.—I have seen serpentines, basalts and lavas which internally were dark, and which from their weight, I should suppose, must contain oxide of iron, superficially brown or red and decomposing. Undoubtedly this was from the action of water impregnated with air upon their ferruginous elements.

THE UNKNOWN.—You are perfectly right. There are few compound stones, possessing a considerable specific gravity, which are not liable to change from this cause; and oxide of iron amongst the *metallic substances anciently known*, is the most generally diffused in nature, and most concerned in the changes which take place on the surface of the globe. The chemical action of carbonic acid, is so much connected with that of water, that it is scarcely possible to speak of them separately, as must be evident from what I have before said: but the same action which is exerted by the acid dissolved in water is likewise exerted by it in its elastic state, and in this case the facility with which the quantity is changed makes up for the difference of the degree of condensation. There is no reason to believe that the azote of the atmosphere has any considerable action in producing changes of the nature we are studying on the surface; the aqueous vapour, the oxygen and the carbonic acid gas, are, however, constantly in combined activity, and above all, the oxygen. And, whilst water, uniting its effects with those of carbonic acid, tends to disintegrate the parts of stones, the oxygen acts upon vegetable matter; and this great chemical agent is at once necessary, in all the processes of life and in all those of decay, in which nature, as it were, takes again to herself those instruments, organs and powers, which had for a while been borrowed and employed for the purpose or the wants of the living principle. Almost every thing effected by rapid combinations in combustion, may also be effected gradually by the slow absorption of oxygen; and though the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdom are much more submitted to the power of atmospheric agents than those of the mineral kingdom, yet, as in the instances which have just been mentioned, oxygen gradually destroys the equilibrium of the elements of stones, and tends to reduce into powder, to render fit for soils, even the hardest aggregates belonging to our globe. Electricity, as a chemical agent, may be considered, not only as directly producing an infinite variety of changes, but likewise as influencing almost all which take place. There are not two substances on

the surface of the globe, that are not in different electrical relations to each other; and chemical attraction itself seems to be a peculiar form of the exhibition of electrical attraction; and, wherever the atmosphere, or water, or any part of the surface of the earth gains accumulated electricity of a different kind from the contiguous surfaces, the tendency of this electricity is to produce new arrangements of the parts of these surfaces; thus, a positively electrical cloud, acting even at a great distance on a moistened stone, tends to attract its oxygenous or acidiform or acid ingredients, and, a negatively electrified cloud has the same effect upon its earthy, alkaline, or metallic matter; and the silent and slow operation of electricity is much more important in the economy of nature than its grand and impressive operation in lightning and thunder. The chemical agencies of water and air, are assisted by those of electricity; and their joint effects combined with those of gravitation and the mechanical ones I first described, are sufficient to account for the results of time. But, the physical powers of nature in producing decay, are assisted likewise by certain agencies or energies of organized beings. A polished surface of a building; or a statue, is no sooner made rough from the causes that have been mentioned, than the seeds of lichens and mosses, which are constantly floating in our atmosphere, make it a place of repose, grow and increase, and from their death, their decay and decomposition, carbonaceous matter is produced, and at length a soil is formed, in which grass can fix its roots. In the crevices of walls, where this soil is washed down, even the seeds of trees grow, and, gradually as a building becomes more ruined, ivy and other parasitical plants cover it. Even the animal creation lends its aid in the process of destruction, when man no longer labours for the conservation of his works. The fox burrows amongst ruins, bats and birds nestle in the cavities in walls, the snake and the lizard likewise make them their habitation. Insects act upon a smaller scale, but by their united energies sometimes produce great effect; the ant, by establishing her colony and forming her magazines, often saps the foundations of the strongest buildings, and the most insignificant creatures triumph as it were over the grandest works of man. Add, to these sure and slow operations, the devastations of war, the effects of the destructive zeal of bigotry, the predatory fury of barbarians seeking for concealed wealth under the foundations of buildings, and tearing from them every metallic substance, —and it is rather to be wondered, that any of the works of the great nations of antiquity are still in existence.

PHIL.—Your view of the causes of devastation really is a melancholy one. Nor do I see any remedy; the most important causes will always operate. Yet, supposing the constant existence of a highly civilized people, the ravages of time might be repaired, and by defending the finest works of art from the external atmosphere, their changes would be scarcely perceptible.

**EUB.**—I doubt much, whether it is for the interests of a people, that its public works should be of a durable kind. One of the great causes of the decline of the Roman Empire was, that the people of the Republic and of the first Empire left nothing for their posterity to do; aqueducts, temples, forums, every thing was supplied and there were no objects to awaken activity, no necessity to stimulate their inventive faculties, and hardly any wants to call forth their industry.

**THE UNKNOWN.**—At least, you must allow the importance of preserving objects of the fine arts. Almost every thing we have worthy of admiration, is owing to what has been preserved from the Greek school; and the nations, who have not possessed these works or models have made little or no progress towards perfection. Nor does it seem that a mere imitation of nature is sufficient to produce the beautiful or perfect; but, the climate, the manners, customs and dress of the people, its genius and taste all co-operate. Such principles of conservation, as Philaethes has referred to, are obvious. No works of excellence ought to be exposed to the atmosphere; and it is a great object to preserve them in apartments of equable temperature and extremely dry. The roofs of magnificent buildings, should be of materials not likely to be dissolved by water, or changed by air. Many electrical conductors should be placed so as to prevent the slow or the rapid effects of atmospheric electricity. In painting, lapis lazuli, or coloured hard glasses in which the oxides are not liable to change, should be used, and should be laid on marble, or stucco incased in stone, and no animal or vegetable substances, except pure carbonaceous matter, should be used in the pigments, and none should be mixed with the varnishes.

**EUB.**—Yet, when all is done, that can be done, in the work of conservation, it is only producing a difference in the degree of duration. And from the statements that our friend has made, it is evident that none of the works of a mortal being can be eternal, as none of the combinations of a limited intellect can be infinite. The operations of nature, when slow, are no less sure; however man may, for a time, usurp dominion over her, she is certain of recovering her empire. He converts her rocks, her stones, her trees, into forms of palaces, houses and ships; he employs the metals found in the bosom of the earth as instruments of power, and the sands and clays which constitute its surface as ornaments and resources of luxury: he imprisons air by water, and tortures water by fire to change or modify or destroy the natural forms of things. But, in some lustrums his works begin to change, and in a few centuries they decay and are in ruins; and, his mighty temples, framed as it were for immortal and divine purposes, and his bridges formed of granite and ribbed with iron, and his walls for defence, and the splendid monuments by which he has endeavoured to give eternity even to his perishable remains, are gradually destroyed; and these structures, which have resisted the waves of the ocean, the tempests

of the sky, and the stroke of the lightning, shall yield to the operation of the dews of heaven, of frost, rain, vapour and imperceptible atmospheric influences ; and, as the worm devours the lineaments of his mortal beauty, so the lichens and the moss, and the most insignificant plants shall feed upon his columns and his pyramids, and the most humble and insignificant insects shall undermine and sap the foundations of his colossal works, and make their habitations amongst the ruins of his palaces, and the falling seats of his earthly glory.

PHIL.—Your history of the laws of the inevitable destruction of material forms, recalls to my memory our discussion at Adelsberg. The changes of the material universe are in harmony with those, which belong to the human body, and which you suppose to be the frame or machinery of the sentient principle. May we not venture to imagine, that the visible and tangible world, with which we are acquainted by our sensations, bears the same relation to the divine and infinite Intelligence, that our organs bear to our mind ; — with this only difference, that in the changes of the divine system, there is no decay, there being in the order of things a perfect unity, and all the powers springing from one will, and being a consequence of that will, are perfectly and unalterably balanced. Newton seemed to apprehend, that in the laws of the planetary motions, there was a principle which would ultimately be the cause of the destruction of the system. Laplace by pursuing and refining the principles of our great philosopher, has proved, that what appeared sources of disorder, are in fact the perfecting machinery of the system and that the principle of conservation is as eternal as that of motion.

THE UNKNOWN.—I dare not offer any speculations on this grand and awful subject. We can hardly comprehend the cause of a simple atmospheric phenomenon, such as the fall of a heavy body from a meteor ; we cannot even embrace in one view the millionth part of the objects surrounding us, and yet, we have the presumption to reason upon the infinite universe and the eternal mind by which it was created and is governed. On these subjects, I have no confidence in reason, I trust only to faith, and as far as we ought to inquire, we have no other guide but revelation.

PHIL.—I agree with you, that whenever we attempt metaphysical speculations we must begin with a foundation of faith. And, being sure from revelation, that God is omnipotent and omnipresent, it appears to me no improper use of our faculties, to trace even in the natural universe, the acts of his power and the results of his wisdom, and to draw parallels from the infinite to the finite mind. Remember, we are taught, that man was created in the image of God, and I think, it cannot be doubted, that in the progress of society, man has been made a great instrument by his energies and labours for improving the moral universe. Compare the Greeks and Romans with the Assyrians and Babylonians, and the ancient Greeks and Romans with the nations of modern Christendom, and it cannot,

I think, be questioned, that there has been a great superiority in the latter nations, and that their improvements have been subservient to a more exalted state of intellectual and religious existence. If this little globe has been so modified by its powerful and active inhabitants, I cannot help thinking, that in other systems, beings of a superior nature, under the influence of a divine will, may act nobler parts. We know from the sacred writings that there are intelligences of a higher nature than man, and I cannot help sometimes referring to my vision in the Colosseum, and in supposing some acts of power of those geni or seraphs similar to those which I have imagined in the higher planetary systems. There is much reason to infer, from astronomical observations, that great changes take place in the system of the fixed stars; Sir William Herschel, indeed, seems to have believed, that he saw nebulous or luminous matter in the process of forming suns; and there are some astronomers who believe that stars have been extinct; but, it is more probable that they have disappeared from peculiar motions. It is, perhaps, rather a poetical than a philosophical idea, yet I cannot help forming the opinion, that geni or seraphic intelligences may inhabit these systems, and may be the ministers of the eternal mind in producing changes in them similar to those which have taken place on the earth. Time is almost a human word and change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures, as at Rome; but, even when they are destroyed, so as to produce only dust, nature asserts her empire over them, and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, and, in a period of annual successions, by the labours of man providing food, vitality and beauty upon the rocks of monuments which were once raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

## DIALOGUE THE SEVENTH.

ON THE CHEMICAL ELA . . . NTS.\*

*Scene.—The Apennines above Perugia.*

PHIL.—Notwithstanding the magnificence of the Alpine country and the beauty of the upper part of Italy, yet the scenery now before us has peculiar charms, dependent not only upon the variety

\* [The Dialogue of which this fragment was the commencement, according to the original plan of the author, was intended to have followed one on the doctrine of definite proportions which was partly written, and from which an extract has been given in the fifth volume. For the sake of uniformity, the designations of the speakers, as used in the preceding pages, have been continued: in the original others were employed; the Unknown stands for Philo-chemical, and Philaethes for Poletes.]

and grandeur of the objects which it displays, but likewise upon its historical relations. The hills are all celebrated in the early history of Italy, and many of them are crowned by Etruscan towns. The lake of Thrasimene spreads its broad and calm mirror beneath a range of hills covered with oak and chestnut; and the eminence where Hannibal marshalled that army which had nearly deprived Rome of empire, is now of a beautiful green from the rising corn. Here the Tiber runs a clear and bright blue mountain stream, meriting the epithet of *ceruleus* bestowed upon it by Virgil; and there the Chiusan marsh sends its tributary streams from the same level to the rivers of Etruria and Latium. In the extreme distance are the woods of the Sabine country, bright with the purple foliage of the Judah tree, extending along the sides of blue hills, which again are capped by snowy mountains. How rich and noble is the scene! How vast its extent! How diversified its colours!

EUB.—The profusion of the rich tree, which renders the woods of so bright a colour, perhaps gave origin to the expression *ver purpureum*.

THE UNKNOWN.—The epithet purple will apply with equal justice to the woods of Sabina and the plains of Umbria, where the sainfoin gives the predominating tint, and it is now in full and luxuriant blossom, and the banks of the Clitumnus are, as it were, lighted up by this brilliant colour.

EUB.—Nature in this view is probably nearly the same as it was 2,000 years ago; but *how man is changed*!—improved in civilization, but enfeebled in character. How unlike the ancient Umbrians and Sabines are the people who inhabit these mountains and valleys!

THE UNKNOWN.—The reason is obvious enough. Man is formed by his institutions; and moral and political causes almost create his character; whereas *nature* is governed by fixed laws. The atmosphere, the mountains, the valleys, the plains, the degrees of heat and cold, with small differences, have continued the same; and whether peopled or deserted, the soil will always produce fruits or flowers, wild or cultivated.

PHIL.—If the exterior of the globe is liable to small changes only there must be a permanency in the elements of things; something must be unalterable. Will you give us some ideas respecting this part of your philosophy,—which are the true elements of things? If there be a permanency or constancy in the arrangements of nature, matter cannot be infinite either in its divisibility or changes: pray give us some light on these obscure and difficult matters.

THE UNKNOWN.—I shall willingly enter upon this subject. I cannot demonstrate to you what are the true elements of things; but I can exhibit to you those substances, which, as we cannot yet compose them, are elementary for us; mathematically considered, it appears possible to prove the infinite divisibility of matter; but our mechanical means of division are extremely limited. There is every reason to believe that our powers of chemical decomposition are far



from having reached their *ultimatum* ; yet in the operations of nature, as well as in those of art, certain substances appear to be unchangeable ; thus, if we take a metal, such as iron, and dissolve it in an acid, or sublime it in union with an elastic fluid, or make it enter into a hundred combinations, it may still be recovered unaltered in its properties, the same in substance and in quantity. The test of a body being indecomposable is, that in all chemical changes it increases in weight, or its changes result from its combining with new matter. Thus when mercury is converted into a red powder by being heated in the air, it gains in weight. The test of a body being compound is, that in assuming new forms it loses weight ; thus, when the olive-coloured substance called oxide of silver is converted into silver by heat, it weighs less than before ; but in all cases, either of gain or loss of weight, the circumstance depends either upon matter absorbed, or matter emitted, which is either solid, fluid, or ærisform, and which can be always collected and weighed. The metals, sulphur, phosphorus, carbon, selenium, iodine, bromine, and certain elastic fluids are the only substances as far as our knowledge extends, which can be neither produced from other forms of matter, nor be converted into them. I explained to you on a former occasion that each of these substances enters into combinations in the same relative proportions, or in some multiple of those proportions ; and hence the idea has been entertained that they are minute indestructible particles, having always the same figure and weight. The weights of the smallest known relative proportions of the undecomposable bodies are these :—Hydrogen, 1 ; chlorine 35.42 ; oxygen 8 ; fluorine 18.68 ; iodine 126.3 ; bromine 78.4 ; azote 14.15 ; sulphur 16.1 ; phosphorus 15.7 ; carbon 6.12 ; boron 10.9 ; selenium 39.6 ; silicium 7.5 ; aluminum 13.7 ; glucinum 17.7 ; itrium 32.2 ; magnesium 12.7 ; zirconium 33.7 ; thorium 59.6 ; potassium 39.15 ; sodium 23.3 ; lithium 10. ; strontium 43.8 ; barium 68.7 ; calcium 20.5 ; manganese 27.7 ; zinc 32.3 ; iron 28 ; tin 58.9 ; arsenic 37.7 ; molybdenum 47.96 ; chromium 28 ; tungsten 94.8 ; columbium 185 ; antimony 54.6 ; uranium 217 ; cerium 46 ; cobalt 29.5 ; titanium 24.3 ; bismuth 71 ; copper 31.6 ; tellurium 32.3 ; cadmium 55.8 ; nickel 29.5 ; lead 103.6 ; mercury 202 ; osmium 99.7 ; silver 108 ; palladium 53.3 ; rhodium 52.2 ; gold 199.2 ; iridium 98.8 ; platinum 98.8 \*

PHIL.— What is your idea of the cause of this difference of weight ? Do you suppose their particles likewise of different size, or that they

\* [These numbers are taken from the table of equivalents of elementary substance formed by the late Dr. Turner, and inserted in his *Elements of Chemistry*, the edition of 1834. The numbers 8 and 35.42 are given for oxygen and chlorine respectively, on the supposition, that water, and muriatic acid gas is each composed of one proportion of the constituent elements ; should the view of the author be preferred who, in his *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*, considered water as consisting of two proportions of hydrogen to one of oxygen and muriatic acid gas similarly constituted, all that is necessary is to multiply 8 and 35.42 by 2, and the numbers of all the other bodies accordingly.]

are of the same size and have a different quantity of pores, or that their figures are different?

THE UNKNOWN.—These questions cannot be answered except by conjectures. At some time possibly we may be able to solve them by an hypothesis which will satisfactorily explain the chemical phenomena; but as we can never see the elementary particles of bodies, our reasoning upon them must be founded upon analogies derived from mechanics, and the idea that small indivisible particles follow the same laws of motion as the masses which they compose.

EUB.—I think it is contrary to the principles of sound philosophy to reason in this way. In mathematics it is always supposed that lines are composed from points, surfaces from lines, solids from surfaces; yet the elements bear no relation to their compounds. Again in light: according to your principle, white light would be composed of many particles of white light; whereas analysis proves it to be composed of various coloured particles, each differing from the other. On the hypothesis of Boscovitch, which is well explained in the *Institutio Physica* of Mako, matter, as well as I recollect, is supposed to be composed of indivisible points endowed with attraction and repulsion, which are assumed to be both physical and chemical elements.

THE UNKNOWN.—You mistake me if you suppose I have adopted a system like the *Homœia* of Anaxagoras, and that I suppose the elements to be physical molecules, endowed with the properties of the bodies we believe to be indecomposable. On the contrary, I neither suppose in them figure nor colour,—both would imply a power of reflecting light: I consider them, with Boscovitch, merely as points possessing weight, and attractive and repulsive powers; and composing, according to the circumstances of their arrangements either spherules or regular solids, and capable of assuming either one form or the other. All that is necessary for the doctrines of the corpuscular philosophy is to suppose the molecules which we are not able to decompose, spherical molecules; and that by the arrangement of spherical molecules regular solids are formed; and that the molecules have certain attractive and repulsive powers which correspond to negative and positive electricity. This is not mere supposition unsupported by experiments; there are various facts which give probability to the idea, which I shall now state to you. The *first fact* is, that all bodies are capable of being rendered fluid by a certain degree of heat, which supposes a freedom of motion in their particles that cannot be well explained, except by supposing them spherical in the fluid state. The *second fact* is, that all bodies in becoming solid are capable of assuming regular polyhedral forms. The *third fact* is that all crystalline bodies present regular electrical poles. And the *fourth* is, that the elements of bodies are capable of being separated from each other by certain electrical attractions and repulsions.—*Collected Works of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., Vol. XI.*

## RAMBLES BY RIVERS.—THE AVON.\*

### CHAPTER XI.—KENILWORTH AND GUY'S OLIFF.

KENILWORTH is somewhat less than two miles from Stoneleigh Park on the west. You cross the park from the abbey to the West Lodge, and then across Glasshouse Wood, and under Knowle Hill, a pleasant walk on a fine day, and nearer as well as pleasanter than the road. The Castle, which will of course be the main object of a visit, lies about half a mile beyond the town. Before making any remarks on the present appearance and condition of Kenilworth Castle, I shall sketch its history as briefly as may be. Kenilworth was anciently a royal demesne along with Stoneleigh, and there was a royal Castle belonging to it, which stood, however, not on the site of the present one, but on Hom Hill, beside the Avon, and nearly opposite Stoneleigh Abbey: it was destroyed early in the eleventh century. The present Castle originated with Geoffrey de Clinton, to whom the manor of Kenilworth was assigned by Henry I. Geoffrey built a strong Castle here, and at the same time founded a monastery, of which somewhat more hereafter. The Clintons did not long retain possession of Kenilworth, for in the eleventh of Henry II. it was in the hands of that Monarch, who, in the nineteenth year of his reign, placed a strong garrison in it on the rebellion of his eldest son; and though afterwards a Clinton held it for a few years, in the beginning of John's reign, he assigned all his interest in it to the King. Henry III. largely repaired and adorned it: and in the twenty-eighth year of his reign he created Simon de Montfort Governor of it.

With De Montfort the historical interest of it commences. After he had been ten years its Governor, the King made him a grant of it for his life, 1254. When De Montfort and the barons, in 1263, began to set about war in earnest with the King, Kenilworth Castle was strongly fortified by him, and "stored with many kinds of warlike engines, till that time never seen nor heard of in England." De Montfort was himself with the army of the barons, but he sent to the Castle John Gifford, "a knight of much valour, but one of the most desperate rebels, to be governor thereof." Gifford did not confine himself to the castle. William Mauduit, Earl of Warwick, stedfastly refused to join the barons; and Gifford, watching his time, succeeded by a stratagem in surprising Warwick Castle, which he then rendered untenable; at the same time carrying the Earl and his Countess prisoners to Kenilworth.

After the decisive battle of Evesham, 1265, de Montfort's son, together with many of the nobles, escaped here, and held out resolutely against the whole power of the King, who in person conducted

\* Continued from No. XXXVI. of the *Indian Sporting Review*.

the siege. De Montfort's "strange engines" threw out great stones and other missiles upon the besiegers whenever they ventured near the walls; the garrison, too, made frequent sallies, and greatly annoyed their assailants in various ways. The King attempted in many modes to induce them to surrender, without effect. Assembling his council, he passed certain "articles of mercy" (known as the Dictum of Kenilworth), offering pardon on moderate terms to whoever would submit themselves, but the party within the walls refused to accept them, on the plea that they had not taken part in the framing of them. He also called in the aid of the papal legate, Atto bon, but they equally disregarded his censure. They were probably doubtful of the King's honesty; and had there not been a stronger enemy than Henry within the walls, it is not likely that they would have yielded possession of the Castle but with their lives. The siege had lasted nearly six months, and Henry resolved at length to storm the Castle: a difficult and laborious task before artillery was invented. His preparations, indeed, show how great an undertaking the storming of a Castle, strong in itself, well fortified, and garrisoned by skilful and desperate men, was thought to be. Henry not only strengthened his army, but called in aid after a fashion that seems singular now; for he issued a special writ, bearing date, November 20, commanding the sheriff of this shire to bring in by a certain day "all the masons and other labourers within his precincts, with their hatchets, pickaxes, and other tools." But before they could be assembled, the garrison requested a truce that they might communicate with young de Montfort, who had gone beyond the seas (though some affirmed he was but at Ely), and then unless he would engage to relieve them by a fixed day they would surrender. To this Henry willingly agreed. The besieged had been driven to make this proposal by the inroads of famine and pestilence. Their numbers were daily lessening from these causes, which neither gallantry nor skill could alleviate; and at length so terrible were their straits, and so grievous the increase of the disease, that it became impossible longer to resist. Accordingly, although the day agreed upon had not arrived, they capitulated on honourable terms—viz., "that Henry de Hastings, the Governor, with all the rest that were therein, should have four day's time to carry out all their goods, and go freely away, with horses, arms, and all accoutrements, throughout any part of the kingdom." Terms honourable alike to the besieger and the besieged. The siege lasted from "the morrow after the feast of the nativity of St. John the Baptist (June 25) till the feast-day of St. Andrew the Apostle (December 21.)" He gave the Castle to his younger son Edmund, whom he created Earl of Leicester after the death of Simon de Montfort. Edmund after held a grand tournament here; at which there was a great and famous concourse of noble persons, whereof divers came from foreign parts." All the splendour that was usual on occasions, when princes made the show and nobles were the

players, was here exhibited. There were the tiltings, and the jousts, and the gay apparel, fair ladies, and brave knights. There were beating hearts and bright eyes; there were seen young gallants with their ladies' sleeves on their helmets, or the gloves of their darling; and many a spear was shivered for love of lady. But by award of the fair dames, Roger Mortimer and the Earl of March bore off the prizes and got the honours. And then there was the round table, as in good King Arthur's days, and a hundred knights and beauteous ladies sat thereat and feasted joyously; and afterwards there was dancing with the lovely damsels, who were all clad in silken mantles. So from the eve of St. Matthew the Apostle, till the morrow after Michaelmas, were ten days spent right pleasantly, and then all departed.

The next notable occurrence at the Castle was of a less cheerful character. Edward II., after he had been taken prisoner by the Earl of Lancaster in South Wales, was conveyed first to Ledbury, and then to Kenilworth, where he was carried in December, 1326. In January, 1327, a Parliament was assembled at Guildhall, and after receiving a report from a committee that had been deputed to visit the King, to the effect that he declined to return to his capital to confer with his Parliament on the exigencies of the state, though it is not at all likely that he would have been allowed to do so, had he been willing—they resolved that Edward was incapable of governing; and that his son should be crowned King in his stead. Edward was at Kenilworth when the deputation from the Parliament announced this resolution to him, and William Trassel, in the name of that assembly and of the whole people of England, solemnly withdrew the fealty and homage sworn to him. Edward remained at Kenilworth in close but mild confinement during the spring of this year; when he was conveyed to Berkeley Castle, and soon met with a barbarous death. In the reign of Henry III. the Castle was granted to John of Gaunt, who made large and costly additions to it. Dugdale assigns to him "the structure of all the ancient buildings here, now remaining, excepting Cæsar's tower and the outer walls and turrets, which were raised towards the latter end of the reign of Richard II. His son Henry IV. having inherited the Castle, re-united it to the domains of the crown. It received additions and reparations from the succeeding Sovereigns to the time of Henry VIII.," who bestowed much cost in the repairing thereof. By Elizabeth it was granted to her favourite Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who made it the magnificent place its ruins now show it to have been. Besides the gate-house, which still exists, and which, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "is equal in extent, and superior architecture, to the baronial Castle of many a northern chief;" he also built the gallery-tower at the end of the long jousting gallery, from whence the ladies might behold the tourneys, and the noble pile called "Leicester's buildings;" re-built Mortimer's tower, and enlarged the chase. In addition to all which he fitted up the whole interior

on a scale of splendour till then almost unknown. Dugdale says: "I have heard some, who w. . . his servants, say, that the charge he bestowed on this Castle, with the parks and chase thereunto belonging, was no less than 60,000*l.*;" a sum equal to at least half a million in our days.

The magic power of the Northern Wizard has brought the splendours of the "princely pleasures" wherewith Dudley greeted his royal mistress before us, much as those Eastern magi are said to exhibit to their visitants the reflections of distant scenes and personages—shadows indeed, but with life and motion in them. And however daring are the anachronisms with which the historic portions of the tale are filled, this part at least is as true as it is vivid.

Leicester died in 1588; he bequeathed Kenilworth to his brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, for his life, and the reversion to his son whom, in his will, he styles "my base son"), Sir Robert Dudley. Sir Robert succeeded, by the death of his uncle, to the possession of Kenilworth in little more than a year after the death of his father. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, of Stoneleigh, and, in the beginning of the reign of James, endeavoured to establish his legitimacy; which, if he had succeeded in doing, the Castle of Warwick and other large possessions would have accrued to him as heir to his uncle, who had left no issue. The testimony of his mother is remarkable, and has furnished Sir Walter Scott with many hints: he transferred much that belongs to her to Amy Robsart, who was acknowledged by Leicester as his wife. Dudley's mother was a Lady Douglas Howard, the grand-daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and widow of Lord Sheffield, at the time of Leicester's connection with her. Lord Sheffield was reported to have died of "a Leicester cold," in order to facilitate the intimacy. Her will, which was fully corroborated in all essential particulars, stated by effect that "she having been first contracted in Cannon-row,

him in her chamber, according to the forms of the Church of England, in the presence of Sir E. Horsey, Knt., that gave her in marriage, and also of E. Sheffield, Esq., and his wife, Dr. Julio,\* and five others named. The ring wherewith they were so married was set with five pointed (rose) diamonds and a table diamond, which had been given to the Earl by the Earl of Pembroke's grandfather, upon condition that he should not bestow it upon any but her whom he did make his wife.† And moreover, that the Duke of Norfolk was the prime mover of the marriage; but that the Earl, pretending a fear of the Queen's indig-

\* An Italian physician who is reported to have aided Leicester by preparing prescriptions that should effectually cure any whom Leicester wished him to exert his skill upon, and whose death was thought to have been brought about by a dose that Leicester compounded without his assistance.

† A custom, it will be remembered, Shakspeare often alludes to.

nation in case it should come to her knowledge, made her vow not to reveal it till he gave her leave." The Earl, if the evidence may be credited, continued to acknowledge her as his wife, and directed that she should be served in her retirement as a Countess; and spoke of the child, his son, as legitimate, till his marriage with the Countess of Essex. After which the two ladies were commonly spoken of as "Lord Leicester's two testaments," Lady Douglas being the old, and Lady Essex the new. To stop the scandal he attempted to persuade Lady Douglas to disclaim her marriage, offering her 700*l.* per annum "in the close arbour of the Queen's garden at Greenwich, in the presence of Sir John Huband and Geo. Digby, in case she would do so; and upon her refusing, terrifying her with protestations that he would never come near her, and that she should never have a penny of him." He afterwards offered her 1000*l.*, to deliver her son into the hands of Sir E. Horsey, captain of the Isle of Wight, intending, as she thought, but probably without cause, "foul play to him," as he did afterwards get possession of him and had him carefully educated. She further deposed, "that she believed he also meant to despatch her out of the world: for certain it is that she had some ill potions given her; so that with the loss of her hair and her nails, she hardly escaped death. As the only way to protect herself from his vengeance, she contracted marriage with Sir E. Stafford (a person of great honour and parts, and some time ambassador in France), whereof she deeply repented afterwards, as having done the greatest wrong that could be to herself and son." These proceedings were brought to a sudden stop, at the suit of Leicester's widow, the Lady Lettice: the Star Chamber ordered the papers to be sealed up, and the principal witnesses "to be held suspect." No allusion whatever is made in the order to the evidence of Lady Douglas. Sir Robert Dudley, "struck with amazement at this decision," immediately went off to Italy, where he remained for the rest of his life. James, having heard of the value of his estates, commanded him to return, and on his neglecting to do so, sequestered his property; reserving a dower to Lady Dudley, whom her husband has left behind. Dudley, having procured a dispensation from the Pope, married a lady in Florence, who accompanied him from England in the disguise of a page, and had several children, most of whom married into noble families. He was a great favourite with the Duke of Florence, who created him a Duke, and he assumed the title of Duke of Northumberland. Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., being desirous of obtaining Kenilworth, offered to purchase Dudley's title to it, and agreed to give him 14,500*l.* for it (by the King's Commissioners, who, by their own account, valued it at little more than half its real worth, it had been estimated at about twice that sum); but only 3,000*l.* were ever paid, and of that Dudley received none. On the death of Prince Henry, Kenilworth passed to his brother Charles as his heir, who bargained with the Lady Dudley for the purchase of her

jointure for 4,000*l*. He afterwards created her Duchess of Dudley, and in the patent declared that the legitimacy of Sir Robert Dudley had been fully established. When Cromwell was in the ascendant, Kenilworth was partitioned among his captains, and dismantled. It speedily became a ruin, and served, till the beginning of the present century, as a quarry for the neighbourhood. A strange melancholy creeps over the visitant as he wanders amid these grey grim ruins, and thinks of those who have been their inmates—of the scenes of festivity which they have witnessed—of the revolutions which have brought them to their present state of gloom and desolation, when they might still have been so fresh and so beautiful. "The historian of Warwickshire has given us 'the ground-plan of Kenilworth Castle,' as it was in 1640. By this we may trace the pool and the pleasance; the inner court, the base court, and the tilt-yard; Cæsar's tower and Mortimer's tower; King Henry's lodgings and Leicester's buildings; the hall, the presence chamber, and the privy chamber. There was an old fresco painting, too, upon a wall at Newnham Padox, which was copied in 1716, and is held to represent the Castle in the time of James I. Without these aids Kenilworth would only appear to us a mysterious mass of ruined gigantic walls; deep cavities, whose uses are unknown; arched doorways, separated from the chambers to which they led; narrow staircases suddenly opening into magnificent recesses, with their oriels looking over corn-fields and pasture; a hall, with its lofty windows and its massive chimney-pieces still entire, but without roof or flooring; mounds of earth in the midst of walled chambers, and the hawthorn growing where the door stood. The desolation would probably have gone on for another century; the stones of Kenilworth would still have mended roads, and been built into the cowshed and the cottage, till the ploughshare had been carried over the grassy courts, had not, some twenty-five years ago, a mill of middle age, with a lofty forehead and a keen grey eye, slightly lame but withal active, entered its gatehouse, and having looked upon the only bit of carving left to tell something of interior magnificence, passed into those ruins, and stood there silent for some two hours.\*

"Then was the ruin henceforth to be sanctified. The progress of desolation was to be arrested. The torch of genius again lighted 'up every room so spacious,' and they were for ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendour. There were to be visions of sorrow and suffering there too; woman's weakness, man's treachery. And now Kenilworth is a place which is worthily visited from all lands. The solitary artist sits on the stone seat of the great bay-window and sketches the hall, where he fancies Eliza-

knew not at the time of the visit who he was; and the frank manners and keen inquiries of the great novelist left an impression upon him which he described to us. The old man is dead.



beth banqueting. A knot of young antiquarians ascending a narrow staircase, would identify the turret as that in which Amy Robsart took refuge. Happy children run up and down the glassy slopes, and wonder who made so pretty a ruin. The contemplative man rejoices that the ever-vivifying power of nature throws its green mantle over what would be ugly in decay; and that, in the same way, the poetical power invests the desolate places with life and beauty, and, when the material erections of ambition lie perishing, builds them up again, not to be again destroyed.\*

Before quitting Kenilworth, let us just glance around the town. It consists of one long street, and the houses are decent-looking, but none remarkable. One thing will, however, not escape notice—the number of them that are closed. Kenilworth, in truth, is not in a flourishing state, and scarcely is likely soon again to be. The church is an interesting pile, having a doorway of the Norman period, richly carved. The other parts of it are of a later date, and not very striking in their character. Near the church stood the monastery for Augustinian friars, spoken of already. As there stated, it was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, when he erected his castle; in accordance with the strong religious feelings of those days, which led men almost always, when they raised a house for themselves to do somewhat towards erecting or adorning one for Him, in grateful acknowledgment that from Him was derived all which they possessed. Geoffrey provided so handsomely for his monks that it must have been their own fault if they fared amiss: assigning to them a tithe of all the eatables that entered the Castle; and a day's fishing in the castle-ponds each week, so that their Fridays needed not to have been fast-days. Along with these he gave them other substantial endowments. Those who succeeded him in the possession of the Castle, as may be supposed, did not neglect the friars. Lords and ladies vied with each other in adding to their possessions, till, as Dugdale says, "thus was their plenty very great, wanting nothing that might be useful to them in a full and fit manner, even to the meanest conveniences: King Henry III. granting them liberty to conduct spring water, by pipes, from a pure fountain which lay fit for that purpose, to the several offices in the monastery." They lost none of their good things till all was swept away by the most religious Henry VIII., when, of course, monastery and all else went to enrich some precious courtier, of like burning zeal with his master. There is "nothing now remaining of it, but a very great bell yet hanging in the present parish church," and perhaps a fragment of one of its walls.

The visitor will, no doubt, at once proceed from Kenilworth to Guy's Cliff: but our narrative must carry us back again to Stoneleigh Park.

After passing Stoneleigh abbey, the river makes a large curve

\* William Shakespeare: a Biography.

round the foot of a hill, probably that on which the original Castle of Kenilworth stood, and then winds back again, and quits the park at Ashow. All along there the scenery is exceedingly beautiful, whether the eye be directed up or down the stream. There is nothing to call for notice at Ashow, or at Chesford Bridge, the next place arrived at; nor, excepting that none of its beauty is there lost, at Blakedown Hill. The valley through which flows the river is crossed a short distance past this place by a long viaduct of the railway that runs from Coventry to Warwick; soon after which the stream runs under Hill Wotton and then close by the pleasant village of Leek Wotton. Near this last village is Blacklow Hill, where, on the 19th of June, 1312, was beheaded Pierce Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II. He had been carried to Warwick Castle; and there, as the barons were debating about his fate, a voice was heard from one of them—"You have caught the fox; if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again." This at once settled the matter. He was hurried to Blacklow Hill, and there immediately executed. In commemoration whereof this inscription was rudely cut in the rock: "P. GAVESTON, EARL OF CORNWALL, BEHEADED HERE + 1311." A few years back a cross was erected on the summit of the hill.

On the left side of our river stands Milverton Church, prettily situated on a low hill. The church is very small, with a little oddly-contrived wooden tower. Both tower and church-yard have a kind of make-shift appearance that is very curious. And scarcely less curious is the fashion in which the several objects about run into each other. The church seems a part of the adjoining farm-yard; the farm-yard appears to belong to the road; and the road loses itself in the fields. It is a grand sight to stand on the slope of this hill on a fine evening and look westward as the sun is disappearing behind the luxuriant woods of Guy's Cliffs and that romantic place, with its groves, cliffs, caves, its lofty trees and broad-spread stream, are all shining in the splendour of his departing largesse.

But what a dainty place that Mill of Guy's Cliff is as we come upon it this way! Never was such another mill surely. A long, low building it is, shaped in the quaintest fashion, with a lightsome, recessed, open gallery, supported by thin pillars, running along the front; a large black wheel, within a dark chamber, is at each end; a narrow roadway runs before it, separated from the river below by a sort of parapet wall formed of huge unhewn stones, over which a pretty lass is leaning to watch the sparkling and frothy water as it rushes out from the rough haudling of the great mill-wheel; a grove of stately elms leads to it; on one side is a wide weir almost like a cataract—placed, too, in one of the loveliest of spots—and raising, from its antique appearance, visions of the days when we fancy labour had so much of sunshine thrown around it. This mill is quite an object to treasure up in the memory.

Guy's Cliff itself has formed a theme for admiring description

from earliest times. Leland has left us an account of it, in which the good old antiquary breaks out into a most unwonted tone of enthusiasm. Dugdale quotes his account with full accord. Fuller swells out into a cheerful prean—almost forgetting, in his admiration, to make merry with it. It is no use going on: who ever saw it, and did not admire it? And, admiring, did not seek to describe it: in prose from Leland's time, and in verse from that of Drayton? I thought of spending a page or two upon it; but I will not. For mo Guy's Cliff shall be undescribed—I will not even give a list of its glories: untold by me shall be its majestic trees, its caves, its steep rocks, its pleasant walks, its lovely prospects; the beauty of the river there, the freshness of the verdure; the fragrant flowers, the clear springs; the seclusion, the tranquillity: none of these, or of the thousand other delights that gladden the senses there, will I speak of. Everybody speaks of them. But here is a little chapel, and in it a statue of a goodly knight, whom kings used to honour—and, better still, the poets have sung of, from our Homers the ballad-makers, who with hearty fulness rehearsed his deeds, down to Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Drayton, who have at least mentioned him. But nobody names him now. He is gone, forgotten, except by poetic antiquaries. Drayton informs us that

“Tow'rds Warwick with her train as Avon trips along,  
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely song—  
To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we owe.”

The learned have not determined exactly when Guy lived, and some even doubt whether he ever lived at all. Let them settle that: it is none of our business. His legend is too long, or it would be pleasant to tell it in its olden form, but there is here room only for the conclusion of it, which relates to this place. After he had slain Grendel, the Danish giant, at Winchester, he set out on his way alone and afoot, and so continued till he came to Warwick, where was his Castle, and where abode his beloved Phillis. And when he came there he waited at the door of his own house, and there his lady was wont every day to feed thirteen poor men with her own hand, desiring of them to pray for her lord and for herself. Him she knew not, but gave food to him for three days. Then he went to a fair rocky place beside the river that flows past his Castle, and there dwelt a holy man, whom Guy made himself known unto, but straitly forbade him to tell any man. Then he hewed himself a cell out of the rock, and there he dwelt, and no man knew him: and this cell is to be seen to this day, and the place is called Guy's Cliff in memory of him. But soon after he fell sick; and when he knew he was near to his death, he sent a ring to his lady, who knew nothing where he was, but sorrowed sore for him, signifying to her that she should come and bury him. She hastened to him instantly, and closed his dying eyes, and buried him where he desired, and soon after died also, and was laid beside him. And in memory of Sir Guy was set up a fair effigy which remaineth there until now.

Guy's Cliff was a favourite place with the hermits, many of whom have lived here sequestered from the world. "Some will say it is too gaudy a place for that purpose, as having more of a paradise than wilderness therein, so that men's thoughts would rather be scattered than collected with such various objects. But seeing hermits deny themselves the company of men, let them be allowed to converse with the rarities of nature; and such are the fittest texts for a solitary devotion to comment upon." (Fuller.) St. Dubritius was, if record be true, the first who fixed on it for that purpose, and here built an oratory. After him followed divers others; till in the eighth of Edward III., Thomas de Lewes, being a hermit, received the king's letter of protection for himself and his goods; and in the tenth of Henry IV., John Burry, a hermit, here had granted to him a salary of an hundred shillings by the year to pray for the good estate of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick as also the souls of the Earl's father and mother. King Henry, who being a brave man himself, loved the memory of other brave men, when a time at Warwick, came here to "do respect to the memory of Sir Guy, as also to view the rareness of the situation of the place, in that he was minded to found a chantry here for two priests; but death did not respecteth not mighty kings more than poor beggars, prevented him. However, the fore-named Richard Beauchamp desiring, that what the good king purposed to do might not fall to the ground, obtained licence of his successor to do what the king intended, and at his death he directed his executors to set up a goodly statue to his ancestor Sir Guy. One of the first of these chantry priests left a name that has come down to our own day—John Rous, one of the earliest of our antiquaries. He came here in the reign of Edward IV.; and while in this pleasant retirement wrote his 'Antiquities of Warwick,' relating his chief to its Earls, and a 'Chronicle of the Kings of England.' Dugdale made much use of his Antiquities. As I have already said, it is one of the very loveliest spots that can anywhere (out of a mountain region) be found. The old chapel remains, and by it is erected a handsome mansion, the residence of Bertie Greathead, Esq. The grounds are not extensive, but beautiful as those Boccaccio sung and Stothard painted.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—WARWICK.

THE approach to Warwick from the river is of surpassing beauty. Not on account of the town, for that is scarcely seen, but from the noble pile which dignifies it, and which rears its long front and dark towers with stern majesty against the sky. From no other spot is Warwick Castle seen to so great advantage as from the foot of the bridge which crosses the Avon on the Leamington road. The town lies away on the right, and nothing interferes with the magnificent edifice. The long embattled front stretches along the river; the lofty massive towers mark the extent of the hidden parts of the castle, and impart a severe grandeur to that which is seen, which the

black cedars and lofty heads of the Weymouth pines rather increase than detract from. The Castle is built upon a rock that here rises abruptly from the Avon, out of which rock and castle seem to grow. The river is broken by an islet or two, and its banks, up to the rock on which the castle is built, are low and swampy, and covered with osiers; and alders and willows fringe its borders and dip into the stream. Tall and stately trees gird the Castle, while on the low ground beneath its walls a few mean houses are crowded, as it were for protection. And thus in lordly isolation the Castle is seen undisturbed by aught that can interfere with its impressiveness—stern, stately, uninjured alike by time and the less tender hand of modern refinement.

If the visitor gazes from this spot as the sun is sinking behind the Castle and towers, trees and stream are clothed in a gorgeous mantle of hazy splendour, and the pinky mists are creeping up from the reedy waters below; or when the summer moon is casting over it a veil of solemn shadow, it will appear as though those grand old feudal times were returned, and here before him was indeed the Castle of a Nevil, and those huts from which the blue smoke is curling were the homes of his humble retainers; the flickering light at the Castle windows, the black towers, the huge mass of the building, the dark sky and the stars above, and the murmur of the water falling over the weir, and the still sough of the wind through the willows, the uncertain gloom, and the half-unconscious influence of the associations, will all assist in deepening the impressive sublimity of the scene.

Warwick Castle is undoubtedly the finest and most perfect remain of feudal splendour in England. Its history is in fact the history of the Earls of Warwick, and that were something of the longest for a work like this. Yet it will perhaps be excepted that a few words should be said about them. History acknowledges no Earl prior to the one created by the Conqueror. He was a Norman named Newburgh, and Newburgh continued to be the name of the Earls for a century and a quarter after his death, when the line became extinct. The Earldom passed to several of the collateral branches of the family, among others to William Mauduit, of whom mention has been made; but none of them leaving issue, in 1267, William Beauchamp, a nephew of Mauduit, succeeded him, and in his line it continued till 1449. Several of the Beauchamps were men of fame. Richard, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father Thomas, the eleventh Earl, in 1401, is the Earl whom Shakespeare makes Henry mention with so great honour at Agincourt:—

“ Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.”

His life was a busy one. He was actively engaged against the rebels in Wales in the early part of the reign of Henry IV., and took Owen Glendower's banner. He was present at the defeat of the Percies at the terrible battle of Shrewsbury, and for his services on that occasion was knighted by the King. He then visited the Holy Land, holding some jousts in the great continental cities he passed through on his way, like a true knight, "against all comers;" and he made good his challenge. In Palestine he was right sumptuously feasted by Baltredam, the soldan's lieutenant, because he had heard "that he was descended from the famous Sir Guy of Warwick," of whom they had accounts in their books. Baltredam, at parting, presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers clothes of silk and gold given to his servants. He was also in high honour with Henry V., under whom he served with distinction in France; he was sent by Henry as ambassador to arrange his marriage with Katherine, the daughter of the French King. In the reign of Henry VI. he carried over 9,000 men to reinforce the army in France under the charge of the Duke of Bedford; and when that nobleman soon after returned to England, Warwick supplied his place as Regent of France. In this office he greatly distinguished himself, particularly in the field. Three years afterwards he returned to England, and was appointed "Governor of the young king, instead of Thomas, Duke of Exeter, late departed to God." (Hall.) This office he continued to hold till 1437, when he succeeded the Duke of York as Regent of France. In 1439 he died at Rouen; his corpse was brought to England, and interred in the chapel erected for the purpose by his successors, and called after him the Beauchamp Chapel; of its kind perhaps only surpassed by that of Henry VII. at Westminster.

In 1449 Richard Nevil, eldest son of the Earl of Salisbury, was created Earl of Warwick on the decease without issue of Anne, Countess of Warwick: he derived his title to the earldom from his marriage with Anne, daughter of Richard Beauchamp, by his second wife. Of this Earl of Warwick it were idle to say anything. He is *the* Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, Shakspeare's Earl. All things considered, perhaps the most famous noble in the English Peerage—made so by a mightier King-maker than himself. He is the central figure in Shakspeare's history of the Wars of the Roses; from the moment of his uttering his "dreadful oath," till he "bids all farewell in death," he is the motive power in that strange contest; and though modern research has shown some matters in Shakspeare's account to be inaccurate, yet it has not removed Warwick from his pre-eminence, nor can it; Shakspeare's portraiture of the man is as true as it is masterly—and it is broad and forcible as one of Michael Angelo's giant-like statues. He could have been none other than Shakspeare drew—fierce, fearless, haughty, turbulent, yet with a chivalric honour. An Achilles without his steadiness of purpose, without his accomplishments, not

without his boasting or his vengeful spirit. Everything about him was on an enlarged scale. His father refers to his "house-keeping as having won him greatest favour of the commons,"\* and we may form a notion of the magnitude of his establishment, and of all about him and his house-keeping, by a few words from Slow, who tells us that "when Richard Nevil attended the parliament in London, he brought with him six hundred men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staffs, both before and behind; and were lodged in Warwick-lane: in whose house six oxen were oft eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for who that had any acquaintance in that house, he should have had as much sodden and roast as he might carry upon a long dagger."

After the death of the King-maker at Barnet field, his honours were forfeited, and the title was conferred on George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, who had married his daughter Isabel. He was murdered in the Tower, and attainted in 1178, but his son bore the title till he, in 1499, met a like fate with his father. From his death there was no Earl of Warwick till 1547, when Edward VI. conferred the title on John Dudley (afterwards created Duke of Northumberland), who was descended on his mother's side from Richard Beauchamp, the twelfth Earl. He, too, met with a violent death, being attainted and beheaded in 1553. Nine years afterwards, his second son, Ambrose Dudley (his eldest son was the celebrated Earl of Leicester), was restored in blood, and created Earl of Warwick by Queen Elizabeth. He died without issue in 1589; the first of his title who had died peacefully for a century and a half. The title remained in abeyance from this time till 1618, when it was conferred by James I. upon Robert, Lord Rich, in whose family it remained till the death of Edward Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland, without male issue, in 1759. It was then bestowed upon a descendant of Fulke Greville, and in that family it still remains. The Grevilles are descendants by marriage from the William Mauduit, above spoken of, created Earl of Warwick in 1267. By them the Earldom of Warwick is held in conjunction with that of Brooke.

The events that have happened in connection with the Castle have been less remarkable than might have been expected from the character and fortunes of its famous possessors. It has not undergone any prolonged or fierce sieges, partly perhaps because of its strength. In the early part of the Barons' war, as was mentioned, it was surprised by the Governor of Kenilworth Castle; in the Parliamentary war the royalist troops attempted unsuccessfully to obtain possession of it. Of course, as the chief residence of the Beauchamps and Nevils, it has been the scene of many a splendid and of many a grave occurrence: monarchs have been entertained in it, both as guests and as captives; and monarchs' favourites have been hurried from it to death.

\* 'Henry VI.' Part II., Act i., sc. I.

The entrance to the noble building is by a long, winding, and rather narrow passage, cut through the rock, from which you catch only occasional glimpses of the towers and battlements. It is not till the great gate-house is passed that its gigantic proportions are seen. A chained dog is its only warder now—a noble animal, who lies stretched under a great tree, and, as though conscious that he is there merely for show, he disdains even to question the visitors by a growl. That part of the castle which serves as a residence stands on your left, its principal front is towards the river, along which it stretches for four hundred feet. A strong outer wall, with all needful defences, encloses the great base court, and was surrounded by a wide and deep moat, but this is now drained and green. At the north east angle of the wall, the right hand corner—as you enter, is a large and massive tower, rising to a height of more than a hundred feet: it was erected in 1394, and bears the name of Guy, in honour perhaps of the famous Guy whose memory was cherished by the successive Earls of Warwick, some of whom have themselves borne the name. Its walls are ten feet thick; and it has rooms for its defenders, with loop-holes in them for firing from, so arranged as to command a wide extent. The view from its summit is a magnificent one. On the left is a still older and stronger tower, the great keep of the castle. This is called Cæsar's tower, and is deserving of careful regard. It rises out of a huge mass of rock, and as you stand at its base and look upwards, has a most grim aspect. In it is a dungeon cut out of the solid rock—a dismal place it must have been to get fastened into. The great range of buildings, which forms the lordly dwelling, has lost a little of its original appearance by the substitution of somewhat larger windows, but its character has been preserved as much as possible, consistently with rendering it a residence that should accord with the graces of our more polished age. The interior is fitted up with great splendour, and has some noble rooms. The great hall has recently been restored, so as to bear somewhat the appearance of feudal times—it had been, as the old all-praising description said, “adorned with a ceiling beautifully ornamented with plaster,” and other beautiful bedizenments. It is a fine room, sixty-two feet by thirty-seven; and in a dull winter's day, when it is lit up only by the huge logs that are burning on the hearth, with its antique furniture, the ancient arms that stand about, or are, along with branching antlers, suspended from its walls, it only requires a stalwart figure or two in buff jerkins to render the illusion complete—~~but~~ a glance at the silk stockings of the powdered footman, or even your own external map, puts all feudal fancies to instant flight. ~~There~~ are several rooms of fine proportions, and they are, as would be expected, richly furnished. This is not the place to describe them. That is the province of the printed ‘Guide’ and the living cicerone. One room, however, is deserving of especial notice, the cedar-room as it is called; it is of large size, and very striking from its cedar wainscoating, its splendid furniture, and its noble pictures:



and from its windows a view is obtained over the grounds that surpasses all besides.\* In this and other apartments in the castle is contained a large and fine collection of paintings. Several of Vandyke's portraits are here, and some of them of much historic interest. Indeed Warwick Castle is rather fortunate as well as rich in historic portraits, possessing among others Rubens' portrait of Ignatius Loyola, a striking picture, though one misses the dark keen thoughtful character of the man; it rather represents mystic or enthusiast, and though he was perhaps both, he was something besides: there is also a portrait of Gondomar by Velasquez; Charles I. and his Queen by Vandyke, and a long list of others. A curious collection of ancient arms and armour is arranged in a long gallery not less curious, being cut out of the massive walls. In striking contrast to which is "her Ladyship's boudoir," a little room fitted up in the highest reach of modern luxury. It is a dainty little place, full of dainty little contrivances, and should be seen if permission can be obtained: could the wife of the King-maker look upon the assemblage of nick-nackeries here collected, her astonishment would be unbounded. She would wonder what could have induced the invention of such an endless variety of unimaginable articles; and perhaps draw unfriendly comparisons between their flimsiness and her own more substantial and not less expensive paraphernalia—but no doubt, in the end, like a very woman, she would give the preference to the newest, and think their number not one too many.

The grounds of the castle are extensive, and beautifully laid out—not like Chastworth, but Chastworth gardens would be out of place here. In a large green-house in these grounds is the famous Warwick Vase, brought from Italy by the late Earl. It is of marble, and of very large size. Its beauty is such, as would alone render Warwick attractive. Before leaving the place altogether the porter at the gate-house will probably call the visitor's attention to the collection of arms and antiquities under his charge. It will here suffice to say that they are chiefly Sir Guy's eating and fighting gear: his porridge-pot (that will hold a dozen men), made of bell-metal, whose sonorous properties the porter will, by a curious manœuvre with Guy's cooking-fork, display; and also his sword, breastplate, and some other articles, from which the said porter informs you it is calculated that the Champion must have been eight feet and a half high or thereabouts, and proportionably broad. The porter is well convinced of the personality of Sir Guy, and it would be a pity if the guardian of the Knight's harness should be a traitor to him. Learned antiquaries have very carefully examined the armour and weapons, and they are quite satisfied that they could not be of so ancient a date by some centuries. But as the old porter says, "learned men are't always right," and so each visitor may follow either authority as his tastes may lead him.

\* Fuller has noticed this look-out in his own matchless way: "The prospect is pleasant in itself, and far more to the present owner there of the Right Honourable Robert, Lord Brooke, seeing the windows look into lands mostly of his possession."

The town of Warwick is placed on a gentle hill, a little apart from the Avon, the castle standing between them. It is a clean, pleasant town, and very ancient, tracing its pedigree *almost* to the Romans. Its history is not remarkably interesting, and may remain untold here. Although Warwick is an old town, it has about it not many ancient buildings. In 1694 more than half of it was destroyed by fire, and of course many of them then perished. Still there are some left: and of these the ecclesiastical edifices claim our first attention, of which St. Mary's church is the most important, and the most prominent. It stands in nearly the centre of the town, and its lofty tower is a landmark for miles. The church is large, with transepts, nave, chancel, and chapel. It was finished in 1394, the cost of its erection having been borne by the Earls of Warwick: until the dissolution of Henry VIII. it was collegiate. The present church is a barbarous admixture of styles, a large portion of the original edifice having been destroyed in the great fire of 1694. The tower, which is one hundred and forty-two feet high to the top of the pinnacles, the nave and transepts, were then re-built. The chancel and the Beauchamp (or Mary) chapel, escaped with much less damage than the other parts of the church; and although they suffered somewhat from the fire, and more from the repairs, they may be considered as ancient. The choir has a very beautiful stone groined ceiling, and is very fine in its effect: and the chancel well deserves Rickman's commendation: "it is an uncommonly beautiful specimen of perpendicular work; and the east front is remarkably fine—simple in its arrangements, yet rich from the elegance of its parts." But the glory of the place is the Beauchamp chapel, which it would be difficult to overpraise. It was erected, as has been mentioned, in accordance with the will of Richard Beauchamp by his executors. Beauchamp died in 1439, but the chapel was not commenced till 1443, nor finished till 1464. The body of the Earl was placed in a stone coffin, and remained near the tomb of his father till his own was ready to receive him in 1460.

This chapel is small, but so beautifully proportioned, and so exquisite in its details, as to delight all who visit it. It is arched and panelled, and has a small aisle on the north side. Beauchamp's tomb occupies the centre of the chapel, and there are several others of later date, but they, although some of them fine in themselves, rather detract from the unity of effect the chapel would otherwise possess. Beauchamp's is an altar tomb of marble, upon which is laid the statue of the Earl in plated armour. It is somewhat larger than life, of gilt brass, and in perfect preservation. A hearse of gilt hoops is placed over it, a great many small figures are about the tomb, and it is literally powdered with bears and staffs, one or other of the insignia being inserted between every three or four words of the long inscriptions, as well as every-where else that a place could be found for them. About the middle of the seventeenth century the floor of the chapel fell in, and the coffin of the Earl being thereby broken, his body was exposed; at first it appeared little decayed, but after a short time it mouldered away. The ladies of Warwick

had rings and other ornaments made of his hair: it is not said that they had bracelets and necklaces made of his bones, so that they may yet remain.

Dugdale has preserved some most interesting records of the construction of this chapel; from which it appears to have been begun in 1448, and completed in 1464, at a cost of 2,481*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* A sum probably equivalent to nearly twenty times as much at the present day; the price of an ox, as he mentions, being then 13*s.* 4*d.*, and that of a quarter of bread-corn 3*s.* 4*d.* The artists employed appear to have been nearly all Englishmen. Of those engaged in constructing the monument, one only was a foreigner, Bartholomew Lambespring, a Dutchman, who, with William Austen, made the figures: all the artists were resident in London. The figures which Lambespring made were, however, only the secondary ones; Austen was the principal artist. The agreement with Austen for the figure of the Earl is as follows:—"Will. Austen, citizen and founder of London, xi. Feb. 28. H 6, doth covenant to cast and make an image of a man armed, of fine latten (brass) garnished with certain ornaments, viz., with sword and dagger; with a garter, with a helm and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear musted (muzzled), and a griffin perfectly made of the finest latten, according to patterns; all of which to be brought to Warwick and laid on the tomb at the peril of the said Austen; the Executors paying for the image, perfectly made and laid, and all the ornaments in good order, besides the cost of the said workmen to Warwick, and working there to lay the image, and besides the cost of the carriages, all which are to be borne by the said Executors, in total £40." There is also another covenant made with him two years afterwards, "to cast, work, and perfectly to make of the finest latten, to be gilded that may be found, xiv. images embossed, of lords and ladies in divers vestures, called weepers to stand in housings made about the tomb, those images to be made in breadth, length, and thickness like unto xiv. patterns made of timber. Also he shall make xviii. less images of angels, to stand in other housings, as shall be appointed by patterns, whereof ix. after one side and ix. after another. Also he must make an hearse to stand on the tomb according to a pattern; the stuff and workmanship to the repairing to be at the charge of the said Will. Austen. And the Executors shall pay for every image that shall lie on the tomb, of the weepers so made in latten, xiiis. iv*d.* And for every image of angels so made vs. And for every pound of latten that shall be in the hearse xd. And shall pay and bear the costs of the said Will. Austen for setting the said images and hearse." The total cost of the monument was 178*l.* It appears by no means clear from the mention made in the covenant of the "modles of timber," whether Austen was the designer of the figures as well as the caster. It is most probable, however, he was both, as we know the early founders and sculptors in metal usually were: the artist being seldom in early times dissociated from the workman. Be it as it may, he

is the only claimant for this figure, which is, in England at least, unequalled by any other of that age; and many good judges, Flaxman among others, have thought it not surpassed by the productions of any of his more famous Italian contemporaries. Besides its high merit as a work of art, it is considered to afford the finest example of the armour of that period. It may be remarked that "John Prudde of Westminster, glazier and painter on glass," who was to prepare and set up the chapel windows, "in the finest wise, of the best, clearest, and strongest glass of beyond the sea, and no glass of England, and of the finest colours," was in like manner, with Austen, to cause all the paintings to be done "according to patterns on paper to be delivered by the executors."

There are several other monuments in this chapel, and some of them of interest. One is to the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth; that is a very splendid monument, but inferior to Beauchamp's; it is also an altar-tomb with a recumbent statue on the top. A memorial to his wife, the Countess of Essex, is just by; and also a mural monument to his son, "the noble Imppe Robert of Dudley, Baron Denbigh," as the inscription has it. Fuller says, "women are most delighted with the statue of the infant baron," and so they remained despite of all changing fashions, by which they are slanderously reported to be so much affected. Another fine altar-tomb and statue is that of Ambrose Dudley, brother of the Earl of Leicester. All these, as well as the chapel, are largely decked with the famous crest,

"The rampant bear chaig'd to the ragged staff."

In the church is a handsome marble monument to the ancestor of the present Earl of Warwick. It has no statue, but around its sides an inscription of the noblest kind:—"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, Friend to Sir Philip Sydney." He was also the friend of lesser men:—"His merits to me ward," says Stow, "I do acknowledge, in setting this hand free from the daily employments of a manual trade, and giving it full liberty thus to express the inclinations of my mind, himself being the procurer of my present estate." A more elaborate account of St. Mary's church than has yet been published, is understood to be in preparation by the Warwick Archæological Society, and will, no doubt, from the abundance of the materials, be of much value.

There are some curious gate-houses in the town, the upper part of one of which is now used as a school-room; it formerly served as a church. Another old building originally belonged to the United Brethren of the Guilds of the Blessed Virgin and of St. George the Martyr. At the dissolution of all such religious establishments, in the reign of Henry, it was first given to Sir Nicholas l'Estrange, and afterward became the property of the Dudley family. Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, from piety or ostentation, converted it

into an hospital for twelve impotent or infirm men, to be selected from Warwick, Stratford, and one or two other towns, preference being given to soldiers, and there was to be also a master, who was to act as chaplain. The endowment has so greatly increased in value, that it has been found sufficient to support twenty-two brethren with salaries of \*80*l.* per annum, and to raise the master's salary to 400*l.* per annum. The building has been so enlarged and altered as to retain but little of its original appearance.\* The other buildings are of the kind usually seen in a county-town: there is a market-house, a town-hall, with a county-gaol adjoining to it, and a bridewell opposite; large inns; and a grammar-school.

The stranger will of course visit Leamington, about a mile and a half on the other side of the Avon. It is an entire contrast to Warwick, which, with its castle and church, with its gorgeous monuments, and its old houses, has quite the air of an ancient town; while Leamington, with its pump-rooms and baths, its long streets of fresh smart lodging-houses, its assembly-rooms and Jullien concerts, is as thoroughly modern.—*Rambles by Rivers, the Avon.*

## A WEEK IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

BY THE DRUID.

—  
 “I sing  
 Of lawyers, with a tinge of copper,  
 Quite professional and proper.”  
 —

*Westminster Worthies. New Trial Motions. Swearing in the Lord Mayor. The Sheriff-pricking.*

WHAT can people mean by their stereotyped phrase “dry and musty law”? I really know hundreds who protest that they would as soon go and reside at Herne Bay or St. Alban's, as attend the sittings of the courts in *Banco*. “Give us,” they say, “a good startling case at the Old Bailey, where we can hear——making one of his slashing defences or watch——tearing one of our fellow-creatures to pieces in the witness box, till he appeals wildly to the Bench for protection, and we don't care if we do pay two shillings to the gallery-usher, and sit for six hours without stirring; but as for that Westminster——” Well! I used to hold pretty nearly the same opinions till I had the misfortune to become interested in a *rule nisi*, in one

\* There are a few old half-timber houses of elaborate construction that must not be overlooked in rambling through the streets.

of the courts there, and had to sit for a whole week waiting to see it "moved" on the subject. Perhaps ultimate success biased my mind; but, adopting the language of the other side of the Hall, "I am free to confess" that my opinion as to the dulness of law-proceedings is now totally changed. The magnificent affability of the judges to each other was positively refreshing, after the snapping matches which I have occasionally witnessed at the Borough Hall, or the judgment-seat of the Dog and Scissors, in my native county town. The honied courtesy, moreover, with which they expressed their dissent from the rulings of other courts, reminded me of Lord Kenyon's mode of turning the tables on to a Lord Chancellor three-and-fifty years ago. What could be more soothing than this? "I know not on what evidence his lordship went; but that he is possessed of great abilities and most splendid talents, no man needs to be informed." England may well be proud of her judicial bed-roll; and one can sympathise in the manly tears of the venerable Judge Storey, when, after building himself a name which can never fade from the legal memory of nations, he found himself on the very eve of his departure, too weak to cross the Atlantic, and indulge his life-cherished hope of seeing Westminster Hall before he died. Still, with all their gravity, the Judges were but men; and hence one of them, with a wonderfully arch expression of countenance, kept up a regular artillery of jokes over my head every day he attended. One of these was directed at a gallant counsel, who jumped up four distinct times, when we all thought he was done, to make a last effort to "get his rule on all three points," as he said. However—"You're like the auctioneer, Mr. —, always '*gbing, going*;' I hope you're '*gone*!' at last," was the only consolation he received. A junior could hardly venture on a joke, as he is not privileged to look on a judge as "~~a~~ man and a brother." Serjeants it seems are; so when their lordships complained that the front bench did not sit in order of seniority, the stoutest and wittiest of that fraternity arose, and assured them that "it is owing to the utter impossibility of squeezing past me!" It was really a good, jolly joke; and amazingly tickled the audience were with it. Only one person refused to take it, and that was "the little lady of the Temple," who had seated herself beside me, with her black shawl on her arm, and a look of Thurlow gravity on her countenance, which would have done honour to any Common Law or Equity goddess. Law, in her mind, is far too grave an institution to admit of jokes. I should just say it is.

To judge from the number of new-trial motions on the paper, there must have been a vast amount of bad "rulings" or bad verdicts during the last summer circuit. Some counsel would have it that there had been "mis-directions" by the judge; others charged him with "non-reception of evidence;" while a third protested that he had not only been refused a peremptory challenge, which was to have knocked all strong anti-Puseyites off the jury, but was also told by his lordship, at the very next assize town, that his idea of having

experienced such a refusal was all "an hallucination." The juries, too, had a fearful weight of misdeeds to answer for. Some had been "perverse," and flown directly in the face of the summing-up; others had decided out of pure native stupidity "against the weight of evidence;" and one had gone and "miscarried of its verdict" altogether. Counsel were also instructed to complain of "surprises," and to express the very strongest dissatisfaction with the decisions of single judges at chambers, or in the less dignified precincts of county courts. We were nearly an hour and a half dealing with one of the latter dignitaries; and it was decided "that he had refused to do justice, and that therefore the court would not let him do injustice." This was a very stupid case; so I took a turn into another court, where a serjeant was discoursing quite eloquently on ferrets. It seems that a man, who didn't fully know his own ferret by sight, had been robbed of it, and would never have got it back again if its ancient owner had not come to his aid. He was a blind man; but still he knew it by a favourite rat-bite swelling near the root of its tail, and thus triumphantly established its identity. I took my seat again pondering over the strange connection of ferrets with swollen tails, and the Hall of William Rufus; and really sympathized with an attorney, who was sent on his way rejoicing, with a most signal triumph over a taxing master. Then, as if to keep things square, one of his legal brethren failed, after a sad tale of woe, in his efforts to recover his bill from a company which "had never got on to its legs." After that, there was such a dull case about long-weight, multiples, &c., that although it "was of the most vital interest to the iron trade of the United Kingdom," I was fain to take a second turn into another court. Here I was mightily pleased with the triumph of a cabman over his employer, who had defaced his licence by writing "*Discharged 1s. 4d. short*" across it. How little this mighty autocrat expected, as he wielded his goose-quill, that "an action would lie" in consequence! A smart little episode about grapes and canary birds was going on when I resumed my favourite seat. As far as I could understand it, a baronet had hired a mansion, and instead of respecting the functions of the hot-house, had hung up two cages of canary birds, and smoked several cigars in it. The landlord would have it that this was "waste," and that the presence of the canaries clearly converted the vinery into an aviary. How the vines were destroyed did not appear, and the judges seemed quite non-plussed on the point. One asked if the cigar-smoke did it; and another could think of no blast but the breath of the birds. The next case of "waste" was really frightful. A defendant had built three thread-paper sort of houses, sold the two outer ones, and then pulled down the middle one, "digging a hole" (as the declaration plaintively observed), "and thereby causing the plaintiff's two houses to sink into the earth." The court said that the defendant had clearly no right to pull down the middle house, and I shall remember that whenever I have any money to build with.

After this, there was a nice little quarrel between a jockey and some sporting man or other, about poisoning a horse\* who was called after a cheese. This sad practice is, however, such an unfathomable mystery to me, that I cared much more for some revelations about the salary of a popular actor. He had been dismissed in the middle of the season, and had lighted on a careless attorney, who now prayed and besought the court, through some affidavits, to set his mistake right for him, by allowing him to pay back some money into court, and go at the manager again. The candle-trade then came in for a turn; and a learned knight dwelt for full half an hour, with all the unction of a tallow-chandler, on opaquo, bismuth, and helyx wicks. No wonder I looked so attentively at my own, that evening, to see under which head I ought to class them. If I had only paid sufficient attention, I ought also to have become quite knowing in the brick-trade, as the floor of the court in front of me was nearly choked up, one afternoon, with two rival models and their demonstrators. One called itself a "brick-pressing machine," and was alleged to press the bricks on *every* side; while the other was "the original brick-making machine." ("The Original Barking Carrier" was examined in the Bail Court), which, according to its opponents, only pressed them on *one* side. I grew so weary at last of bent levers, revolving shafts, and mould-boxes, into which a strip of paper was always running to typify the course of the clay, that I was even thankful to have a culvert case called on. From this I gathered that a certain old man who had lived near this culvert some forty years ago, had taken into his head to commit a fraud, and had never been heard of since, till his son brought him back last summer, to swear about an ancient payment in respect of the water. Forty years must be ample time for repentance; but the opposite party seemed to insinuate that the old gentleman was still not very nice in what he said. These rights are sadly tiresome things; and hence I should have cared very little to hear a long argument about the legal right of a heifer to wander from Chigwell to Wanstead, if the counsel had not told us how the Crown keep a solitary stag, and turn it out for one month in the year, in order to keep up their dear-forest privileges. I couldn't help thinking that the Templars ought to get their "little lady" appointed ranger of that forest, to sympathize with their deer, during the dull month which the law imposes on it. When we had got the deer case nicely settled, there was a long talk about two bailiffs, who had committed a double illegality by breaking into a man's house through a window, at one o'clock on a Sunday morning. Of course they tried to shelter themselves in a cloud of legal dust, about

\* I understand that this case is quite hushed up, and that the hush-money was paid by an exturfit, who did not want to be subpoenaed. Mr. Edwin James's cross-examination of this witness would have probably brought out one of the blackest Turf stories that the world has heard for many a long day. A desperate and most cruel attempt on a Derby winner, the evening before the race, was also likely to have formed part of the disclosures. May the disgrace of the parties in question teach the Turf a life lesson.



a *continuando* ; but the judges were far too sharp for them. \* The "peremptory challenge" case was a very exciting one. A clergyman, who had quarrelled with his squire, went to the Quarter Sessions, and got possession of the parish tithe map, on the plea that the principal parishioners wished him to keep it. On hearing this, the squire wrote to him, and assured him that thirty of the most respectable did not wish him to keep it. The clergyman not only left this letter unanswered, but cut its writer dead when he next met him. This so enraged the squire that he called the clergyman "a liar," and the latter returned the compliment by breaking his bird's-eye cane over the former's shoulders. When they came to trial, the plaintiff swore that "he was in such a state of confusion," one of the judges asked if he didn't mean "contusion,") "that he could hardly remember whether he was hurt or not." The jury, however, decided that he was, and nearly beggared the clergyman by a £300 verdict. A transition was then made from the establishment to the affairs of a Baptist missionary, who had gone to the coast of Africa, and sold an iron ship, called "The Dove," to some captain or other. This mariner did not know that there must be a drawee to a bill, and had therefore sent one home for the amount, in a perfectly insane shape. Being once on ships, we plunged into a steam-tug dispute. "The Earl of Ashburton's" captain had, it seems, telegraphed to Liverpool that he was fast in Dundrum Bay ; but when a steam-tug got there, his lordship had sailed, and required a great deal of hunting up, for which the tug insisted on charging extra. From the steamer we digressed to a sad' accident, which was occasioned by a horse running over a poor ginger-beer seller, who was nearly killed, and then dragged to gaol with hardly a whole bone in his body, because he couldn't pay the costs of his trial.

I was not, however, contented with hearing this little epitome of common life, as reflected in the new trial motions ; but I also determined to stop and see the Lord Mayor sworn in. Business was very dull that morning. In fact, I only remember that the judges poked a little fun at a Q. C., who had a wretched bad case, and would not grant him a *rule nisi* ; and that "a stuff" showed the expectant crowd of what stuff motions are made, by moving for one to inspect a mill which was supposed to be infringing a patent. When the Court had called upon every counsel it knew by name to move, and every counsel, whether called upon or not, had intimated by a bow that he had nothing to move, it adjourned for half-an-hour. All the desks were then pushed out of sight, and the judges came back in knee-breeches, buckles, and flowing wigs, with black caps perched on the top of them, as if they were going to pronounce sentences of death on the Corporation outright. The Queen's Remembrancer sat below them, in a wig quite as capacious, surmounted by a three-cornered hat, such as physicians used to wear in the plays of the eighteenth century. The first great person I saw, after the trumpets had begun to Bray outside, looked nothing short of a venerable Field Marshal. It

turned out, however, that he had grown white in the campaigns of the Lumber Troop, and was merely therein scarlet and gold to usher in his civic master. That great potentate, preceded by one of the Sheriffs and the Sword-bearer, then took up his position, in his three cornered black feather hat on the right of the Recorder, while the late Lord Mayor stood bareheaded on the Recorder's left. As for the Sword-bearer, he stood bolt upright in the Queen's Counsel bench by the side of his lord, with his sheathed weapon in his hand. I should say that for rank absurdity his cap is quite unrivalled. It is made of brown fur, and gets wider and wider as it ascends. There is also such a huge red velvet hollow in the crown, that although I cannot perhaps answer for a Bramah-pootra, I feel sure that any ordinary Polish hen could hatch a brood in it. The city, I am told, consider it as part of his head for the time being, and he would not think of taking it off in the presence of Royalty itself, much less when only confronted with a Chief Baron. It took a good deal to get the Aldermen well settled into line, and then the Recorder began his speech. Of the Corporation, he of course said that it "manfully invited inquiry"—that if it had any little "deformity," there was really no one but Old Time to blame for it, and that he was sure it would rise "invigorated" from the ordeal. I liked the clever tact with which he got over a very perilous task; and the versatile, dignified reply of the Chief Baron was mighty pleasant to listen to. When the speechifying was finished, the Recorder presented four writs, and moved that they be recorded, and the Chief Baron gravely said, "Let it be recorded" to each of them. Each of the three Puisne Judges had then a turn at the Lord Mayor, and made him swear an oath. One concerned escheats, another treated of ships and coals, and a third seemed to speak about gauging sundry pots of honey and oil.

All these duties the Lord Mayor swore nobly to observe; and again the Field Marshal came into play, and made his troops file off into the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas. Here the dinner invitations were repeated, and a warrant of attorney deposited, and in another ten minutes his lordship was on the bosom of his own dirty Thames again. The process was rather a long one, but it only sharpened my appetite for the Sheriff-pricking.

From Guildhall to the "broad acres" of England was rather a refreshing transition; and really, after the gorgeous ginger-bread spectacle of the Wednesday, this struck me as quite a sparkling little drama. Nine judges officiated in it, it is true; but they seemed in a highly jocular mood, and formed quite a merry *conversazione*, instead of a stern meeting of big-wigs. Again were the desks wheeled off, and paper and pens laid for fourteen on the judicial dais. The Queen's Remembrancer, with the remembrancer of his own, in the shape of a wigged clerk with a bundle of parchments, appeared in the witness box this time; and at the head of the fourteen, close by the witness box, sat the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a gown perfectly stiff with gold embroidery. Then came

the Lord Chancellor and Earl Granville, the three chief judges in order of precedence, and the six puisnes according to seniority. The two clerks of the Privy Council, who played a very prominent part, were seated at the end of the lower dais near the Remembrancer, who opened the proceedings by swearing Mr. Gladstone in Norman French to take care that the pricking was done fairly. He then commenced the counties alphabetically; and when Mr. Grevile had told the court how many of the present list were dead or disqualified, he demanded of the judges to propose one, two, or three names, as the case might be, to complete the requisite trio for '54. Each of the circuits was represented by one of the judges, who went it last summer, and now appeared armed with a large brief, containing the names of the gentlemen to be proposed, and all the letters of excuse and medical certificates which had been sent to him. The judges seemed quite to enjoy this glimpse of their old counsel days, and rose and read the certificates and commented on the excuses with a great deal of gusto and dry humour. Of course, all the knotty points were referred to Mr. Gladstone, and his lordly assessor, who had plenty of sly fun poked at him by his old legal comrades. So many on the list were excused or disqualified, or put back for a couple of years, that really some quiet country gentlemen, who perhaps hardly knew that they were on the list, must have very unexpectedly found "greatness thrust on them," and had troubled dreams of javelin men and liveries, after reading their London paper on the ensuing Monday. The excuses were of the most varied kind, and did great honour in some instances to the versatility of the bucolic mind. Had the writers of the latter only pictured to themselves one tithe of the merriment which their reading occasioned, they would have tossed ink and paper aside, and boldly prepared to meet their fate. One, for instance, wished to be excused, "because he would have a great deal more money when his mother died;" but as his learned proposer had "enquired and found that his mother was a very young woman," there was no escape for him. I hope she will pull out her cheque book in due season, and support the honour of the family. Another rested his claim to relief, simply on the grounds that he "was educating his children himself." This plea, however, met with as little pity as that of a certain lord, who urged that because he was "in waiting" on her Majesty, he could not in reason be expected to perform the same office by her judges. There were some sad exposures of money difficulties. One poor lord had been wholly ruined—a very sad case indeed. Chancery proceedings had reduced another suitor for mercy, "from several thousands to less than £500 a year;" and another had been "obliged to put down his carriages and horses, and nearly all his servants, in consequence of the discovery of a fraud in a will," from which he had derived a large annual income. The poor fellows could not have appealed to a more merciful tribunal, and such dark passages in life contrasted strangely with the forced excuses of men apparently in full vigour

and pocket. Two or three of the "forcers" could only vow that they had "a determination of blood to the head, and could not sit in a crowded court." They all tried to imply it, but one boldly said "that he was of a highly nervous disposition, and strongly recommended to avoid all excitement." I involuntarily pictured to myself a stout thirteen-stone gentleman, in a green coat with gilt buttons, and a cheek handkerchief, writing this sad character of himself in his study, and then settling with his groom whether *Rob Roy* or *Clinker* was to go on to the meet next day. Some of them may be held as they describe; but as the shrivealty is, after all, no such very exciting and onerous affair, these symptoms were tacitly traced back, not to an unwonted activity in the jugular, but to a sudden sluggishness in the purse vein, and met with very little consideration in consequence. There was one astounding and elaborate certificate from a village apothecary, which dwelt largely on the patient's "viscera," and was proceeding to admit the Council, step by step, to his mucous membrane, when Mr. Gladstone hurriedly struck in, and accepted the excuse. A militia officer also greatly distinguished himself, and fired off a brace of pleas. In the first, he quoted an Act of Parliament, chapter and verse, which declared that no militia-man ought to serve; but alas for this military jurist! one of the oldest judges shook his head, and said that the act had been repealed. "He has also another ground," added the proposing judge, in a gravely comic tone, and that is—"private and domestic matters of very great importance, which occupy a very large portion of my time." This set the whole court in a roar, in the midst of which the unhappy warrior was pricked without more ado. When the prickings were finished, the new list was read over, and I heard one of the crowd remark, that the head of one of the lists had been dead full seven months. However that may be, I liked the learned frolics of the fourteen wise prickers most amazingly, and I shall (D. V.) most certainly "put in an appearance" at Westminster, on the next "*Morrow of St. Martin's*."—*London Sporting Review for March*.

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## BIRD ARCHITECTURE.\*

CHAPTER VIII.—PLATFORM-BUILDERS—WOOD-PIGEONS—AMERICAN  
PIGEONS—EAGLES.

It seems an essential property of a nest that, it should be constructed so as to secure the eggs from rolling out; and the term accordingly always suggests the idea of a cup-shaped cavity, more or less hollow. Many species, however, which nestle on the ground are neither at the trouble of selecting a hollow place nor of excavating one, but content themselves with a horizontal flat, there being little danger in such positions of the egg tumbling about. Even should they be moved, the mother-bird can easily re-arrange them. In some cases also, such as that of the roach, which nestles on bare rocks, the mother-bird lays only a single egg. We can easily understand why the nests of birds which nestle on the ground are constructed with little art; but what are we to say to the practice of a considerable number of birds which nestle on trees and other lofty and exposed situations, and form a flat horizontal nest without the slightest cavity or depression for containing the eggs and young.

The best-known nest of the description is that of the cushat, ring-dove, or wood-pigeon, which is by no means rare in those parts of the empire where there is much woodland. But it does not always confine itself to the shelter of thickets, for we knew a pair breed for several years at the edge of a corn-field, in a large solitary hawthorn overhanging the river Ayr, at Sorn, in Ayrshire, although there was a wood of considerable extent on the opposite bank. This, however, must be considered rather an exception to the general rule. In Darent Wood, in Kent, we have observed half a dozen wood-pigeon's nests, all within sight, about eight or ten feet from the ground, and usually upon the forks of an oak-branch, without any apparent protection for them from above. On the contrary, the situation of most of them was peculiarly unsheltered and exposed. The nest itself again, is a very slight structure, and still less calculated for warmth or shelter, the hot nature of the parent birds, according to Albertus Magnus, not requiring this. It may with the utmost propriety be called a platform, being composed of a flat pile of twigs, not artfully interwoven, as is stated in some books, but laid cross-ways upon one another in a rather loose manner, though not without neatness and attention to symmetry, for when completed, the structure is always very nearly circular. The larger and longest twigs, chiefly those of birch, are laid as a foundation, the sizes chosen becoming smaller as the work advances. It is mentioned that in some instances the eggs may be seen through the twigs from below; but the nests which we found on the exposed oak boughs in Darent Wood were more

\* Continued from No. XXXVII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

than an inch thick. We have remarked, indeed, that the quantity of materials forming the nest is regulated by the particular situation in which it is placed. Those in the forks of oak boughs were thick, because the boughs themselves afforded no secure platform; but when the nest is, as we have frequently seen it, on the flat branch of a spruce or silver fir, a very thin layer of fine twigs only is constructed. (J. R.)

The turtle-dove builds a nearly similar nest, choosing the tallest trees in the darkest and coolest woods. In the southern counties of England its nests are frequently to be met with.

The platform mode of building affords very strong evidence that the ring-dove is not the original species of the numerous varieties of the domestic pigeon, which never attempts to build on trees or any similar situation, and does not even use the same materials—but selects hay or straw instead of twigs. This circumstance has led recent authors to derive the domestic pigeon from the stock-dove, which has a somewhat similar manner of nestling. White of Selborne, however, was much inclined to believe that the stock-dove constructs its nest on trees like the ring-dove; but it appears to be ascertained that it does not. Temminck says positively, that “the nest is always found in the holes of trees,” and we know that it is built with twigs; though even this will be far from proving their identity with the house-pigeon, which never makes its nest in such a situation, and never uses twigs. On the contrary, Pallas tells us, that in the south of Russia the common pigeons breed wild in the turrets of the village churches and the steep rocky banks of rivers. Colonel Montagu, on the other hand, is quite decided that the stock-dove is the domestic pigeon in a wild state; and Latham, though not without hesitation, is disposed to agree with him. Mr. Selby thinks that Montagu never saw a specimen of the stock-dove at all, but mistook the rock-dove for it.

We are of opinion that Montagu and Latham have confounded the stock-dove with the rock-pigeon. This species is distinguished by the constant character of two black bands crossing the wings, which the stock-dove never has, while the latter is also an inch or two longer. The only place where we have ever seen the rock-pigeon in a wild state was at Howford, near Mauchline, in Ayrshire, where two or three pairs nestle on the cliffs of the romantic rocks overhanging the river, but in situations so inaccessible that we never knew them robbed by the most daring boys. It would be hard to say whether these had strayed from some neighbouring dove-cot, or had originally come thither from some wild brood, though the former is not so probable, as instances, we believe, are rare of domestic pigeons voluntarily deserting their birth-place. (J. R.) They breed, we are told, on rocks on the coast at Brighton and other places. They are also found in great numbers in the cliffs at St. Aldhelm's Head in the Isle of Purbeck.

With respect to the domestication of the ring-dove, White says,

"I had a relation in this neighbourhood who made it a practice, for a time, whenever he could procure the eggs of a ring-dove, to place them under a pair of doves that were sitting in his own pigeon-house; hoping thereby, if he could bring about a coalition, to enlarge his breed, and teach his own doves to beat out into the woods, and to support themselves by mast. The plan was plausible, but something always interrupted the success; for though the birds were usually hatched and sometimes grew to half their size, yet none ever arrived at maturity. I myself have seen these foundlings in their nest displaying a strange ferocity of nature, so as scarcely to bear to be looked at, and snapping with their bills by way of menace. In short, they always died, perhaps for want of proper sustenance; but the owner thought that by their fierce and wild demeanour they frightened their foster-mothers, and so were starved."

Salerne says that the poulterers of Orleans buy, in the season of nests, a considerable number of ring pigeons, as well as turtle-doves and rock-pigeons, which are found nestling in churches, towers, the walls of old castles, and rocks. They are considered to be deserters from dove-cots. Buffon thinks this proves that the ring-doves, like other pigeons and turtles, can be reared in domestication, and that these may have given origin to the largest and most beautiful of the dove-cot pigeon. M. Le Roy, also, assured Buffon that young ring-pigeons, taken from the nest, were easily tamed, and fattened very well; and even that the old ones caught in nets were easily reconciled to live in confinement.

The American pigeons seem to be also platform-builders, like our ring-dove and turtle; for example, the Carolina pigeon, which, according to Wilson, commences building about the beginning of May, the nest being "very rudely constructed, generally in an evergreen, among the thick foliage of the vine, in an orchard, on the horizontal branches of an apple-tree, and in some instances on the ground. It is composed of small twigs, laid with little art, on which are scattered dry fibrous roots of plants, and in this almost flat bed are deposited two eggs of a snowy whiteness."

A similar mode of building is practised by the American passenger-pigeon, the most prolific of the whole family, and perhaps of all other birds, if the numbers reared be regarded, though it seems to be ascertained that the female only lays a single egg at one hatch. This singular bird inhabits a wide and extensive region of North America, though it does not seem to be known westward of the Great Stony Mountains; but spreads all over Canada, and ranges as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.

The numbers of these birds which associate in their breeding-places almost surpass belief; but the facts are too well authenticated to admit of any doubt. These breeding-places are always in the woods, and sometimes occupy a large extent of forest. "When they have frequented," says Wilson, "one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and

underwood destroyed ; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another ; and the trees themselves for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe. The marks of this desolation remain for many years on the spot : and numerous places could be pointed out where, for several years after, scarce a single vegetable made its appearance. By the Indians, a pigeon-roost, or breeding-place, is considered an important source of national profit and dependence. The breeding-place differs from the former in its greater extent. In the western countries above mentioned, these are generally in beech-woods, and often extend in nearly a straight line across the country for a great way. Not far from Shelbyville, in the State of Kentucky, about five years ago, there was one of these breeding-places, which stretched through the woods nearly in a north and south direction ; was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent ! In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests, wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it altogether, with their young, before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with waggons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me, that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strowed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the young from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upwards the top of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber ; for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and contrived to fell them in such a manner, that in their descent they might bring down several others by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred young, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single tree, upwards of one hundred nests were found, each containing a single young one only, a circumstance in the history of this bird not generally known to naturalists. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves ; while the clothes of those engaged in traversing the woods were completely covered with the excrements of the pigeons.

“ These circumstances were related to me by many of the most



respectable part of the community in that quarter; and were confirmed in part by what I myself witnessed. I passed for several miles through this same breeding-place, where every tree was spotted with nests, the remains of those above described. In many instances I counted upwards of ninety nests on a single tree; but the pigeons had abandoned this place for another, sixty or eighty miles off, towards Green River, where they were said at that time to be equally numerous. From the great numbers that were constantly passing over head to or from that quarter, I had no doubt of the truth of this statement. The beech mast had been chiefly consumed in Kentucky, and the pigeons every morning, a little before sunrise, set out for the Indiana territory, the nearest part of which was about sixty miles distant. Many of these returned before ten o'clock, and the great body generally appeared on their return a little after noon. I had left the public road to visit the remains of the breeding place near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with my gun, on my way to Frankfort, when, about one o'clock, the pigeons, which I had observed flying the greater part of the morning northerly, began the return in such immense numbers as I never before had witnessed. Coming to an opening, by the side of a creek called the Benson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height beyond gun-shot, in several strata deep, and so close together that, could shot have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, the breadth of this vast procession extended; seeming every where equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. It was then half-past one. I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to increase, both in numbers and rapidity; and anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Kentucky river, at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and as extensive as ever. Long after this I observed them in large bodies that continued to pass for six or eight minutes, and these again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same south-east direction, till after six in the evening. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved, would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding-place, which, by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it, was stated to me at several miles. It was said to be in Green County, and that the young began to fly about the middle of March. On the 17th of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green River, I crossed this same breeding place, where the nests for more than three miles spotted every tree; the leaves not being yet out, I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. A few bodies of pigeons linger-

ed yet in different parts of the woods, the roaring of whose wings were heard in various quarters around me. All accounts agree in stating that each nest contains only a single young one. These are so extremely fat, that the Indians, and many of the whites, are accustomed to melt down the fat for domestic purposes, as a substitute for butter and lard. At the time they leave the nest they are nearly as heavy as the old ones; but become much leaner after they are turned out to shift for themselves."

The platforms, however, which are thus built by some of the pigeon family, are mere miniatures of the strong, substantial, and extensive structures of the same kind which are formed by a considerable number of birds of prey. But of the latter we have not many accounts, in consequence of their being usually placed in solitary and inaccessible places, where they are seldom seen, and much seldom reached. The few sketches of these nests which have been published, are for the most part of considerable interest. Amongst these platform-builders on the large scale we have the griffard, or martial eagle, of Southern Africa, a powerful bird, which preys on antelopes, hares, and similar animals, and is in the habit of soaring so high as to elude the sight. According to Vaillant, who ranks among the very best observers of the manners of animals, the griffard builds either on the tops of the loftiest trees or among the most inaccessible and rugged rocks, making its nest quite flat, in the manner of a floor, without any perceptible hollow. It is so firmly constructed, that it will bear the weight of a man upon it without giving way, and it will consequently last for a number of years. It is composed at first of several strong rafters of different lengths, according to the distance of the branches or cliffs upon which it is erected. These rafters, again, are interwoven with smaller and more flexible branches, which unite them strongly together, and serve as the foundation of the platform. Over this is piled a considerable quantity of brushwood, moss, dry leaves, heath, and sometimes rushes, if they can be found in the vicinity. The second floor, if we may call it so, is covered with a bed of small pieces of dry wood, upon which, without the addition of any softer materials, the female deposits her eggs. The eyry or nest thus constructed is about four or five feet in diameter, and two feet thick, but it is not very regular in its form. The strong, massive structure of the nest causes it to endure for many years, perhaps during the lives of the couple which built it, if they are not compelled to abandon it on account of danger or alarm. The necessity of building it so very strong will be more obvious when it is considered that the parent birds weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds, the female being the larger of the two, as is common among birds of prey, exceeding the male in length by about a foot.

It is worthy of remark, that the same eagles vary their mode of building, when they cannot find a tree sufficiently large for their purpose in the vicinity of their hawking-grounds. In this case they

make choice of a rocky pinnacle, forming the nest of the same materials in the upper portion, but dispensing with the rafters, which are there unnecessary, and placing the brushwood, moss, and leaves directly over the stone ; but the eggs are always deposited among chips of wood or sticks, and never upon softer materials.\* Of this principle of variation in the mode of building nests we shall have occasion, as we proceed, to give a considerable number of examples, which are highly interesting from the light they are calculated to throw on the faculties termed instinctive.

The bald-eagle seems to make a still more substantial nest. This bird is asserted by Wilson to be identical with the sea-eagle ; upon which point Latham is undecided ; but Temminck rejects the opinion without hesitation, as he says he has seen more than fifty individuals of the sea-eagle reared without ever assuming at any age the plumage of the bald-eagle.

The bald-eagle, according to Hutchins, arrives about Hudson's Bay in May, building on the highest trees, and forming a nest, of a large size, of sticks and grass, turf, and other rubbish. It selects for this purpose a very tall tree, usually a pine or a cypress, keeping to the same nest, season after season, for a long period. Those observed in Georgia by Mr. Abbot built a large compact nest, sometimes on high cypress trees, and at other times on rocks. But the best account of this nest which we have met with is given by Wilson and Ord, in the American Ornithology.

" In the month of May," says Wilson, " while on a shooting excursion along the sea-coast, not far from Great Egg Harbour, accompanied by my friend Mr. Ord, we were conducted about a mile into the woods to see an eagle's nest. On approaching within a short distance of the place, the bird was perceived slowly retreating from the nest, which we found occupied the centre of the top of a very large yellow pine. The woods were cut down, and cleared off for several rods around the spot, which circumstance gave the stately, erect trunk, and large, crooked, wriggling branches of the tree, surmounted by a black moss of sticks and brush, a very singular and picturesque effect. Our conductor had brought an axe with him to cut down the tree ; but my companion, anxious to save the eggs, or young, insisted on ascending to the nest, which he fearlessly performed, while we stationed ourselves below, ready to defend him in case of an attack from the old eagles. No opposition, however, was offered ; and on reaching the nest, it was found, to our disappointment, empty. It was built of large sticks, some of them several feet in length ; within it lay sods of earth, sedge, grass, dry reeds, &c., piled to the height of five or six feet, by more than four in breadth ; it was well lined with fresh vine-tops, and had little or no concavity. Under this lining lay the recent exuvium of the young of the present year, such as scales of the quill, feathers, down,

&c. Our guide had passed this place late in February, at which time both male and female were making a great noise about the nest; and, from what we afterwards learnt, it is highly probable it contained young even at that early time of the season."

"The following year," says Mr. Ord, "on the first day of March, a friend of ours took from the same nest three eggs, the largest of which measured three inches and a quarter in length, two and a quarter in diameter, upwards of seven in circumference, and weighed four ounces, five drachms, apothecaries' weight; the colour, a dirty yellowish white, one was of a very pale bluish white; the young was perfectly formed. Such was the solicitude of the female to preserve her eggs, that she did not abandon the nest until several blows, with an axe, had been given the tree.\*

"A few miles from this," continues Wilson, "is another eagle's nest, built also on a pine tree, which, from the information received from the proprietor of the woods, had been long the residence of this family of eagles. The tree on which the nest was originally built had been for time immemorial, or at least ever since he remembered, inhabited by these eagles. Some of his sons cut down this tree to procure the young, which were two in number; and the eagle soon after commenced building another nest on the very next adjoining tree, thus exhibiting a very particular attachment to the spot. The eagles, he says, make it a kind of home and lodging-place in all seasons. This man asserts that the grey or sea eagles are the young of the bald eagles, and that they are several years old before they begin to breed. It does not drive its young from the nest, like the osprey, or fish hawk; but continues to feed them long after they leave it."

It would appear that this eagle is partial to the vicinity of cataracts, great numbers of them frequenting the falls of Niagara; and in Lewis and Clark's expedition we meet with the following account of one of their nests, which must have added not a little to the picturesque effect of the magnificent scenery at the falls of the Missouri. "Just below the upper pitch," say these travellers, "is a little island in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of the spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs which surround it, and which is further secured by the mist rising from the falls."

The structure reared by the golden eagle is very similar to the preceding, being quite flat, without any perceptible hollow, and commonly placed between two rocks in a dry inaccessible place, the same nest serving for a whole generation. It is constructed nearly like a floor, with sticks five or six feet long, supported at the extremities and crossed with pliant branches. It is not covered above, but

\* Ord, in *Amer. Ornith.* ix. p. 129.

is said to be sheltered by the projection of the upper part of the rock; but the latter is probably nothing more than a fancy, or a circumstance quite accidental, for it is not mentioned in the description of any individual eagle's nest which we have met with. Willoughby, for example, describes one found in the Peak of Derbyshire, which "was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on two birch trees. Upon these was a layer of rushes, and over them a layer of heath, and upon the heath rushes again; upon which lay one young one and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three heath poults. The nest was about two yards square and had no hollow in it. The young eagle was of the shape of a gos-hawk, of almost the weight of a goose, rough footed, or feathered down to the foot, having a white ring about the tail."

In Scotland, where these birds are more numerous than in England, pairs have been observed to nestle in the same cliffs for centuries. "One of these places," says a recent author, "is Lochlee, at the head of the North Esk, in Forfarshire. That lake lies in a singular basin, between two perpendicular cliffs on the north, and high and precipitous mountains on the south. A pair of eagles inhabit each side, so that three may sometimes be seen floating in the air at once; but those that have their abode in the inaccessible cliffs on the north seem to be lords of the place, as the south ones do not venture to beat the valley while these are on the wing. The pair, though they drive off their young, and every creature but man, whose haunts they shun, are closely associated together; when one is seen for any length of time, the other is sure not to be far distant; and the one may often be seen flying low and beating the bushes, while the other floats high in air, in order to pounce upon the frightened prey."\*

These accounts agree with the description in the Book of Job, which is throughout rich in natural history. "Doth the eagle mount up at thy command and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh her prey, and her eyes behold afar off."

We may remark, in passing, that the descriptions of the golden eagle given by systematic authors correspond but little with the name. Willoughby says that "the small feathers of the whole body are a dark ferruginous or chestnut;" Linnæus, that "the body is variegated with brown and rusty;" Latham, that the "head and neck are deep brown, the feathers bordered with tawny, hind head bright rust colour, body dark brown;" Bewick, that "the general colour is deep brown, mixed with tawny on the head and neck;" Fleming, that "the acuminate feathers on the head and neck are bright rust colour, the rest of the plumage dusky brown;" Baron Cuvier, that it is "more or less brown;" Temminck, that "the young at the age

\* British Naturalist, p. 68-9.

of one or two years have all the plumage of a ferruginous or reddish brown, clear and uniform on all parts of the body ; and in proportion as they advance in age the colours of the plumage become more embrowned ; " while Buffon alone says, the plumage " at first is white, then faint yellow, and afterwards it becomes a bright copper colour." Belon even ventures to infer that when Aristotle first used the term golden, he did not mean that it was gilded, but only rather more reddish than other species. But, on turning to the passage in Aristotle, we find that he says expressly, that " the colour is yellow."

During the summer of 1829 we saw an eagle kept in the garden of Mr. Perkins, at Lee, in Kent, whose plumage fully merited Aristotle's epithet of golden, for though it had little metallic lustre, it had that peculiar shade of russet yellow which gold exhibits when alloyed with copper, the feathers appearing indeed as if they had been powdered with gold-dust. Previous to this we had seen, both in menageries and museums, many birds called golden eagles, but without the slightest claim to the title, which now first struck us as highly appropriate. In the following August, we saw another bird of this species, at large, a league or so above Bonn on the Rhine. It was beating about among the orchards, and on the look-out, no doubt, for a hare or a rabbit, to carry to its eyry, which was probably situated on " the castled crag of Drachensfels," immediately opposite, or some other precipice on the Seven Mountains. It was not in the least alarmed at our approach, but alighted on the bough of a fruit tree not fifty yards from the road, where we could distinctly see the same golden tint on its plumage which we had admired in Mr. Perkins's eagle. It did not remain long on the branch, but skimmed away slowly under the trees, more like a fern-owl than an eagle. But when we afterwards saw one sailing majestically in the upper air above the Lurlei rocks, we could scarcely believe it was the same species of bird we had previously seen prowling about the orchard hedge-rows at Mehlem ; and we at once acknowledged the accuracy of our great poet, who describes " the eagle towering in his pride of place." (J. R.)

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CHAPTER IX.—PLATFORM-BUILDERS CONTINUED—WASHINGTON EAGLE  
—OSPREY—HERONS—STORK.

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It seems to be a singular deviation from the habits of this family, that the fine species named by Audubon the bird of Washington, seems to nestle in the holes as well as the shelves of rocks ; although, as only one nest is recorded to have been observed, it is not improbable that this may have been accidental, like the nestling of herons on the ground, or of jackdaws in rabbit-burrows, which we have elsewhere mentioned. The bird itself is so very rarely met with, that the circumstance may never be satisfactorily ascertained. M. Audubon has given a very animated and interesting narrative of his

discovery of this magnificent eagle, with a portion of which we shall enrich our pages.

"It was on a winter's evening," says he, "in the month of February, 1814, that, for the first time in my life, I had an opportunity of seeing this rare and noble bird, and never shall I forget the delight it gave me. Not even Herschel, when he discovered the famous planet which bears his name, could have experienced more happy feelings; for to have something new to relate, to become yourself a contributor to science, must excite the proudest emotions of the human heart. We were on a trading voyage, ascending the Upper Mississippi, the keen winter blasts whistled over our heads, and the cold from which I suffered had, in a great degree, extinguished the deep interest which, at other seasons, this river has been wont to awake in me. I lay stretched beside our patroon, the safety of the cargo was forgotten, and the only thing that called forth my attention was the multitude of ducks, of different species, accompanied by vast flocks of swans, which from time to time would pass us. My patroon, a Canadian, had been engaged many years in the fur-trade; he was a man of much intelligence, who, perceiving that these birds had engaged my curiosity, seemed only anxious to find some new object to divert me. The eagle flew over us. 'How fortunate!' he exclaimed; 'this is what I could have wished. Look, sir! the great eagle; and the only one I have seen since I left the lakes.' I was instantly on my feet, and having observed it attentively, concluded, as I lost it in the distance, that it was a species quite new to me. My patroon assured me that such birds were indeed rare; that they sometimes followed the hunters, to feed on the carcasses of the animals they had killed, when the lakes were closed by the ice; but when open, they would dive in the day-time after fish, and snatch them up in the manner of the fishing-hawk; that they roosted, generally, on the shelves of the rocks, where they built their nests, of which he had discovered several by the quantity of white exuvie scattered below. His account will be found to accord with the observations which I had afterwards an opportunity of making myself. Being convinced that the bird was unknown to naturalists, I felt particularly anxious to learn its habits, and in what particulars it differed from the rest of its genus. In the United States, from Massachusetts to Louisiana on the seaboard, or as high as the mouth of the Missouri to the north-west (I speak only of the extent of country I have visited, and where I have seen them), these birds are very rare. This will appear to all, when I say, that during my many long peregrinations I never found more than eight or nine, and only one nest. My next meeting with this bird was a few years afterwards, whilst engaged in collecting cray-fish, in one of those flats which border and divide Green River, in Kentucky, near its junction with the Ohio, from the range of high cliffs which, for some distance, follow the meanders of that stream. I observed on the rocks, which at that place are nearly perpendicular, a quantity of white ordure; thinking

that owls resorted thither, I mentioned it to my companions, when one of them, who lived within a mile and a half of the place, told me that it was from the nest of the brown eagle, meaning the young of the white-headed eagle, with which he was acquainted. I assured him this could not be; and remarked, that this species never built in such places, but always in trees. Although he could not answer my objection, he stoutly maintained that a brown eagle of some kind, above the usual size, had built there; he added, that he had espied the nest some days before, and had seen one of the old birds dive and catch a fish. This he thought strange, having, till then, always observed that brown and bald eagles procured this kind of food by robbing the fish-hawks: but if I felt particularly anxious to know what nest it was, I might soon satisfy myself, as the old birds would come and feed their young with fish; he had seen them do so before. In high expectation, I seated myself about a hundred yards from the foot of the rock. Never did time pass more slowly; I could not help betraying the most impatient curiosity, for my hopes whispered it was the great eagle's nest. Two long hours had elapsed before the old bird made his appearance, which was announced to us by the loud hissings of the two young ones, who crawled to the extremity of the hole to receive a fine fish. I had a perfect view of this noble bird, as he held himself to the edging rock, his tail spread, and his wings partly so, and hanging something like the bank-swallow. I trembled, lest a word should escape from my companions—the slightest murmur had been treason from them; they entered into my feelings and, although little interested, gazed with me. In a few minutes the other parent joined her mate, which, from the difference in size (the female being much larger), we knew to be the mother bird. She also had brought a fish; but, more cautious than her mate, ere she alighted she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceived her procreant bed had been discovered; she dropped her prey, with a loud shriek communicated the alarm to the male, and hovering with him over our heads, kept up a growling, threatening cry, to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female. The young having hid themselves, we went and picked up the fish which the mother had let fall; it was a white perch, weighing about 5½ lbs.; the upper part of the head was broken in, and the back torn by the talons of the eagle. We had plainly seen her bearing it in the manner of the fish-hawk. This day's sport being at an end, as we journeyed homewards we agreed to return the next morning, being most anxious to procure both the old and young birds; but rainy and tempestuous weather setting in, our expedition was obliged to be postponed till the third day following, when, with guns and men all in readiness, we reached the rock. Some posted themselves at the foot, others upon it, but in vain. We passed the entire day without either seeing or hearing an eagle; the sagacious birds, no doubt, having anticipated an invasion, had removed



their young to fresh quarters. I come at last to the day I had so often and so ardently desired. Two years had gone by since the discovery of the nest, in fruitless excursions; but my wishes were no longer to remain ungratified. In returning from the little village of Henderson to the house of Doctor R\*\*\*\*, about a mile distant, I saw one rise from a small inclosure not a hundred yards before me, where the doctor had, a few days before, slaughtered some hogs, and alight upon a low tree branching over the road. I prepared my double-barrelled piece, which I constantly carry, and went slowly and cautiously towards him; quite fearless he awaited my approach, looking upon me with an undaunted eye. I fired, and he fell; before I reached him he was dead. With what delight I surveyed this magnificent bird! I ran and presented him to my friend, with a pride which those can only feel, who, like me, have devoted their earliest childhood to such pursuits, and have derived from them their first of pleasures; to others, I must seem 'to prattle out of fashion.' The doctor, who was an experienced hunter, examined the bird with much satisfaction, and frankly acknowledged he had never before seen or heard of it. The name I chose for this new species of eagle was 'The bird of Washington,' from its being indisputably the noblest of the genus known to naturalists."\*

The fish-hawk of the Americans, or osprey of the old continent, which seems to be the same bird, does not consider an elevated or inaccessible situation indispensable for the protection of its nest, trusting to the means for defence which nature has bestowed upon it in its formidable talons and beak. The nest is usually built on the top of a dead or decaying tree, sometimes not more than fifteen, but often upwards of fifty feet from the ground. The people of the sea-coast of North America, where these birds frequently build, are of opinion that the most thriving tree will die in a few years, after being taken possession of by a fish-hawk, a circumstance which has been ascribed to the quantities of fish-oil and the excrements of the bird-destroying vegetation: others think it is occasioned by the great mass of salt materials of which the nest is composed. It would be well, however, to ascertain the fact, before we speculate upon it. Wilson says, "In my late excursions to the sea-shore, I ascended to several of these nests that had been built in from year to year, and found them constructed as follows: externally, large sticks from half an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and two or three feet in length, piled to the height of four or five feet, and from two to three feet in breadth; these were intermixed with corn-stalks, sea-weed, pieces of wet turf in large quantities, mullein stalks, and lined with dry sea-grass; the whole forming a mass very observable at half a mile's distance, and large enough to fill a cart, and form no inconsiderable load for a horse. These materials are so well put together, as

\* Loudon's Mag. of Nat. Hist i., p. 118.

often to adhere in large fragments after being blown down by the wind."

The extraordinary number of these nests, considering the fish-hawk as a large bird of prey, is not the least remarkable circumstance attending them. In some parts, Wilson says, he has counted more than twenty of their nests within half a mile; and his correspondent, Mr. Gardiner, informed him that on a small island, where he resided, there were at least three hundred nests of fish-hawks, whose young, on an average, he calculated to consume not less than six hundred fish daily.

These birds, like our own rooks, leave their breeding-places in autumn; and like them, also, before departing, regularly repair their nests, carrying up sticks, sods, &c., to fortify them against the violence of the winter storms. This indicates a very remarkable degree of prospective contrivance, irreconcilable, as it appears to us, with the common theories of instinct. But notwithstanding all their precautions, they frequently, on their return in spring, find their nests in ruins, lying around the roots of trees, and sometimes the tree itself uprooted and fallen. It has been observed, when a number of fish-hawks, to the amount of twenty and upwards, collect together on one tree, making a loud squalling noise, there is generally a nest built soon after on the same tree, and hence the noisy assemblage has been conjectured to be a kind of property-court for settling the right of a pair to the premises, or a kind of wedding or joyous festive meeting upon the occasion. We have observed similar noisy assemblies of House-sparrows, early in spring, probably for some similar purpose. In their communities, thus established, the fish-hawks are of a mild and peaceable disposition, living together in great peace and harmony, not only among themselves, but with the crow-blackbirds, which breed on the very edge of their nests; consequently, instances of individual attack and robbery are very rare amongst them.

It would appear that the Americans are very fond of these birds, from some prevalent superstition connected with them. "It has been considered," says Dr. S. Mitchell, of New York, "a fortunate incident to have a nest and a pair of these birds on one's farm. They have, therefore, been generally respected, and neither the axe nor the gun has been lifted against them. Their nest continues from year to year. The same couple, or another, as the case may be, occupies it season after season. Repairs are duly made; or, when demolished by storms, it is industriously rebuilt. There was one of these nests, formerly, upon the leafless summit of a venerable chesnut-tree, on our farm, directly in front of the house, at the distance of less than half a mile. The withered trunk and boughs, surmounted by the coarse-wrought and capacious nest, was a more picturesque object than an obelisk: and the flights of the hawks, as they went forth to hunt, returned with their game, exer-

cised themselves in wheeling round and round and circling about it, were amusing to the beholder, almost from morning till night. The family of these hawks, old and young, was killed by the Hessian jagers. A succeeding pair took possession of the nest; but in the course of time, the prongs of the trunk so rotted away that the nest could no longer be supported. The hawks have been obliged to seek new quarters. We have lost this part of our prospect, and our trees have not afforded a convenient site for one of their habitations since."

The several species of Herons may not improperly be ranked among the platform-builders; for though they construct a shallow depression in the centre of the nest—which is by all the species, if we mistake not, lined with some sort of soft material, such as dry grass, rushes, feathers, or wool—the body of the nest is quite flat, and formed much in the manner of an eagle's eyry, of sticks crossing one another, and supported upon the branches or between the forks of high trees. All the species also are social, nestling in large communities, after the manner of rooks; though instances are not uncommon of individual pairs breeding solitary. Belon tells us, that "the heron is royal meat, on which the French nobility set great value," and he mentions it as one of the extraordinary feats performed by the "divine king," Francis I., that he formed two artificial heronries at Fontainebleau—"the very elements themselves," he adds, "obeying the commands of this divine king (whom God absolve!); for to force nature is a work partaking of divinity." In order to enhance the merit of these French heronries, he undertakes to assert that they were unknown to the ancients, because they are not mentioned in any of their writings; and, for the same reason, he concludes that there are none in Britain! Before Belon's time, on the contrary, and before the "divine" constructor of heronries in France was born, there were express laws enacted in England for the protection of herons, it being a fine of ten shillings to take the young out of the nests,\* and six shillings and eight-pence for a person, without his own grounds, killing a heron, except by hawking or by the long-bow;† while, in subsequent enactments, the latter penalty was increased to twenty shillings, or three month's imprisonment.‡ At present, however, in consequence of the discontinuance of hawking, little attention is paid to the protection of heronries. Not to know a hawk from a *heronshaw* (the former name for a heron), was an old adage, which arose when the diversion of heron-hawking was in high fashion; it has since been corrupted into the proverb, "not to know a hawk from a handsaw!" The flesh of the heron is now looked upon as of little value, and is rarely if ever brought to market, though formerly a heron was estimated at thrice the value of a goose and six times the price of a partridge§

The heronries recorded to be existing at present in this country,

\* 19 Henry VII., c. 11.

† Ibid.

‡ 1 James, c. 47, s. 2.

§ Northumberland Household-Book, p. 104.

are in Windsor Great Park, on the borders of Bagshot Heath ; at Penshurst-place, Kent : at Hutton, the seat of Mr. Bethel, near Beverly, in Yorkshire ; at Pixton, the seat of Lord Carnarvon ; in Gobay Park, on the road to Penrith, near a rocky pass called Yew Crag, on the north side of the romantic lake of Ulswater ; at Cressi Hall, six miles from Spalding, in Lincolnshire ; at Downington-in-Holland, in the same county ; at Brockley Woods, near Bristol ; at Brownsea Island, near Poole, in Dorsetshire ; and in Scotland. Colonel Montagu mentions one in a small island, in a lake, where, there being only a single scrubby-oak, much too scanty to contain all the nests, many were placed on the ground. Besides these, we are acquainted with a small one in the parish of Craigie, near Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire. We have little doubt but there are several more unrecorded, for the birds may occasionally be seen in every part of the island. In Lower Brittany, heronries are frequently to be found on the tall trees of forests ; and as they feed their young with fish, many of these fall to the ground and are greedily devoured by swine, which has given rise to the story that the swine of that country are fattened by fish which drop from the trees like beech-mast.

Aristotle, Pliny, and Ælian tell us that a friendship subsisted between the crow and the heron ; an opinion which M. Montbeillard imagines to have originated in their sometimes building their nests contiguous to each other, in consequence of their selecting similar breeding-places ; but we think this is not at all probable, from the crow being a solitary and unsocial bird. If the rook has been meant, the following interesting circumstance, which occurred not long ago at Dallam Tower, in Westmoreland, the seat of Daniel Wilson, Esq., somewhat confirms this alleged friendship, although, like human alliances, it was subject to the interruption of rival interests. "There were," says Dr. Heysham, of Carlisle, "two groves adjoining to the park : one of which, for many years, had been resorted to by a number of herons, which there built and bred ; the other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without any disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young had perished by the fall of the timber. The parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations in order to breed again ; but as the trees in the neighbourhood of their old nests were only of a late growth, and not sufficiently high to secure them from the depredations of boys, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance ; but, after a very violent contest, in the course of which many of the rooks, and some of their antagonists, lost their lives, the herons, at last succeeded in their attempt, built their nests, and brought out their young.

"The next season the same contests took place, which terminated like the former, by the victory of the herons. Since that time peace seems to have been agreed upon between them ; the rooks have re-

linguished possession of that part of the grove which the herons occupy; the herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon, and the two species live together in as much harmony as they did before their quarrel."\*

The plumes of the heron were formerly in high request in Europe, as ornaments for the caps and helmets of the nobility; and they still form a part of the splendid costume of a Knight of the Garter. In the East they bear a high value. Chardin tells us that the Persians catch the heron, and after depriving it of its long feathers, suffer it to depart; and these plumes even form a part of the royal coronet or crown of Persia. Not only so, but diamonds and other precious stones, set in the shape of heron's feathers, adorn the *dhul-bandt* of the Persian monarch.—some of which are said to be worth more than twenty thousand pounds sterling. In North America also, the Indians, who are very choice in feathers, hold those of the several species of heron in high estimation for ornamenting their hair or top-knot, and Wilson tells us they are sometimes seen in the market place of New Orleans with bunches of them for sale.

It is not improbable that the notion of head-dresses with waving plumes was derived from several species of the birds in question; for though the crest of the common heron is small and proportionally inconspicuous, that of the egret and still more of the *demoiselle*, is exceedingly elegant. In the latter, a tuft of very long white silky feathers flows gracefully down from above each eye, while the feathers of the neck and breast are pendent for nearly a foot over parts of the plumage. But though we may suppose the fashion to have originated from the elegant crests of these birds, it was chiefly, we believe, their tail-feathers which were in request. These are more light and graceful than the thick heavy plumes of the ostrich which have superseded them.

The picture which Wilson has drawn of the breeding-places of some of the American herons is worth quoting. The great heron, for example, builds a spacious platform of sticks, covered with small twigs, on the top of a tall cedar, a community of ten or fifteen pairs usually building in company. "Many of their breeding-places," says Wilson, "occur in both Carolinas, chiefly in the vicinity of the sea. In the lower parts of New Jersey they have also their favourite places for building and rearing their young. These are generally in the gloomy solitudes of the tallest cedar swamps, where, if unmolested, they continue annually to breed for many years. These swamps are from half a mile to a mile in breadth and sometimes five or six in length, and appear as if they occupied the former channel of some choked-up river, stream, lake, or arm of the sea. The appearance they present to a stranger is singular: a front of tall and perfectly straight trunks, rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet without a limb, and crowded to every direction, their tops so close-

\* Heysham, in Bewick's Birds, ii p. 11, note.

ly woven together as to shut out the day, spreading the gloom of a perpetual twilight below. On a nearer approach they are found to rise out of the water, which, from the impregnation of the fallen leaves and roots of the cedars is of the colour of brandy. Amidst this bottom of congregated springs, the ruins of the former forest lie piled in every state of confusion. The roots, prostrate logs, and in many places the water, are covered with green mantling moss ; while an undergrowth of laurel, fifteen or twenty feet high, intersects every opening so completely, as to render a passage through laborious and harassing beyond description : at every step you either sink to the knees, clamber over fallen timber, squeeze yourself through between the stubborn laurels, or plunge to the middle in ponds made by the uprooting of large trees, and which the moss concealed from observation. In calm weather the silence of death reigns in these dreary regions ; a few interrupted rays of light shoot across the gloom : and, unless for the occasional hollow screams of the herons, and the melancholy chirping of one or two species of small birds, all is silence, solitude, and desolation. When a breeze rises, at first it sighs mournfully through the tops ; but, as the gale increases, the mast-like cedars wave like fishing-poles, and rubbing against each other, produce a variety of singular noises that, with the help of a little imagination, resemble shrieks, groans, or the growling of beasts of prey."

Wilson gives a similarly interesting account of the breeding-places of the night heron or Qua bird, which has been occasionally seen in Britain as a straggler. "The night heron," he tells us, "arrives in Pennsylvania early in April, and immediately takes possession of his former breeding-place, which is usually the most solitary and deeply-shaded part of a cedar-swamp. Groves of swamp oak in retired and inundated places, are also sometimes chosen ; and the males not unfrequently select tall woods on the banks of a river to roost in during the day. These last regularly direct their course, about the beginning of evening twilight, towards the marshes, uttering in a hoarse and hollow tone the sound *qua*. At this hour also all the nurseries in the swamps are emptied of their inhabitants, who disperse about the marshes and along the ditches and river shore, in quest of food. Some of these breeding-places have been occupied, every spring and summer for time immemorial, by from eighty to one hundred pair of qua birds. In places where the cedars have been cut down for sale, the birds have merely removed to another quarter of the swamp ; but when personally attacked, long teased, and plundered, they have been known to remove from an ancient breeding-place, in a body, no one knew where. Such was the case with one on the Delaware, near Thompson's Point, ten or twelve miles below Philadelphia ; which, having been repeatedly attacked and plundered by a body of crows, after many severe encounters, the herons finally abandoned the place. Several of these breeding-places occur among the red cedars on the sea-beach of Cape May,

intermixed with those of the little white heron, green bittern, and blue heron. The nests are built entirely of sticks, in considerable quantities, with frequently three or four nests on the same tree. The eggs are generally four in number, measuring two inches and a quarter in length, by one and three-quarters in thickness, and of a very pale light blue colour. The ground or marsh below is bespattered with their excrements lying all around like whitewash, with feathers, broken egg-shells, old nests, and frequently small fish, which they have dropped by accident and neglected to pick up. On entering the swamp in the neighbourhood of one of these breeding-places, the noise of the old and the young would almost induce one to suppose that two or three hundred Indians were choking or throttling each other. The instant an intruder is discovered, the whole rise in the air in silence, and remove to the tops of the trees in another part of the woods; while parties of from eight to ten make occasional circuits over the spot to see what is going on. When the young are able, they climb to the highest part of the trees; but knowing their inability do not attempt to fly. Though it is probable that these nocturnal birds do not see well during the day, yet their faculty of hearing must be exquisite, as it is almost impossible, with all the precautions one can use, to penetrate near their residence without being discovered. Several species of hawks hover around, making an occasional swoop among the young; and the bald eagle himself has been seen reconnoitring near the spot, probably with the same design."

We shall only take notice of one other species of these social birds, the little white heron which, during summer, is particularly fond of salt marshes, where its white plumage renders it very conspicuous, either while wading or when on the wing. "On the 19th of May," says Wilson, "I visited an extensive breeding-place of the little white heron, among the red cedars of Sommers's beach, on the coast of Cape May. The situation was very sequestered, bounded on the land side by a freshwater marsh or pond, and sheltered from the Atlantic by ranges of sand-hills. The cedars, though not high, were so closely crowded together as to render it difficult to penetrate through them. Some trees contained three, others four nests, built wholly of sticks. The birds rose in vast numbers, but without clamour, alighting on the tops of the trees around, and watching the result in silent anxiety. Among them were numbers of the night heron, and two or three of the purple-headed. Great quantities of egg-shells lay scattered under the trees, occasioned by the depredations of the crows, who were continually hovering about the place."

The two allied species, the stork and the crane, do not build on trees like the herons, but on rocks, or by preference upon houses, churches, or ruined buildings; and, like all birds which affect such situations, they are everywhere held sacred, or at least protected. Thus we learn from Juvenal, that a stork built its nest on

the temple of Concord,\* at Rome, in the midst of all the noise and bustle of the Capitol, a circumstance which was considered remarkable enough to be commemorated on the medals of Adrian.

Southey says, that in Spain the storks build their broad nests on the towers of churches, and are held sacred.† At Seville almost every tower in the city is peopled with them, and they return annually to the same nest. One of the causes of their being venerated is their destroying all the vermin on the tops of the houses.‡ At Bagdad, Niebuhr observed a nest of this sort on the roof of a decayed mosque, and tells us that hundreds of the birds are to be seen there on every house, wall, and tree, quite tame. We are also told by Fryer that they are so exceedingly numerous among the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia, that the summit of almost every pillar of those magnificent monuments of antiquity contains a stork's nest.

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CHAPTER X.—BASKET-MAKING BIRDS—THE JAY—AMERICAN BLUE JAY—BULFINCH—MOCKING-BIRD—SOLITARY THRUSH—RED-WINGED STARLING—MISSEL-THRUSH—AMERICAN BASKET-MAKING BIRDS.

ALTHOUGH, in many of the instances recorded in this volume, birds far excel us in the neatness and delicacy of their workmanship, yet those which we have in the present chapter to compare to basket-makers, do not always manifest much dexterity, and, in some cases, make their nests very loosely, and in an ill-finished manner. The materials employed by the ingenuity of man in making baskets are very various; for though the greater number are made of osiers and other flexible twigs, some are constructed of strips of wood, some of leaves, and others of rushes or reeds. Even the least refined of savage nations are often dexterous in such manufactures. Vaillant saw some baskets among the Gonaqua Hottentots of Southern Africa worked with reeds in so delicate a manner, and of so close a texture, that they were used for carrying water, milk, and other liquids.

Birds, however, make use of many more kinds of materials in forming their nest-baskets than is done, so far as we know now, in our manufactures; while they seldom, if ever, employ osiers as we do. Our most conspicuous and best-known basket-making birds, indeed, so far from always selecting flexible materials, which we should deem indispensable, prefer brittle dead sticks, at least for the outworks, which are in fact constructed, at the commencement of the nest, much on the model of the platform-builders. The jay, for example, selects for its nest the fork of a bush or tree in a solitary part of a wood, precisely similar to the ring-dove, and commences the structure so exactly like it, that it would not be easy to tell the difference between a finished nest of the one and a half-finished nest of the other. But

\* *Satir.* l. 116.

† *Letters from Spain*, i. 126 and 128.

‡ *Dillon's Travels*, p. 308.



it would appear that the jay,—a much shrewder bird in many respects than the ring-dove,—probably finding its five or six eggs more difficult to manage than the ring-dove's two, makes an addition to the flat nest, which effectually prevents the eggs from rolling off. Upon the platform, as a foundation, the jay constructs a sort of rude basket-work of roots thickly matted together, the hollow being very shallow, just large enough to contain the eggs, and greatly smaller in proportion than the basement, as may be seen in the figure. A specimen of the jay's nest in the British Museum is quite flat, and composed of fewer materials than a ring-dove's. We consider it to be only the inner bottom of the basket, the base and sides having been trimmed off, as is frequently done, by nest collectors. If this is not so, we can only say that it is very unlike any of the jays' nests which we have examined in their original localities, both in England and Scotland, all of these having a shallow cup-shaped basket of matted roots placed upon a platform of birch and other small twigs very irregularly piled together. (J. R.)

It would appear, from Mr. Abbot's description that the blue jay of America builds a very similar nest; but, though smaller than ours, it builds much higher, selecting the fork of an oak or a pine about thirty feet from the ground, whereas ours is seldom more than from seven to twelve feet high, and concealed with so much art that it is seldom discovered. Wilson says it builds a large nest frequently in the cedar, and sometimes in an apple-tree, and lines it with dry fibrous roots.

Our own jay is a fine bird, of a chesnut-brown coat, contrasting elegantly with his beautiful barred wings of blue and black, and the eyes of a pale blue.

But, if Wilson's description is not over-coloured, it is far surpassed by the American blue jay. "This elegant bird," says he, "which, as far as I can learn, is peculiar to North America, is distinguished as a kind of beau among the feathered tenants of our woods, by the brilliancy of his dress, and, like most other coxcombs, makes himself still more conspicuous by his loquacity, and the address of his tones and gestures. The jay measures eleven inches in length; the head is ornamented with a crest of light blue or purple feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure; a narrow line of black runs along the frontlet, rising on each side higher than the eye, but not passing over, as Catesby has represented, and as Pennant and many others have described it; back and upper part of the neck a fine light purple, in which the blue predominates; a collar of black proceeding from the hind-head passes with a graceful curve down each side of the neck to the upper part of the breast, where it forms a crescent; chin, cheeks, throat, and belly white, the three former slightly tinged with blue; greater wing-coverts a rich blue, exterior sides of the primaries light blue, those of the secondaries a deep purple, except the three feathers next the body, which are of a splendid light blue; all these, except the primaries, are beautifully barred with crescents of black, and tipped with white; the interior

sides of the wing-feathers are dusky black ; tail long and wedge-shaped, composed of twelve feathers of a glossy light blue, marked at half inches with transverse curves of black, each feather being tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which deepen into a dark purple at the extremities ; breast and sides, under the wings, a dirty white, faintly stained with purple ; inside of the mouth, the tongue, bill, legs, and claws, black ; iris of the eye hazle." "A blue jay," continues Wilson, "which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, while in full plumage, and in high health and spirits ; I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a gold-winged woodpecker, where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again. I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female orchard oriole. She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion ; the jay, meanwhile, sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbour to subside. Accordingly, in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures (like some of those Indians we read of in their first interviews with the whites), she began to make her approaches, but with great circumspection, and readiness for retreat. Seeing, however, the jay began to pick up some crumbs of broken chesnuts in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same, but, at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening, and they now roost together, feed and play together in perfect harmony and good humour. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the water to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently, venturing now and then to take a sip between every splash, without betraying the smallest token of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner allowing her to perch (which she does very gently) about his whiskers, and to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chesnuts which happen to adhere to them. This attachment on the one part and mild condescension on the other, may, perhaps, be partly the effect of mutual misfortunes, which are found not only to knit mankind, but many species of inferior animals more closely together, and shows that the disposition of the blue jay may be humanized, and rendered susceptible of affectionate impressions even for those birds which, in a state of nature, he would have no hesitation in making a meal of."

The nest which comes nearest in structure to the jay's is that of the bulfinch, which is much smaller, indeed, and rather more neat

in the workmanship. We are at a loss to conceive on what authority M. Montbeillard describes this nest as consisting of moss lined with soft materials, with an opening said to be least exposed to the prevailing wind ; and no less why M. Temminck says it " builds in the most elevated and least accessible of forks of trees." We have seen a considerable number of these nests, and never found any of such circumstances correspond. We have sometimes found them built in low thick bushes, but most commonly on the flat branch of a spruce pine or silver fir. In the former case the bulfinch lays a foundation of birch twigs, placed crossways in the forks of the branches, paying more attention to the security of the fabric than to its neatness. But when she gets into a spruce pine, finding that the flat branch itself is an excellent foundation, she uses a much smaller number of sticks. When she has reared a ground-work to her mind, she proceeds to collect a quantity of flexible fibrous roots, which she intertwines into a sort of basket-work, rather loose, and only sufficient to hold the eggs and young from rolling down. The inside is wholly lined with fine roots, without any hair or feathers. Dr. Latham says she rarely uses moss : we should be inclined, from our own observation, to say never ; nor have we ever found this nest in " high and inaccessible branches, seldom less than five or six feet from the ground," as M. Montbeillard says, but usually about four, and sometimes even lower. (J. R.)

The celebrated American mocking-bird may not inappropriately follow our bulfinch, making its nest of similar materials, though it would appear from the description, as well as from Audubon's beautiful figure, to be a more substantial structure. " The precise time," says Wilson, " at which the mocking-bird begins to build his nest, varies according to the latitude in which he resides. In the lower parts of Georgia he commences building early in April ; but in Pennsylvania rarely before the 10th of May ; and in New York and the States of New England still later. There are particular situations to which he gives the preference. A solitary thorn-bush ; an almost impenetrable thicket ; an orange-tree, cedar, or hollybush, are favourite spots and frequently selected. It is no great objection with him that these happen, sometimes, to be near the farm or mansion house ; always ready to defend, but never over anxious to conceal, his nest, he very often builds within a small distance of the house ; and not unfrequently in a pear or apple tree ; rarely at a greater height than six or seven feet from the ground. The nest varies a little with different individuals, according to the conveniency of collecting suitable materials. A very complete one is now lying before me, and is composed of the following substances :—first, a quantity of dry twigs and sticks ; then, withered tops of weeds of the preceding year, intermixed with fine straw, hay, pieces of wool, and tow ; and, lastly, a thick layer of fine fibrous roots, of a light brown colour, lines the whole. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a cinereous blue, marked with large blotches of brown. The female

sits fourteen days ; and generally produces two broods in the season, unless robbed of her eggs, in which case she will even build and lay the third time. Attempts have been made to induce these charming birds to pair and rear their young in a state of confinement, and the result has been such as to prove it, by proper management, perfectly practicable. In the spring of 1808, a Mr. Klein, living in North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, partitioned off about twelve feet square in the third story of his house. This was lighted by a pretty large wire-grated window. In the centre of this small room he planted a cedar-bush, five or six feet high, in a box of earth ; and scattered about a sufficient quantity of materials suitable for building. Into this place a male and female mocking-bird were put, and soon began to build. The female laid five eggs, all of which she hatched, and fed the young with great affection until they were nearly able to fly. Business calling the proprietor from home for two weeks, he left the birds to the care of his domestics ; and on his return found, to his great regret, that they had been neglected in food. The young ones were all dead, and the parents themselves nearly famished. The same pair have again commenced building this season, in the same place, and have at this time, July 4, three young, likely to do well. The place might be fitted up with various kinds of shrubbery, so as to resemble their native thickets ; and ought to be as remote from noise and interruption of company as possible, and strangers rarely allowed to disturb or even approach them."

The hermit or solitary thrush, which has been erroneously said to be found in Britain, and is reported to be of frequent occurrence both in Europe and America, executes a nest of basket-work still more neatly than the mocking-bird. Wilson describes one which he examined as having been fixed on the upper part of the body of a branch, and constructed with great neatness ; but without mud or plaster, as is invariably the case with the wood-thrush. The outside was composed of a considerable quantity of coarse rooty grass, intermixed with horsehair, and lined with a fine green-coloured, thread-like grass, perfectly dry, laid circular in a manner peculiarly neat. In America the dark solitary cane and myrtle swamps of the southern States are the favourite native haunts of this recluse bird ; and the more deep and gloomy these are, the more certain is it found flitting among them. Wilson further describes it as mute both in spring and summer, having only during the breeding-season an occasional squeak like a stray chicken.

The latter circumstance, as well as the manner of nestling, and indeed most of the particulars given of the American and the British birds, under the name of solitary thrush, so little accord, that we are warranted to pronounce them entirely different. The British bird is usually represented as rare ; but Mr. Knapp, writing in Gloucestershire, says, " it is not an uncommon bird with us, breeding in the holes and hollows of old trees, and hatching early."

Colonel Montagu again says, it frequents mountainous situations, and is always seen alone, except in the breeding-season, preparing its nest like the starling, in old ruined edifices, church towers, and other similar places; but two nests are never found in the same place. "The young," he adds, "are easily brought up, and repay the trouble by their sweet native song." The dull cream-colour of the throat, marked with large dark-brown pointed spots also in the American bird, accord not at all with the pale yellowish brown mottled with a darker shade, of the bird described by Montagu; nor does its general appearance correspond with the bleak and weather-beaten appearance of a way-worn traveller, even in its youth, to use the forcible language of Mr. Knapp. The very shape of the birds is different.

Since both Colonel Montagu and Mr. Knapp speak of their solitary thrush as breeding, it would seem to us, unless they may have been deceived in this, that the opinions of some other naturalists on the subject require further investigation. Speaking of the common starling, Selby says, "The young birds, previous to autumn, or the first moult, are of a uniform hair-brown colour, lightest upon the throat or upper parts. In this state it has been described by Montagu and Bewick as a distinct species, under the name of solitary thrush." In this Fleming agrees. Syme, however, says, the solitary thrush has "all the appearance of a matured adult bird in full feather, its plumage being lighter than that of the young starling; and bird-fanciers know it has a most excellent natural song. Now this is not the case with either young or old starlings; at least those we have had are of a dull, dingy black, somewhat like the young of the black and the ring ousels,—they do not seem matured, their feathers hang loose about them, they have a bunched appearance, and possess all the characteristics by which young birds are distinguished."

The red-winged starling is not only remarkable for his basket-work, but also for the variety with which his nest is, according to circumstances, constructed, furnishing one of the best instances with which we are acquainted of the adaptation of means to ends. "About the 20th of March," says Wilson, "or earlier, if the season be open, they begin to enter Pennsylvania in numerous, though small parties. These migrating flocks are usually observed from day-break to eight or nine in the morning, passing to the north, chattering to each other as they fly along; and, in spite of all our antipathy, their well-known notes and appearance, after the long and dreary solitude of winter, inspire cheerful and pleasing ideas of returning spring, warmth, and verdure. Selecting their old haunts, every meadow is soon enlivened by their presence. They continue in small parties to frequent the low borders of creeks, swamps, and ponds, till about the middle of April, when they separate in pairs to breed; and about the last week in April, or first in May, begin to construct their nest. The place chosen for this is generally within the precincts of a marsh or swamp, meadow, or other like watery situation.

The 'spot, usually a thicket of alder bushes, at the height of six or seven feet from the ground ; sometimes in a detached bush in a meadow of high grass ; often in a tussock of rushes, or coarse rank grass ; and not unfrequently in the ground—in all of which situations I have repeatedly found them. When in a bush, they are generally composed outwardly of wet rushes picked from the swamp, and long tough grass in large quantity, and well lined with very fine bent. The rushes forming the exterior are generally extended to several of the adjoining twigs, round which they are repeatedly and securely twisted ; a precaution absolutely necessary for its preservation, on account of the flexible nature of the bushes in which it is placed. The same caution is observed when a tussock is chasen by fastening the tops together, and intertwining the materials of which the nest is formed with the stalks of rushes around. When placed in the ground, less care and fewer materials being necessary, the nest is much simpler and slighter than before. The female lays five eggs of a very pale light blue, marked with faint tinges of light purple, and long straggling lines and dashes of black. It is not uncommon to find several nests in the same thicket, within a few feet of each other."

Our own missel-thrush is, perhaps, a still more dexterous basket-maker than the American red-wing, though its ingenuity has been little attended to by some systematic ornithologists. It builds, says Willughby, a nest as large as a jug—commonly with rotten twigs on the outside, and the inside with dead grass, hay, or moss, which it pulls from trees. 'They construct both the inside and the outside, according to Buffon, 'with herbage, leaves, and moss, especially the white moss, and their nest resembles more that of the blackbird than of the other thrushes, except its being lined with bedding. It is composed, says Latham, of withered grass, moss, and lichen, intermixed with wool, and lined with fine dry grass. The nest, says Atkinson, is composed of lichen and coarse grass, and lined with wool ! They might as well have described an orange as composed of the rind and the pips ; or the missel bird itself as made up of feathers and stomach, without taking any notice of its bones and flesh. It is not only a basket-maker, but a mason, and, after it has reared a rough scaffolding of the withered stems of plants, dry grass, and moss, which are placed in great quantity and with little art, it constructs a substantial wall of clay, of which none of the authors just quoted take the least notice. The masonry is not much better finished than the scaffolding, being inferior, perhaps, to that of the blackbird, and decidedly so to that of the song thrush ; but the rudeness of the scaffolding and the clay walls built upon it, is amply compensated by the ingenious basket-work by which these are subsequently concealed. The nest itself is usually placed in the fork of a tree, such as the pine in wilder districts, or an apple-tree in an orchard ; the chief condition being, that it should be plentifully surrounded with the larger leafy lichens.

Without detaching these from the trees, the bird artfully interweaves them into the contour of the nest, so as partly to conceal the basket-work of fine hay which is wrought in at the same time, and interwoven with much nicety both around the brim and also over the clay. On the outside of the nest, farthest from the tree, the lichens and other moss have only one of their ends plaited into the basket-work, the outer being left so as to hang down after the manner of the thatch on a hay-stack, or rather the fern-leaves used by gardeners to protect early wall-fruit. We have specimens, however, of several of these nests, which have not a particle of moss or lichen about them; but are basketed with roots, hay and pieces of wood shavings from the carpenter's shop, the lining being of dry grass, neatly fixed into the contour of the nest. (J. R.)

The habits of the missel-thrush appear to vary according to circumstances, for Temminck informs us it prefers black forests situated upon mountains; while, in England, Mr. Knapp tells us it keeps generally in open fields and commons, heaths and unfrequented places, being of a wild and wary nature, and only approaches our plantations and shrubberies in severe weather and in breeding time. It begins to build, he says, in April, making a large nest, and so openly placed, as would, if built in a copse, infallibly expose it to the plunder of the magpie and the crow, which make prey of all the eggs they can find. In order, as he supposes, to avoid this evil, it resorts to our gardens and orchards, seeking protection from man, near whose haunts those rapacious plunderers are careful of approaching. But how are we to reconcile this with the preceding statement which goes to affirm that it prefers breeding in black forests, where, we suppose, the crow abounds?

A considerable number of the American birds seem to be expert at basket-work; such as the blue linnet or indigo bird. This bird builds in a low bush among tall grass or corn, suspending its nest between two twigs, one passing up on each side; and to these it is fastened by strips of flax which encircle it, while at the same time they form the frame-work of the nest, which is also basketed on the inside with fine dry grass. The summer red bird is not quite so neat in its workmanship, building in the woods upon the horizontal branch of a half-grown tree, often an evergreen, at the height of ten or twelve feet from the ground, basketing the outside with stalks of dry flax of lining with fine grass. The polyglot chat is rather singular in the choice of its materials. It begins to build about the middle of May, the nest being usually fixed in the upper part of a bramble-bush, in the most impenetrable thicket it can meet with; or, when such is not to be found, in a thick vine or small cedar,—seldom more than five feet from the ground. It is composed outwardly of dry leaves; within these are laid thin strips of the bark of grape-vines, the inside being lined with fibrous roots and fine dry grass. The blue-eyed yellow warbler is a very sprightly, unsuspicious, and familiar little bird, often seen hopping about the gar-

dens in North America among the blossoms of fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, and is very conspicuous on account of its colour. It is superior in the execution of basket-work, its nest being constructed with great neatness, generally in the triangular fork of a small shrub, near or among brambles. The outside is composed of a frame-work of flax or tow, disposed in circular strands, which, in the parts contiguous to the supporting branches, are strongly twisted round them, the branches rising through the materials like the ribs of a basket. The inside is lined with hair, and with the down stripped from the stalks of fern, a similar material, it may be remarked, to the materials stripped by the upholsterer-bee from rose campion and other pubescent plants. The last of these American examples which we shall mention at present is the cedar bird, which is not quite so careful in the workmanship of its nest as some of the preceding. The exquisitely fine and silky texture, and smooth glossiness of the plumage, as well as its rich colours and pretty crest, give the cedar bird a very gay and elegant appearance. They breed very late, seldom pairing before the second week in June, and sometimes fixing on a cedar, but generally choosing an orchard for that purpose. The nest is large for the size of the bird, being fixed in the forked or horizontal branch of an apple-tree, ten or twelve feet from the ground. The foundation is formed of a thick matting of coarse grass, more like one of the ground builders than a bird which nestles on a tree; but the interior is finished with some degree of neatness, fine dry stems of grass being smoothly plaited around the circular walls.—*Bird Architecture*, by Jas. Kennie, A. M.

## BIRD MISCELLANIES.\*

### CHAPTER VI.—SHELTERING OF THE YOUNG.

IN rearing tender song-birds taken from their mothers, as is frequently done, before they are fledged, experience proves that warmth is no less indispensable than food; exposure to cold during the night frequently killing the most healthy nestlings. The mother-birds, well aware of this, are equally assiduous in covering their chicks after they are hatched as they had previously been while sitting on the eggs. Among small birds, accordingly, for several days after her brood has been hatched, the mother seldom quits the nest, the male providing the food necessary for her and the little ones, who as yet require but a very small portion. The wren, and other birds which build domed nests, have this additional protection to prevent the dissipation of their animal heat; and birds of prey, pigeons, and crows, have but a small number of nestlings to shelter.

\* Continued from No. XXXVII. of the *India Sporting Review*.



In the case again of poultry, when the newly-hatched birds can run about, the mothers have no little trouble in sheltering them from cold, and, even during the hottest weather, from rain, which proves very injurious in consequence of the cold produced by its evaporation. However much, also, we may admire the ingenuity of birds in some things, and their anxious affection for their young, yet they exhibit in other instances great apparent stupidity; and maternal affection, so far from sharpening their faculties, seems at first rather to blind them, and to cause them to injure and even to kill some of their chickens through awkwardness or inconsideration. A hen, for example, out of over-anxiety to have her chickens near her, will not unfrequently set her foot upon some of them so as to crush or mortally injure them; and the same accident often happens by her sitting over them with her body to keep them warm. Again, in scratching to procure them food, she seems quite heedless where she strikes with her foot; and we have observed in several instances that she kicked the chickens behind her, and laid them sprawling on the ground. But independently of such accidents as these, no hen, whatever may be her care, can prevent her brood from often passing through sudden changes of temperature. She neither can nor ought to sit on them constantly, as they must eat and run about; and in cold or rainy weather, the damp ground must prove very injurious even when she has them under her warm wings. Hence it is that we frequently see a mother not able to rear above three or four, out of a dozen or more that she may have hatched.

It has been recorded that cocks have sometimes performed all these duties of the mother, when she has been accidentally killed, or has abandoned her brood. Aristotle tells us that he witnessed an instance of this kind; and Pliny says, "We have heard that when a brood hen chanced to die, the cocks were seen to go about with the chickens one after another by turns, and to do every thing like to the very hen that hatched them, and all that while to forbear once to crow." Albertus Magnus witnessed a similar case; and Ælian even mentions a cock which, on the death of the hen while hatching, sat on the eggs and brought up the chicks. Willughby says, "We have beheld more than once, not without pleasure and admiration, a capon bringing up a brood of chickens like a hen, clucking of them, feeding them, and brooding them under his wings, with as much care and tenderness as their dams are wont to do."

The feeling of tenderness for the young broods of other birds, in whatever way it may be supposed to originate, has been exemplified in several very striking instances, both among birds and other animals. "In the month of May," says M. de Buffon: "a young hen-bird was brought to me, which was not able to feed without assistance. I caused her to be educated; and she was hardly fledged, when I received from another place a nest of three or four unfledged sky-larks. She took a strong liking to these new comers, which were scarcely younger than herself; she attended them

night and day, cherished them beneath her wings, and fed them with her bill. Nothing could interrupt her tender offices. If the young ones were torn from her, she flew to them as soon as she was liberated, and would not think of effecting her own escape, which she might have done a hundred times. Her affection grew upon her; she neglected food and drink; she now required the same support as her adopted offspring; and expired at last, consumed with maternal anxiety. None of the young ones survived her. They died one after another; so essential were her cares, which were equally tender and judicious."

"I have had repeated opportunities," says Réaumur, "of convincing myself with my own eyes that capons perform the office of a mother very well. A lady related to me has a vast number of chickens brought up every year with no other nurses than capons; and I have seen frequently at her Château of Vaujour, near Liverty, above two hundred chickens, that had only three or four capons for their leaders: it being one of the advantages of this method, that a capon may be trusted with two or three times as many chickens as a hen can properly manage. Another advantage is, that a capon may be set to nurse at any given time, as he is always ready to undertake the task, and he even seems to become proud of his family in proportion as the number increases; whereas hens will persecute and drive away the chickens which are offered to them after a certain age, and which are of course different in size from those they have themselves hatched. Another advantage consists in saving the hens from the trouble of nursing, as in that case they will either continue longer, or begin much sooner to lay; while the chance will be avoided of any disaster happening to the chickens from being abandoned before they can provide for themselves, by a mother in whom, as often happens, laying is prematurely renewed."

The education of the capon for the maternal office has been considered a matter of great difficulty. Besides the method recommended by Baptista Porta of stinging the capon with nettles, others advise making him tipsy with wine or brandy, when the chickens are put to him, in order, as they profess, to make him fancy himself a hen, when he sees them crowding round him. Réaumur, upon trying this, found that in a number of instances, the capon, instead of attending to the chickens, trod upon and crushed several of them to death, and gave others a drubbing with his beak. Having been convinced that such empirical practices were useless, he put three capons under the care of the woman who had the charge of the poultry-yard at the Château de Vaujour; and as she proceeded on a regular and rational plan of tuition, put in force not for a single night or day, but continued for several days in succession, they came out of her school very well instructed in the space of ten or twelve days. Her method was, neither to pluck their feathers, to sting them with nettles, nor to make them drunk. She kept them alone for a day or two in pretty deep and rather narrow buckets darkened

by a covering of boards, taking them out two or three times a day to feed. After making the capon in this manner wearied of solitude, she placed with him for companions two or three chickens somewhat advanced in growth, and gave them all their food in common. If he ill-used them, they were removed for a day or more, and then others were put to him. By such means, varied as circumstances indicate, the capon will contract a habit of living amicably with two or three chickens, and the number being increased by degrees, he will at last begin to take pride in his flock, so that it may be enlarged to any extent. Upon receiving his liberty in these circumstances, he will sit upon the chicks as a hen does, whenever they require to be protected from cold, and will lead them to places where they may find food, clucking like a hen to call them together when they straggle. He will likewise redouble his clucking when he finds such dainties as a piece of bread or an earthworm, which he will divide into several small portions to share it amongst them all, and will seem delighted to see them eat heartily of what he deprives himself of for their sake. After the few first days of training a capon, during which he may probably injure or kill two or three chickens, the task becomes easy; and when once he is taught he will retain the habit to the end of his life, nor ever become tired of the task; for even when unemployed for several months during winter, he will take to it again in spring nearly as well as before.

Though capons probably make the best nurses, it appears to be equally possible to instruct cocks in the art of nursing. "I thought," says Réaumur, "I had sent to school three capons, but one of them proved to be a cock, though he came home as well instructed as his two companions."

But in the case of artificial hatching by means of ovens, it must frequently be found impossible to procure a sufficient number of nurses either of hens or capons; and in that case, in order to rear the chickens successfully, artificial methods must be continued. Were all the assiduities indeed of the hen required, it would be next to impossible to find an artificial substitute; but as her chief object is to procure food and secure warmth, these, with a little attention, may be supplied as well or even better by art than by the most assiduous mother. Réaumur, in the course of his interesting experiments, tried several plans for the substitution of what he aptly denominates an artificial mother. By bringing the chickens up in a hot-bed, indeed, it will be easy to make them enjoy a perpetual summer, exempt from exposure to rain or cold nights. They may even be advantageously reared for the first fortnight or three weeks in the oven where they have been hatched, taking them out about five or six times a day for food and water. This, however, is a more troublesome plan than is necessary. Réaumur's statement of some of the difficulties which he met with, is so illustrative of the subject, that we shall quote the passage.

"My apparatus," he says, "did not at first seem sufficiently per-

fect ; for, though the chickens were kept in warm air, they had no equivalent for the gentle pressure of the belly of the mother upon their backs when she sits over them. Their back is, in fact, necessarily more warmed than the other parts of the body while huddling under their mother's wings ; whereas their belly often rests on the cold moist earth, the reverse of what took place in the apparatus, where their feet were the best warmed. The chickens themselves indicated that they were more in want of having their backs warmed than any other part of their body ; for, after all of them had repaired to the warmest end of the apparatus, instead of squatting as they naturally do when they rest, they remained motionless, standing bolt upright upon their legs, with their backs turned towards the sides or end of the apartment, in order to procure the necessary warmth. I therefore judged that they wanted an apparatus that might, by resting on them, determine them to take the same attitude as they naturally assume under the hens ; and I contrived an inanimate mother that might supply, in this respect, the want of a living one."

The artificial mother contrived upon these principles, consists of a box lined with sheep-skin, with the wool on it, the bottom being of a square form, and the upper part sloped like a writing-desk. This box is placed at the end of a crib or cage, shut with a grating of willow, net, or wire, and closed above with a hinged lid, the whole being so formed that the chickens can walk round the sides. The slope of the cover permits the chickens to arrange themselves according to their sizes ; but as it is their practice, as well as that of all other young birds, to press very closely together, and even to climb upon one another, the small and the weak being thereby in danger of being crushed or smothered, Réaumur constructed his artificial mother open at both ends, or, at most, with only a loose netting hanging over it. Through this the weakest chicken can escape when it feels itself too much squeezed, and then, by going round to the other opening, it may find a less dangerous neighbourhood. The ingenious author even made improvements upon this contrivance, one of which consisted in keeping the cover sloped so low as to prevent the chickens from climbing on each other, and raising it as they increased in growth. Another was, the dividing the large cribs into two, by means of a transverse partition, so as to separate the chickens of different sizes.

" They soon showed me," says Réaumur, " how sensible they were of the advantage of my artificial mother, by their delight in remaining under it and pressing it very close. When they had taken their little meals they jumped and capered about, and when they began to be tired they repaired to this mother, going so deep into it that they were compelled to squat, so that when the roof was turned up, I perceived the impression of the backs of several chickens upon the fur-lining. There is, indeed, no natural mother that can be so good for the chickens as the artificial one, and they are not long in discovering this, instinct being a quick and sure director. Chickens,

direct from the hatching oven, from twelve to twenty-four hours after their escape from the shell, will begin to pick up and swallow small grains or crumbs of bread ; and, after having eaten and walked about a little, they soon find their way to the fleecy lodge, where they can rest and warm themselves, remaining till hunger puts them again in motion. They all betake themselves to the artificial mother at night and leave it exactly at day-break, or when a lamp is brought into the place, producing an artificial day-break, with which, it is worthy of remark, old hens are not affected, but remain immoveable on their roosts."

A still more elegant and ingenious artificial mother consists of a stove with an apartment round it for the chickens, and a net-work over it, to prevent their escape or their getting too near the stove. This Réaumur found to be an excellent plan for keeping the chickens in good health, while he took advantage of the same heat to hatch fresh broods by hanging eggs in baskets over the stove.

These methods of constructing artificial mothers are applicable to all birds that do not require to be fed by putting food into their bills, or do not go into the water, such as partridges, pheasants, turkeys, and peacocks. But for ducklings, and goslings, which require water to swim in, provision must be made accordingly ; and Réaumur, proceeding on the principle of following nature, constructed, in the crib connected with an artificial mother, a small pond for his water-fowls, with a gentle slope for an approach, surrounded with green turf, of which these birds are fonder than young chickens.

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#### CHAPTER VII.—BREEDING OF THE YOUNG.

Birds differ essentially from quadrupeds in their mode of providing food for their young. Among the latter, Providence has furnished the mother with a supply of food for her offspring within herself till the teeth arrive at sufficient growth for manducation ; and hence even animals of prey do not, for several weeks, bring food to their cubs, but nourish them solely with milk. Birds, on the other hand, have to provide food for their young from the second day after they are hatched. During the first day they have, in general, sufficient nutriment in the last portions of the yolk of the egg, which they have absorbed through the umbilical vessels.

We may follow John Hunter in dividing animal life into three stages or periods, the first comprehending the foetal or embryo state ; the second the period immediately after birth, when the parent must, in most cases, supply food ; and the third dating from the time when the animal begins to act for itself without parental care. The first and third of these stages are perhaps common to all animals ; but some appear to pass immediately from the first to the third stage. The nourishment which is provided in the second stage varies to infinity. In most insects it is effected by the mother instinctively depositing her egg or cocoon upon or near something that will form

appropriate food for the young when hatched. Most birds again collect food for their young; though, in the instance of pigeons and some others, there exists a provision very similar to that of milk in quadrupeds, as has been most satisfactorily proved by that most accurate investigator. Notwithstanding this even in works of high character, most vague and erroneous accounts of the facts are promulgated. We are told, for example, by Mr. Vieillot, that "the male and female are equally attentive to the young, and both feed them with aliment half digested, like broth; but by degrees they give them more solid food; grain, namely, which they have swallowed more hastily, and which they disgorge after it is somewhat softened, according to the age of the young pigeons." We find the same statement, word for word, in Temminck's General History of Pigeons; Griffiths says, "The parents disgorge the food which they have amassed and placed in reserve in their crop;" and Selby says, "The young remain in the nest till they are able to fly, and are fed by the parent birds, who disgorge into their mouths the food that has undergone a maceration, or semi-digestive process, in that part of the œsophagus usually called the *crop* or *craw*."

We have not been able to trace the origin of this error in physiology, which seems to be so generally diffused in books of natural history. Colonel Montagu appears to be the only original observer who confirms the account given by Hunter. "The rook," he says, "has a small pouch under the tongue, in which it carries food to its young. It is probable the use of the *craw* may be extended further than is generally imagined; for, besides the common preparation of the food to assist its digestion in the stomach, there are some species that actually secrete a lacteal substance in the breeding season, which, mixing with the half-digested food, is ejected to feed and nourish the young. The *mammæ* from which this milky liquor is produced, are situated on each side of the upper part of the breast, immediately under the *craw*. In the female turtle-dove we have met with these glands tumid with milky secretion, and we believe it common to both sexes of the dove genus. The cormorant or pelican genus possess no *craw*; but, to supply its place, they have a loose skin at the base of the under mandibles, capable of great distention, in which they carry fish to their young."

The latter, there can be no doubt, is the fact with regard to the manner in which the pelican feeds its young; but it was universally believed in former ages that this bird nourished its young with its own blood,—a legend vulgarly credited even in our own times, for M. Larnini says it is a common practice with the people at Barcelona to go every Sunday to the cloisters in the cathedral, where there is a menagerie kept for pelicans, in the expectation of seeing them distribute their blood to their young. This story, it would appear, was also related of the vulture by the Egyptians, who thence made that bird an emblem of maternal tenderness.

It does not appear to be ascertained with whom the fable respect-

ing the pelican originated ; but our readers may like to see the statements of some of the early authors. We shall content ourselves with giving two. Albertus Magnus says, " The pelican derives its name (*pelle cana*) from the white colour of its feathers. It is said to be indigenous to the banks of the Nile. Two species are described : one the water-pelican, which feeds on fishes ; and the other the land-pelican, which preys on serpents and vermin. It is said also to be fond of the milk of crocodiles, which is left on the mud of marshes ; on which account, also, the pelican follows the crocodile. Some writers assert, that this bird destroys such of its own young as offend it, but after lamenting them for a time, again brings them to life by means of blood drawn from its own breast by a wound. From this wound and the loss of blood, the bird becomes so weak as to be unable to leave its nest, and the young ones are therefore compelled to provide food both for themselves and their dam. And if there should be any of them which, either through inertness or want of filial affection, refuse to procure food for her, as soon as she acquires vigour she drives them away, but permits those who have been attentive to her to follow her wherever she goes." He adds, with great simplicity, " but these things are rather to be found in history, than proved by philosophical experience."

We find the same legend in a passage of the curious old writer Bartholomæus, which Berthlet thus renders:—" Plinius saith in this manner: The pelican loveth to mock her children ; for when the children been haught [grown] and begin to wax hoar, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherefore the mother smiteth them again and fleeth them [drives them away]. And the third day she striketh herself on the side that the blood runneth out, and sheddeth that hot blood upon the bodies of her children. And by virtue of the blood the birds that were before dead, quicken again." The learned author of the '*Physicæ Curiosæ*,' however, could not find any such passage as this in Pliny, and we also have searched for it in vain. Bartholomæus goes on to say that " Master Jacobus de Virtriaco, in his book on the Wonders of the Eastern World, telleth another cause of the death of the pelican's birds. He saith, that in Egypt is a bird [named] *pelly canus*, a bird with great wings and most lean ; for all that he swalloweth passeth forth anon behind for he hath a right flipper gut. And therefore he may not hold meat till it be incorporate. And the serpent hateth kindly [sincerely] this bird. Wherefore when the mother passeth out of the nest to get meat, the serpent climbeth on the tree and stingeth or infecteth the birds. And when the mother cometh again, she maketh sorrow three days for her birds, as it is said. Then (he saith) she smiteth herself in the breast and springeth blood upon them and reareth them from death to life, and then for greater bleeding the mother waxeth feeble and the birds been compelled to pass out of the nest to get themselves meat. And some of them for kind love feed the mother that is feeble, and some be unkind and care not for the mother, and the mother taketh good heed thereto, and when she cometh to her strength, she nourisheth

and loveth those birds that fed her in her need, and putteth away her other birds as unworthy and unkind, and suffereth them not to dwell or live with her."

The origin of the fable is plausibly explained by M. Perranet, who says, "There is nothing in the structure of the pelican but enters into the general plan of the organization of birds; all of them have a craw in which their food is lodged; in the pelican it lies without and under the bill, instead of being concealed within, and placed at the bottom of the œsophagus. But this exterior craw has not the digestive heat of that of other birds, and in this bag the pelican carries the fish entire to its young. To disgorge them it presses the pouch against its breast; and this very natural act may have given rise to the fable so generally related, that the pelican opens its breast to nourish its offspring with its blood."

The fact of the pelican feeding its young with fish, and not with its own blood, was settled by Labat, who made the following experiment, apparently to satisfy himself on the point. "I took," he says, "two young ones, which I fastened to a stake, and I had the pleasure for some days, of seeing the mother, which fed them, and remained the whole of the day with them, passing the night on a tree above their heads: all the three were grown so familiar, that they allowed me to touch them, and the young ones took very graciously the little fish which I offered them, and which they put first into their pouch. I believe that I should have brought them away, if their dirtiness had not hindered me; they are filthier than geese or ducks: and we may say that their life is divided into three acts, seeking food, sleeping, and ejecting every moment heaps of excrements as large as one's hand."

It may be remarked that the early translators of the ancient naturalists have confounded the pelican with the spoonbill, which indeed is the bird called pelican by Aristotle, as he tells us that it devours the large smooth river shells, and when it has partly maserated the contents, brings them up now opened, and then picks out and eats the contents. Pliny again, copying Cicero, says, "Their manner is to fly at those fowl that use to dive under the water for fish; and so long will they peck and bite them by the heads, until they let go their hold of the fish they have gotten, and so they wring it perforce from them. This bird, when his belly is full of shell fishes, that he hath greedily devoured, and hath by the natural heat of his craw and gorge in some sort concocted them, eateth all up again; and at leisure picketh out the meat and eateth it again, leaving the shells behind." As Ælian and Appian give a similar account of herons, gulls, and other water-fowl, it is probable the observation has been hastily applied to the pelican, whose craw or bag does not seem to possess any digestive power. Even the stork, which has been compared in this respect with ruminating animals, does not appear to possess much, if any, power of digestion in the craw, as has been shown by Pever and Schellhammer.

The quantities of food brought for their young by the parents of



birds which feed upon fish, have attracted the attention of every naturalist who has observed their nests. "So much fish," says Audubon, "is at times carried to the nest of the fish-hawk, that a quantity of it falls to the ground, and is left there to putrify around the foot of the tree;" and of the white-headed eagle he says, "the young are fed most abundantly while under the care of the parents, which procure for them ample supplies of fish either accidentally cast ashore, or taken from the fish-hawk, together with rabbits, squirrels, young lambs, pigs, opossums, or racoons."

The various species of eagles are all recorded to be equally assiduous in supplying extraordinary quantities of food for their young, frequently carrying off for that purpose animals of considerable size, and even children. The latter circumstance appears to be well authenticated by a variety of independent testimony. Amongst other instances, Sir Robert Sibbald gives the following, which occurred in the Orkneys:—

"An eagle seized a child a year old, which its mother had left, wrapped up in some clothes, at a place called Houton-Head, while she went for a few moments to gather sticks for fire-wood, and carried it a distance of four miles to Hoia; which circumstance being known from the cries of the mother, four men went there in a boat; and, knowing where the nest was, found the child unhurt and untouched." This story, which all the compilers attribute to Ray, though he does not even allude to it, seems to have furnished the ground work of the intensely affecting tale of 'Hannah Lamond's Bairn.' Anderson, also, in his 'History of Iceland,' says, that there have been instances of children, four or five years of age, being carried off by eagles.

Gesner, on the authority of Fabricius ab Aquapendente, says, that some peasants between Meissen and Brisa, in Germany, losing every day some of their cattle, which they sought for in the forests in vain, observed by chance a very large nest, in which were found several skins of calves and sheep. This nest, which is described as being as large as the body of a cart, rested on three oaks. It is very doubtful, however, whether any species of eagle, with all its power of talon and of wing, could carry off an animal so large as a calf, which must be more weighty than itself. Hares, rabbits, and lambs may indeed be easily managed; and when larger animals are encountered, they may be carried off piecemeal, as is probably done with deer, which, Pennant says, are frequently in Scotland attacked by the erne. It seizes the deer between the horns, and incessantly beating it about the eyes with its wings, soon makes prey of the harassed animal.

Owls, it would appear, are equally provident of prey for their young. Bingley tells us that, on examining a nest of the hawk-owl that had in it two young ones, several pieces of rabbits, leverets, and other small animals were found. The hen and one of the young ones were taken away; the other was left to entice the cock, which was absent when the nest was discovered. On the following morn-

ing there were found in the nest three young rabbits that had been brought to this young one by the cock during the night."

M. Cronstedt, the mineralogist, "resided several years at a farm in Sudermania, near a steep mountain, on the summit of which two eagle-owls had their nest. One day in the month of July, a young owl, having quitted the nest, was seized by some of his servants. This bird, after it was caught, was shut up in a large hen-coop; and the next morning M. Cronstedt found a young partridge lying dead before the door of the coop. He immediately concluded that this provision had been brought thither by the parent birds; which, he supposed, had been making search in the night-time for their lost young one, and had been led to the place of its confinement by its cry. This proved to have been the case by the same mark of attention being repeated for fourteen successive nights. The game which the old ones carried to it consisted principally of young partridges, for the most part newly killed, but sometimes a little spoiled. One day a moor-fowl was brought, so fresh that it was still warm under the wings. A putrid lamb was found at another time. M. Cronstedt and his servant watched at a window several nights, that they might observe, if possible, when this supply was deposited. Their plan did not succeed; but it appeared that the owls, which are very sharp-sighted, had discovered the moment when the window was not watched, as food was found to have been deposited before the coop one night when this had been the case. In the month of August the parents discontinued this attention; but at that period all birds of prey abandon their offspring to their own exertions. From this instance some idea may be formed of the great quantity of game that must be destroyed by a pair of these owls during the time they are employed rearing their young."

So anxious are the parent birds to provide food for their young, that several of them exhibit, during the breeding season, more omnivorous propensities than at any other. We may indeed occasionally see a chaffinch or a green-bird catch a fly or a beetle, but never we believe except when seeds are scarce. On the contrary, in feeding their young, insects constitute probably their sole provision, the seeds upon which the old birds live being too indigestible at least for the unfledged young. In the same way some of the larger birds, which are at all times omnivorous, such as the magpie, exhibit more carnivorous propensities than usual. Speaking of the magpie, Mr. Knapp says, "When a hatch is effected, the number of young demand a larger quantity of food than is easily obtained, and whole broods of our ducklings, whenever they stray from the yard, are conveyed to the nest."

The same delightful writer gives an account of the rearing of a brood of tom-tits, which shows that smaller birds are no less provident with regard to the quantity of food furnished to their young than the eagle or the magpie. "I was lately," says he, "exceedingly pleased in witnessing the material care and intelligence of

this bird ; for the poor thing had its young ones in the hole of a wall, and the nest had been nearly all drawn out of the crevice by the paw of a cat, and part of its brood devoured. In revisiting its family, the bird discovered a portion of it remaining, though wrapped up and hidden in the tangled moss and feathers of their bed ; and it then drew the whole of the nest back into the place from whence it had been taken, unrolled and re-settled the remaining little ones, fed them with the usual attentions, and finally succeeded in rearing them. The parents of even this reduced family laboured with great perseverance to supply its wants, one or the other of them bringing a grub, caterpillar, or some insect, at intervals of less than a minute, through the day, and probably in the earlier part of the morning more frequently ; but if we allow that they brought food on the whole every minute for fourteen hours, and provided for their own wants also, it will admit of perhaps a thousand grubs a day for the requirements of one, and that a diminished brood ; and gives us some comprehension of the infinite number requisite for the summer nutriment of our soft-billed birds, and the great distances gone over by such as have young ones, in their numerous trips from hedge to tree in the hours specified, when they have full broods to support. A climate of moisture and temperature like ours is peculiarly favourable for the production of insect food, which would in some seasons be particularly injurious, were we not visited by such numbers of active little friends to consume it."

From similar observations, Mr. Bradley, in his 'Treatise on Husbandry,' calculated that a pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy every week about 3,360 caterpillars. The basis of this calculation was, that he had observed the two sparrows carry to their young 40 caterpillars within an hour, and, thence making a supposition that they are employed in this manner during twelve hours in the day, he finds the daily consumption to be 480 caterpillars, which multiplied by 7, the days in a week, gives 3,360. We should be disposed, however, to consider this perhaps double the real number, for, in a case so uncertain, the result of one hour cannot be accurately predicated of twelve successive hours, inasmuch as the sparrows could not be certain of meeting with the requisite supply of caterpillars in their immediate vicinity, and, if they did one day, they would probably have afterwards to forage at some distance.

A more recent observer has with due caution considered such calculations too vague, though they are literally copied not only by all the compilers, but by Bonnet and Smellie. "I have observed," says Mr. Knapp, "a pair of starlings for several days in constant progress before me, having young ones in the hole of a neighbouring poplar-tree, and they have been probably this way in action from the opening of the morning—thus persisting in this labour of love for twelve or thirteen hours in the day ! The space they pass over in their various transits and returns must be very great, and the

calculation vague : yet, from some rude observations, it appears probable that this pair in conjunction do not travel less than fifty miles in the day, visiting and feeding their young about a hundred and forty times, which consisting of five in number, and admitting only one to be fed each time, every bird must receive in this period eight-and-twenty portions of food or water ! This excessive labour seems entailed upon most of the land birds, except the gallinaceous tribes, and some of the marine birds, which toil with infinite perseverance in fishing for their broods ; but the very precarious supply of food to be obtained in dry seasons by the terrestrial birds, renders theirs a labour of more unremitting hardship than that experienced by the piscivorous tribes, the food of which is probably little influenced by season, while our poor land birds find theirs to be nearly annihilated in some cases."

There cannot be any question of the immense numbers of insects required during the breeding season. An instance of this is mentioned by Bingley, with regard to some small American bird, which he calls a creeper, but which we suspect to be more probably the house-wren. "From observing," he says, "its utility in destroying insects, it has long been a custom with the inhabitants of many parts of the United States to fix a small box at the end of a pole, in gardens and about houses, as a place for it to build in. In these boxes the animals form their nests and hatch their young ones ; which the parent birds feed with a variety of different insects, particularly those species that are injurious in gardens. A gentleman, who was at the trouble of watching these birds, observed that the parents generally went from the nest and returned with insects from forty to sixty times in an hour, and that in one particular hour they carried food no fewer than seventy-one times. In this business they were engaged during the greatest part of the day. Allowing twelve hours to be thus occupied, a single pair of these birds would destroy at least 600 insects in the course of one day on the supposition that the two birds took only a single insect each time ; but it is highly probable that they often took more."

Looking at the matter in this point of view, the destruction of insectivorous birds has in some cases been considered as productive of serious mischief. One striking instance we distinctly recollect, though we cannot at this moment turn to the book in which it is recorded. The numbers of the crows or rooks of North America were, in consequence of state rewards for their destruction, so much diminished, and the increase of insects so great, as to induce the state to announce a counter reward for the protection of the crows. Such rewards are common in America ; and from a document given by Wilson, respecting a proposal made in Delaware, "for banishing or destroying the crows," it appears that the money thus expended sometimes amounts to no inconsiderable sum. The document concludes by saying, "The sum of five hundred dollars being thus required, he

committee beg leave to address the farmers and others of Newcastle county and elsewhere on the subject."

From its sometimes eating grain and other seeds, "the rook," says Selby, "has erroneously been viewed in the light of an enemy by most husbandmen; and in several districts attempts have been made either to banish it or to extirpate the breed. But wherever this measure has been carried into effect, the most serious injury to the corn and other crops has invariably followed, from the unchecked devastations of the grub and caterpillar. As experience is the sure test of utility, a change of conduct has in consequence been partially adopted; and some farmers now find the encouragement of the breed of rooks to be greatly to their interest, in freeing their lands from the grub of the cockchafer, an insect very abundant in many of the southern counties. In Northumberland I have witnessed its usefulness in feeding on the larvæ of the insect commonly known by the name of Harry Longlegs, which is particularly destructive to the roots of grain and young clovers."

It has on similar grounds been contended, that the great number of birds caught by bird-catchers, particularly in the vicinity of London, has been productive of much injury to gardens and orchards. So serious has this evil appeared to some, that it has even been proposed to have an act of parliament prohibiting bird-catchers from exercising their art within twenty miles of the metropolis; and also prohibiting wild birds of any kind from being shot or otherwise caught or destroyed within this distance, under certain penalties. It is very clear, however, that such an act could never be carried; and though it *might* be advantageous to gardens, orchards, and farms, yet the attacks which the same birds make on fruit would probably be an equivalent counterbalance.

In the case of swallows, on the other hand, it has been well remarked by an excellent naturalist, that they are to us quite inoffensive, while "the beneficial services they perform for us, by clearing the air of innumerable insects, ought to render them sacred, and secure them from our molestation. Without their friendly aid the atmosphere we live in would scarcely be habitable by man; they feed entirely on insects, which, if not kept under by their means, would swarm and torment us like another Egyptian plague. The immense quantity of flies destroyed in a short space of time by one individual bird is scarcely to be credited by those who have not had actual experience of the fact." He goes on to illustrate this from a swift, which was shot. "It was in the breeding season, when the young were hatched; at which time the parent birds, it is well known, are in the habit of making little excursions into the country to a considerable distance from their breeding-place, for the purpose of collecting flies, which they bring home to their infant progeny. On picking up my hapless and ill-gotten prey, I observed a number of flies, some mutilated, others scarcely injured, crawling out of the bird's mouth; the throat and pouch seemed absolutely stuffed with them, and an in-

creditable number was at length disgorged. I am sure I speak within compass when I state that there was a mass of flies, just caught by this single swift, larger than, when pressed close, could conveniently be contained in the bowl of an ordinary tablespoon."

The extraordinary affection exhibited by the parent birds for their young is strikingly exemplified in the instances recorded of their risking their own freedom and safety by venturing into houses whither their nestlings have been carried. We once witnessed an instance of this in a pair of goldfinches, who were, however, enticed by hanging the cage containing the nestlings upon their native tree in an orchard, from which it was gradually removed to the outside of a window and afterwards taken indoors, whither the parent goldfinches followed and assiduously supplied their young with food. No attempt was made to catch the old ones; yet, with all their anxiety to supply the young with food they took care, although the window was left open for them, never to remain in the room during the night, roosting always in an adjacent tree in the orchard. An interesting story of a similar kind is told by Colonel Montagu respecting the gold-crested wren.

"A pair," says he, "of these birds, who took possession of a fir-tree in my garden, ceased their notes as soon as the young were hatched; and as this beautiful little family caused me much delight and amusement, some observations thereon may not be unacceptable to the curious reader. When first I discovered the nest, I thought it a favourable opportunity to become acquainted with some of the manners of this minute species, and to endeavour to discover whether the male ever sung by way of instructing the young ones. Accordingly, I took the nest, when the young about six days old, placed in a small basket, and by degrees enticed the old ones to my study window: and after they became familiar with that situation, the basket was placed within the window; then at the opposite side of the room. It is remarkable that, although the female seemed regardless of danger from her affection to her young, the male never once ventured within the room; and yet would constantly feed them while they remained at the outside of the window: on the contrary, the female would feed them at the table at which I sat, and even when I held the nest in my hand, provided I remained motionless. But on moving my head one day, while she was on the edge of the nest, which I held in my hand, she made a precipitate retreat, mistook the open part of the window, knocked herself against the glass, and laid [lay] breathless on the floor for some time. It is probable the focal distance of such minute animals' eyes is very near, and that large objects are not represented perfect on the *retina*; that they do not seem to see such distinctly ascertain, unless in motion. However, recovering a little, she made her escape, and in about an hour after I was agreeably surprised by her return; and she would afterwards frequently feed the young while I held the nest in my hand. The male bird constantly attended the female in her flight to and fro,

but never ventured beyond the window-frame ; nor did he latterly ever appear with food in his bill. He never uttered any note but when the female was out of sight, and then only a small chirp. At first there were ten young in the nest, but, probably for want of the male's assistance in procuring food, two died. The visits of the female were generally repeated in the space of a minute and a half or two minutes, or upon an average thirty-six times in an hour ; and this continued full sixteen hours in a day, which, if equally divided between the eight young ones, each would receive seventy-two feeds in the day ; the whole amounting to five hundred and seventy-six. From examination of the food, which by accident now and then dropped into the nest, I judged from those weighed that each feed was a quarter of a grain upon an average ; so that each young one was supplied with eighteen grains weight in a day ; and as the young ones weighed about seventy-seven grains at the time they began to perch, they consumed nearly their weight of food in four days' time at that time. This extraordinary consumption seems absolutely requisite in animals of such rapid growth. The old birds of this species weigh from eighty to ninety grains. I could always perceive by the animation of the young brood when the old one was coming ; probably some low note indicated her approach, and in an instant every mouth was open to receive the insect morsel. But there appeared no regularity in the supply given by the parent bird : sometimes the same was fed two or three times successively ; and I generally observed that the strongest got most, being able to reach farthest, the old one delivering it to the mouth nearest to her."

It would be easy for us to extend this chapter to a much greater length by similar anecdotes ; but we shall only add one more respecting one of the humming-birds mentioned by M. Labat, premising that we have no means of ascertaining the particular species meant. It being found extremely difficult, if not impossible, to breed the young humming birds, endeavours have been made to rear them by taking advantage of the natural affection of the parents for their offspring. Our author records an instance of such an experiment : "I showed," says he, "a nest of humming-birds to Father Montdidier, which was placed on a shed near the house. He carried it off with the young, when they were about fifteen or twenty days old, and put them in a cage at his room window, where the cock and hen continued to feed them, and grew so tame, that they scarcely ever left the room ; and though not shut in the cage, nor subjected to any restraint, they used to eat and sleep with their brood. I have often, seen all the four sitting upon Father Montdidier's finger, singing as if they had been perched upon a branch. He fed them with a very fine and almost limpid paste, made with biscuit, Spanish wine, and sugar. They dipped their tongue in it, and when their appetite was satisfied they fluttered and chanted. I never saw any thing more lovely than these four pretty little birds, which flew about the house and attended the call of their foster-father. He preserved them in

this way five or six months, and we hoped soon to see them breed, when Father Montdidier, having forgotten one night to tie the cage in which they were roosted by a cord that hung from the ceiling, to keep them from the rats, had the vexation in the morning to find that they had disappeared ; they had been devoured."

#### CHAPTER VIII.—TRAINING OF YOUNG BIRDS BY THEIR PARENTS.

By far the greater number of the actions of animals appear to be performed without previous instruction, in a manner which, being inexplicable in the present state of knowledge, is designated by the terms instinct and instinctive, meaning that the motives to any particular movement or action, as well as the mode of execution, originate in the animal spontaneously, without the series of reasoning, or thinking and determining, which we employ in similar cases. Thus a frog is said to swim instinctively in water ; that is, it requires no training, no instruction in the art of swimming, no more than we do in the process of breathing ; and the same may be said with regard to the swimming of most other animals, even those least accustomed to water, few being unable to swim except man, who requires training and instruction for that purpose. It is not our design to enter here upon the difficult subject of instinct, further than to point out a few of the acquired actions of birds, originating either in the express instruction or imitation of their parents.

With respect to the eagle, which is the most celebrated from the remotest antiquity for instructing its young, we are told by Moses, that she " stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, and taketh them and beareth them on her wings." Aristotle adds, that the young are not permitted to leave the nest prematurely, and, if they make the attempt, their parents beat them with their wings and tear them with their claws. Be this as it may, we are assured that eagles will feed their young for a considerable period, if the latter are disabled from flying by clipping their wings ; and it is recorded that a countryman once obtained a comfortable subsistence for his family out of an eagle's nest, by clipping the wings of the eaglets and tying them so as to increase their cries, a plan which was found to stimulate the exertions of the old birds in bringing prey to the nest. It was of course necessary for him to make his visits when the old birds were absent, otherwise he might have been made to pay dearly for his plunder. After instructing their young in flying and hunting, the parent eagles, like other birds of prey, drive them from their territory, though not, we believe, as Aristotle says, from the nest. Bonnet says, " The eagle instructs its young in flying, but does not, like the stork, prolong their education, for it mercilessly drives them away before they are thoroughly taught, and forces them to provide for their own wants. All the tyrants of the air act in the same manner ; yet, though this seems



cruel and shocking when we consider their close relationship, it takes a different aspect when we consider the kind of life led by those voracious birds. Destined to subsist by rapine and carnage, they would soon produce a famine amongst their race, did many of them dwell in the same district. For which reason, they hasten to drive away their young at a certain age from their boundaries, and then, if a scarcity of provision occur, the male and female put one another to death." The poet Thomson, without going quite so far as this, gives a very good account of the circumstance :—

" High from the summit of a craggy cliff  
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race  
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.  
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat  
For ages of his empire : which in peace  
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
He wings his course and preys in distant isles."

Another bird celebrated for instructing its young is the stork. When the wings of the young storks begin to grow, they are said to try their strength in fluttering about the nest, though it often happens, that, in this exercise, some of them fail and are unable to regain their place. When they first venture to commit themselves to the air, the mother leads them in small circumvolutions about the nest, whither she conducts them back, and about the end of August, the young ones, having acquired strength, unite with the old ones for the purpose of migration. " When the young storks," says Bonnet, as if speaking from observation, " begin to try their wings, the mother fails not to watch over and conduct them. She exercises them by little and little in short flights around the nest, to which she soon conducts them again. She continues her attention for a long time, and does not abandon them till their education is completed."

We are disposed, however, to look upon much that has been written respecting parent birds instructing their young as merely fanciful, and whether we are right in this may be readily verified by observing and comparing facts of daily occurrence. In the case of a brood of ducklings, for example, it might be plausibly alleged that their parents taught them to swim, because the mother may be seen swimming before them as their leader, and the little things all paddling after her according to their strength or their agility. But, in order to prove this view to be correct, it would be indispensable to show that the ducklings could not swim till they were instructed by their mother, which clearly appears not to be the case, for a duck-

ling, as soon as it acquires the requisite strength of foot, which occurs a very short time after it is hatched, takes to the water and swims as dexterously as its mother herself can do. Nay, it can not only swim so as merely to keep itself afloat, but it knows, without any instruction, how to proportion the frequency and force of the strokes of either foot so as to carry it to any part of the pond it chooses as accurately as if it were profoundly acquainted with the mathematical problems of the composition and resolution of forces. No instruction nor imitation of the parent will account for this, inasmuch as ducklings hatched in an oven will take to the water as readily as those tended by a female duck; and, in the common occurrence of their being hatched under a hen, they will swim away and leave their foster-mother on the bank of the pond in utter despair for their safety. This proves not only that they can swim without instruction, but in opposition to the most earnest solicitude of their sole instructor. We have witnessed a similar case no less in point in a brood of turkeys hatched by a goose, which their foster-mother, as was natural, was desirous of leading into the water; but this they refused as obstinately as ducklings do to quit the water when recalled by a hen.

As to what is alleged about the old birds warning the young ones of danger from their natural enemies, or teaching them of what animals to be afraid, the same remarks will apply. We have seen, for example, a young brood of the gallinule, evidently not above two days old, dive instantaneously, even before the watchful mother seemed to have time to warn them of our approach, and certainly before she followed them under water.

We think it highly probable that the instances of the eagle and the stork, above quoted, admit of a similar solution into instinctive motives independent of instruction. Even the case of the hen who leads her chickens so assiduously to where they may find food, though it appears to be more like instruction than the instance of the eagle and the stork, is far from being conclusive; for chickens which are hatched artificially seem to be at no loss in learning to feed, though they have no mother.

The swallows and sparrows, which, from building in our houses, are more under common observation than most wild birds, may readily be fancied to be seen instructing their young to fly. The whole family may have got out of the nest and have perched on the tiles, on a window-ledge, or on the projecting bricks of a neighbouring chimney, basking themselves in the sunshine, and enjoying the freshness of the summer air, and the parents, in their exuberance of joy at having reared their young ones so far without accident may be seen flitting about from one to another, and sometimes making short excursions to the nearest tree as if to survey their young from a different point of view, chuckling all the while with buoyant delight, in tones which many observers would not hesitate to interpret as invitations to the little things to try their wings. We are

more inclined, however, to consider the conduct of the parent birds on such occasions as simply expressive of pleasurable feeling; and if an anxious movement or the tremulous tone of fear be heard to intermingle, it may usually, we think, be traced to the attempts made by the young birds to fly, the old ones naturally anticipating the possibility of danger, from the known weakness of wing as well as the inexperience of the young ones, placed, as they usually are in such cases, at a considerable height. It appears, indeed, to be the chief recommendation of a nestling place, both for sparrows and swallows, that it should have a good fall, to aid their flight in starting on a journey. "I have known window-swallows," says Mr. Couch, "forsake a situation in which they had long been accustomed to build, only because a low wall had been erected in a situation that interfered with their comfortably taking flight." In other respects it appears to us that the supposed instructions given by the parent birds to the young in the art of flying are exactly parallel with those given by ducks in the art of swimming.

In this manner we should explain such observations as the following, which are coloured in conformity with Bonnet's theory: "The progressive method by which the young swallows are introduced to their proper habits is very curious. They first, but not without some difficulty, emerge from the shaft; for a day or two they are fed on the chimney top and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some neighbouring tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended by the parents with great assiduity. In a day or two after this they are strong enough to fly, but they continue still unable to take their own food. They therefore, play about near the place where the dams are watching for flies; and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle, the young one all the while uttering such a short quick note of gratitude and complacency that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature who has not remarked this scene." On the same principle it is said that the male assists the female stone-curlew "in conducting the young, whose education, notwithstanding, appears to be rather slow."

In the instance, again, of impending danger, or on the approach of an enemy, the parent birds eagerly express their feelings of solicitude, though it is questionable we think, whether the cries they utter are meant or understood by the young as invitations to fly to a place of greater security. We have in this way observed, in the case of a brood of young goldfinches, perched on an apple-tree and chirruping in chorus, that, when the watchful parents warned them of our approach, they did not fly towards them for protection, but instantly ceased to chirrup, squatting close to the branches where they were sitting. Yet we can imagine, and have seen, cases in which young birds, being in confinement or in danger, have been solicited to shift their quarters with all the varied tones and movements of invitation,

which are in fact identical with the tones used in feeding, and, to all appearance, instinctively understood. It is thus we would explain the following interesting narrative, which proves that, had the author had opportunities for observation, he might have accomplished something much superior to his very imperfect though well-planned compilation.

"When I was a boy," says Smellie, "I carried off a nest of young sparrows, about a mile from my place of residence. After the nest was completely removed, and while I was marching home with them in triumph, I perceived, with some degree of astonishment, both the parents following me at some distance, and observing my motions in perfect silence. A thought then struck me that they might follow me home, and feed the young according to their usual manner. When just entering the door I held up the nest, and made the young ones utter the cry expressive of the desire of food. I immediately put the nest and the young in the corner of a wire cage, and placed it on the outside of a window. I chose a situation in the room where I could perceive all that should happen without being myself seen. The young animals soon cried for food. In a short time both parents, having their bills filled with small caterpillars, came to the cage; and after chatting a little, as we do with a friend through the lattice of a prison, gave a small worm to each. This parental intercourse continued regularly for some time, till the young ones were completely fledged, and had acquired a considerable degree of strength. I then took one of the strongest of them and placed him on the outside of the cage, in order to observe the conduct of the parents after one of their offspring was emancipated. In a few minutes both parents arrived, loaded, as usual, with food. They no sooner perceived that one of their children had escaped from prison than they fluttered about and made a thousand demonstrations of joy, both with their wings and with their voices. These tumultuous expressions of unexpected happiness at last gave place to a more calm and soothing conversation. By their voices and their movements it was evident that they earnestly entreated him to follow them, and to fly from his present dangerous state. He seemed to be impatient to obey their mandates; but, by his gestures and the feeble sounds he uttered, he plainly expressed that he was afraid to try an exertion he had never before attempted. They, however, incessantly repeated their solicitations; by flying alternately from the cage to a neighbouring chimney-top, they endeavoured to show him how easily the journey was to be accomplished. He at last committed himself to the air, and alighted in safety. On his arrival another scene of clamorous and active joy was exhibited. Next day I repeated the same experiment, by exposing another of the young ones on the top of the cage. I observed the same conduct with the remainder of the brood, which consisted of four. I need hardly add, that not one either of the parents or children ever afterwards re-visited the execrated cage." . . .

It does not appear to us that, in the instance of carnivorous birds, the bringing of live prey to the young, and of inviting them to kill and devour it, is capable of being interpreted, as it usually has been, as an instance of training them to hunt. We have seen a kitten brought up by hand from the day it could see, and, of course, before the mother had any opportunity of instructing it to mouse, exhibit all the cunning devices of a practised veteran in lying in wait for a mouse, which it succeeded in capturing, though, so far as we were aware, it had never before seen a mouse; and we have not a doubt, though we never witnessed an instance, that a young hawk would pounce upon the first live bird presented to it, independently of all experience and instruction. But though we look upon this as the correct view of the matter, it may be well to give some of the statements of those who adopt a different opinion.

Albertus Magnus tells us that "hawks feed their young on the wing, generally for the space of a month, and then abandon them. They instruct them to catch such birds as they carry to the nest, and let go again in their presence. But when the nestlings are able to fly quite well, and to provide for themselves, they drive them away or forsake them." The priests of Egypt, on that account, when they wanted to represent a person who banished his children, were accustomed to express the idea by the figure of a brooding hawk. The same figure was also understood to signify want. Want, indeed, is said to be the reason of this conduct in the hawk, while the eagle rears only one young one, from pride and not from indigence. Such at least is the account of Ælian. But other writers of not less repute think, perhaps with more truth, that this severity on the part of the hawk is occasioned not through the want of food, which would be unworthy of the prince of the hawk tribe, but through the ingratitude of the offspring. St. Basil also remarks, that "hawks act with cruelty towards their young, and when they are able to fly keep them without food, and, as eagles do, drive them from their nest with their beaks and talons: they teach them, also, to be daring, and excite them to pursue prey, lest, when full grown, their nature should be dulled by sluggishness, and they should seek food rather from habit than a ferocious disposition." Cassiodorus coincides with this opinion.

"Hawks," says he, "who live on prey, famish their young, expel them from their nest, lest indolence should render them tame and dull, strike them with their wings if they are unwilling to depart, and, at last, compel them to flight that they may subsist, as their fond parents anticipate." Ælian also relates, that "in spring, hawks select two out of their whole tribe, and despatch them into Egypt to examine those desert islands which are adjacent to Africa, and these, after their return, become the leaders of the rest to those places. The Lybians, moreover, observe their peregrination with festal celebration. When they arrive at those islands which the precursors had considered most proper for their habitation, they pair and incubate,

and hunt pigeons and sparrows, redundantly supply their offspring with food, and, when they are strong enough to undertake the flight, conduct them into Egypt, as their native settlement.

But, leaving these antique accounts of mingled truth and fable, we are told by a recent observer, that "the rook entices the young from the breeding-trees as soon as they can flutter to any other. These young, for a few evenings after their flight, will return to their parents, and roost where they were bred; but they soon quit their abode, and remain absent the whole summer months." Now we think this is putting the matter in its true light; for the rooks are here represented under very different circumstances from the swallows and sparrows, whose supposed training we have above endeavoured to explain, their prey not being usually at hand, but in some distant field. To continue therefore to supply their young as they had done while unable to quit the nest, would be, in many cases, impossible, for their immediate vicinity is for the most part exhausted, and the increasing dryness of the season renders it more difficult to obtain worms, slugs, and the grubs of chafers. This is not a mere hypothetical view, but is proved by facts. "In the hot summer of 1825 many of the young brood of rooks of the season perished for want; the mornings were without dew, and consequently few or no worms were to be obtained; and we found them dead under the trees, having expired on their roostings. It was particularly distressing, for no relief could be given, to hear the constant clamour and importunity of the young for food. The old birds seemed to suffer without complaint; but the wants of their offspring were expressed by the unceasing cry of hunger, and pursuit of their parents for supply, and our fields were scenes of daily restlessness and lament. Yet, amid all this distress, it was pleasing to observe the perseverance of the old birds in the endeavour to relieve their famishing families, as many of them remained out searching for food quite in the dusk, and returned to their roosts long after the usual period for retiring."

Under such circumstances, it is surely not wonderful that the parent birds should endeavour to entice their young, as soon as they can fly, to take excursions to the particular fields where they expect to find a supply of food; yet such enticement does not appear to us to constitute training in the proper meaning of the term.—*Bird Miscellanies, by Jas. Rennie.*

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## THE HISTORY OF THE HORSE: ITS ORIGIN, PHYSICAL AND MORAL CHARACTERISTICS, ITS PRINCIPAL VARIETIES, AND DOMESTIC ALLIES.\*

### CHAPTER VII.—ON THE ASS AND MULE.

FROM the contemplation of the horse in a state of subjection to man, let us turn to that of its humble relative, the ass. In our country, at least, this patient, serviceable beast is almost uniformly treated with contempt and even cruelty; it is neglected and undervalued, yet to the poor but industrious cottager it is an animal of no mean importance. We agree with Mr. Bell that it is "obstinate and stubborn," "indefatigable and enduring in labour," "the drudge of man," and "sunk in abject and hopeless slavery;" but not that it is "endowed with very limited intelligence." Who that has marked the lively ass-colt with its picturesque head and dark bright eyes gambolling around its dam in all the exuberance of animal buoyancy, before "sharp-misery has worn it to the bone," and blows and starvation have crushed its energies—who, we say, that has marked this picture, so worthy of Landseer's pencil, would say that deficiency of animal intelligence was its inborn characteristic? Who that has seen the dam defend her colt from the worrying dog, striking with her fore-feet and ready to seize with her teeth, would charge the creature with apathy? Indeed, the talented writer alluded to admits that these despised animals occasionally exhibit a far higher character than that ordinarily assigned to them, adding, "the most remarkable instance of this kind within my own knowledge was that of an ass in the possession of an ancestor of mine who from age and disease was obliged to give up riding on horseback and betake himself to the easier exercise of this animal's more gentle paces. *General*, for that was the name of the ass in question, was of an unusual stature—at least for those bred in this country. His pace was easy and free, but swift perhaps beyond example, and many times before my grandfather obtained him he had been in at the death after a tolerably hard fox-chase. Matches had often been made, and asses of unusual power and fleetness had been placed against him; but he never met with a competitor. He was docile, also, and gentle, and having survived his master, to the comfort of whose latter days he had essentially contributed, he spent the remainder of his life in ease and idleness, and at his death was buried with due honours in his own little paddock."

Instances of great docility, not unmixed with considerable spirit, in the ass, have come under our own notice; we have known this animal open the fastenings of doors and gates in order to free itself and rejoin its companions, displaying no little skill and perseverance in the accomplishment of the work. When hampered by

\* Continued from No. XXXVII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

fetters, as we often see it in lanes or on large commons, the address with which it contrives to hobble along, while at the same time it does itself no injury by passionate struggles which would be both painful and unavailing, cannot have been unobserved. All this is attributed to dullness and apathy; we should rather consider this caution and good management under difficulties, as resulting from prudence and sagacity. Let it be remembered that the brain of the ass is proportionably larger than that of the horse, we believe nearly in the ratio of eight to five.

The memory of the ass is very retentive, and it seldom or never forgets the intricacies of a road once traversed; this animal has been known to return voluntarily from a great distance over most toilsome paths, and after a considerable absence, to its old home; thus evincing local attachment, or even attachment to some particular person, on less than a union of memory, circumspection, and boldness. The ass refuses to move if its eyes be covered—a circumstance in accordance with the feelings of a quadruped destined by nature to traverse irregular and precipitous paths, where a keenness of vision is requisite in order to ensure safety. Again, when over-loaded, this animal hangs its head, slouches its long ears, and assumes that stolid look which is considered, but erroneously, as characteristic of stupidity. With a heavy burden it can, indeed travel very far; but it must go its own pace, for it is unfitted (as a general rule) for sudden and rapid exertion, and when fairly over-tasked it can only be urged forward by most unwarrantable and barbarous severity of chastisement. In this respect it differs widely from the horse, of which the generous self-devotion to the will of man, as it is called, frequently impels it to exert its powers until it drops dead. Which kind of conduct wins the most admiration from man is not a matter of doubt but which evinces the greater share of real wisdom and sagacity is quite another matter.

So far, then, do we contend against the correctness of prevailing ideas entertained respecting the innate stupidity of this persevering, useful, and, in England, brutally treated animal, the value of which in other countries is more justly appreciated. England, we may add, is by no means a congenial residence for the ass—neither the climate nor the productions seem thoroughly suited to its constitution; here it is degenerated, and displays, but in a low degree, those qualities which render it, and have rendered it, time immemorial so much in request in Western Asia. In fact, the ass has radiated from its original nursery more slowly than most other domestic animals. Aristotle observes that in his time there were no asses in Pontus, Scythia, or in the country of the Celts (France and Germany); and as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth the ass was either extremely rare or not extant in our island.\* Nevertheless, the ass was domesticated, as we have every reason to believe, at an

\* In the time of Ethelred the ass was known in England, but was rare and costly, and appears to have become in process of time extinct.



epoch prior to the horse: it is enumerated among the riches of the patriarchs, and when the horse was in use among the Israelites and other nations of Syria it continued the ordinary riding-beast—the beast of civil life, in contradistinction to the horse, which was more especially appropriated to war. With respect to the origin of the domestic ass, most writers refer it to the onager or koulán; but it is not improbable that other species inter-breeding with this may have contributed to the modifications which the domestic ass from a remote period appears to have presented. The ass, however, has never lost the indications which prove that the original stock was destined by nature for a dry rugged mountainous country, destitute of luxurious humid plains, abounding with succulent vegetation. The hoofs, unlike those of the horse, are long, concave beneath, with extremely sharp rims, and admirably adapted for treading with security on slippery rough declivities, which, as experience has fully taught, are ill-suited for the round flat hoof of the horse. The shoulders are comparatively lower and the croup higher than in the horse, and the animal can better support a weight thrown partially on the croup or hip-bones than when placed behind the withers sustained by the dorsal vertebræ; in ascending or descending steep rugged paths the pressure of the weight on the croup would, we think, be the least disadvantageous to a beast of burden.

The ass loves to roll itself in the dust of dry roads or sandy places, as if to announce its desert-home of ancient days; it prefers the dry and prickly thistle and rough coarse herbage to succulent pasturage, and is patient of thirst, drinking but little, and then only sipping from the surface, which it merely touches with its lips. It dislikes wet or marshy ground, and will even avoid a road-side puddle, as if disliking to tread in the wet. The skin is hard and dry, and very seldom, if indeed ever, is the hair to be seen streaming with perspiration. The skin is far more insensible than that of the horse, and consequently a slight goad used mercifully is far better than the whip for stimulating the animal into action while the cudgel, the blows of which injure muscle and bones, is only to be looked upon as the instrument of a merciless ruffian.

The ass is about four years in coming to maturity, and will live to a considerable age, sometimes more than thirty years. In Brettell's description of the Isle of Wight there is an account of one which drew up the water in the deep well of Carisbrooke Castle, and which worked daily at the wheel "for the space of fifty-two years and even then died in perfect health and strength by accidentally falling over the ramparts of the castle. One of its successors was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III., who settled on it an annuity of a penny loaf a day—a bounty which it enjoyed for a long period of years." Several other instances of longevity have been noticed. The female ass goes eleven months with young, and seldom produces more than one foal at a birth.

The milk of the ass, which contains much sugar, has been long

used by persons of consumptive habits or delicate health, and no doubt with beneficial effect, as it is capable of being digested by stomachs unequal to the task of assimilating the richer milk of the cow. According to Parmentier and Desyeux, the properties of the milk of our herbivorous domestic quadrupeds may be placed in the following tabular series:—

For Butter	Cheese.	Sugar.	Whcy.
1. Sheep.	1. Goat.	1. Ass.	1. Ass.
2. Cow.	2. Sheep.	2. Mare.	2. Mare.
3. Goat.	3. Cow.	3. Cow.	3. Cow.
4. Ass.	4. Ass.	4. Goat.	4. Goat.
5. Mare.	5. Mare.	5. Sheep.	5. Sheep.

The ass is subject to few diseases, and its skin is uninfested by parasitic insects.

We have said that in the East the ass in ancient times was generally used for the saddle. There, no degraded ill-treated creature, it was carefully bred and reared, and often clad in gay trappings. Its step was free and vigorous, its form beautiful, its limbs sinewy and strong. Princes and nobles, judges and priests, were among its riders; and a talented writer says in the 'Pictorial Bible,' "we have ourselves seen asses on which princes and great men might not disdain to ride." We might point to numerous passages in the Scriptures illustrative of the ancient domestication, general use, and high value of the ass; but these will suggest themselves to our readers' minds. In Judges v. 10, we read of white asses, which appear to have been used by the nobles, priests, or judges of Israel; these animals being not only thus distinguished by colour, but remarkable also for stature and symmetry, were highly esteemed. There are still white asses to be seen in Syria, and that by no means unfrequently; and as in former days, they are prized before others. In a note upon the passage in question, the learned commentator referred to, speaking of the white asses of Western Asia, states that "they are usually in every respect the finest of their species, and their owners certainly take more pride in them than in any other of their asses. They also sell at a much higher price; and those hackney ass-men who make a livelihood by hiring out their asses to persons who want a ride, always expect better pay for the white ass than for any of the others. The superior estimation in which they are held is indicated by the superior style of their furniture and decorations; and in passing through the streets the traveller will not fail to notice the conspicuous appearance which they make in the line of asses which stand waiting to be hired. The worsted trappings are of gayer colours, the beads and small shells are more abundant and fine, and the ornaments of metal more bright. But above all, their white hides are fantastically streaked and spotted with the red stains of the henna plant, a barbarous kind of ornament,

which the Western Asiatics are fond of applying to their own beards and to the manes and tails of their white horses."

Asses of a pure white colour, and to be regarded as albinos, are occasionally to be seen in our island, but perhaps more commonly in Spain, where piebald asses of large stature (clouded with large grey patches on a white ground) are still more frequent. Of this latter breed we suppose was Sancho Panza's faithful "dapple."

We have notes of a white ass bred by Lord Essex from a fine stock of piebald Spanish asses kept up some few years since by that nobleman at Watford in Essex. This animal came into the possession of Mr. Herring about the year 1828. It was not a true albino, for the irides were chestnut brown. The general coat, however, was purely and beautifully white, without either dorsal line or humeral cross-bar; but a few dusky spots about the muzzle, some dark hairs in the tassel of the tail and on the shoulders, taken in conjunction with the colour of the iris, demonstrated that the *reticulum* was not wholly destitute of colour. It was tall, vigorous, and admirably proportioned. We may here observe, *en passant*, that in our boyhood we saw four very tall and purely white Spanish mules in the park of a gentleman near Bewdley in Worcestershire.

While speaking of the white colour of some breeds of the ass, and the dappled markings of others, we may observe, that a variety with zebra-like stripes upon the limbs to the very hoofs is not unfrequently to be met with in our island and elsewhere, and sometimes even a double cross upon the shoulders is to be seen. To what cause the zebra markings on the limbs (and we have seen them strongly painted in mules) are to be attributed, it is not easy to say. Is there, or has there been, a striped wild ass indigenous in Asia? or does this style of marking proclaim a cross at a remote date with some African species of the zebra section? We cannot tell, but we have observed that asses and mules thus marked are larger and more powerful than the ordinary animals. At Mocha (Mecca,) as we learn from Lord Valentia, there are two races of ass, of which one has the legs banded transversely with black like the zebra. Most probably in every country where the ass is domiciliated a similar breed is more or less prevalent.

As the ass is an original native of Western Asia, it is there that we naturally expect to find it in its highest degree of perfection, nor are our expectations in the main disappointed. Not that every breed is alike large and powerful, for we learn that in Syria a small but graceful and spirited breed, with an agreeable gait, is common; and that upon animals of this breed the Syrian ladies ride from preference. We know, moreover, that in India, where the ass is neglected, the breeds are of very inferior quality. In Western India these animals are not much larger than good-sized Newfoundland dogs. They are used in droves to carry small loads of salt or grain; they are also used by the pot-makers to carry their clay; and are

always seen, as in Europe, associated with gipsies. ('Proceedings of Zool. Soc.,' 1837, p. 95.)

This statement agrees with that of Captain Williamson, who describes the ass in British India as an ill-used and miserable creature, degenerated and debased accordingly. He observes that these poor animals are "remarkably small, being generally not more than twenty or thirty inches high, and very much cat-hamned. They are however very strong, and carry a single sack on their loins, containing bricks, &c. to a considerable weight. Their general use is among washermen, for carrying the clothes. This class of people, whose employment is hereditary and immutable, have the sole privilege of riding asses; any other sect, either riding or employing an ass, would be irreparably degraded." ('Oriental Field Sports,' vol. ii.)

It is in Arabia that the ass, following as it were in the wake of the horse, shows the highest blood, spirit, and symmetry; and where the direct Arab lineage has been carried out, as in some districts of Persia, Syria, Spain, &c., the ass maintains a not undignified standing. Many travellers, and among others Chardin, describe the Arabian ass as a really elegant creature. The coat is smooth and clean; the head is carried high and proudly; the limbs are clean, well-formed, and muscular, and in walking or galloping they are thrown out gracefully. It is only for the saddle that these Arab asses are used, and they are imported in considerable numbers into Persia and Syria. Some of the finest sell for a considerable sum (Chardin says 400 livres; but what is the livre of Western Asia? perhaps a few pence only.) They are taught an easy ambling pace, and are made use of by the wealthy, who adorn them with splendid trappings.

In Syria, besides the small breed already noticed, there are according to Dr. Russell, three well-marked breeds. The first is of Arab lineage, and reserved exclusively for the saddle; animals of this breed are extensively used by the middle classes, the Shiekhhs, or religious men, and the elderly of the more opulent classes. They are fed and dressed with the same care as horses, the bridle is ornamented with shells, fringe, &c., and the saddle is covered with a fine carpet; they are active, spirited, and of tall stature, and very docile. The stirrups are made in the European fashion, and not in the broad box fashion of those used for horses. Asses of this high lineage are sent to Persia, where they are greatly valued. In Ispahan, according to Morier, "the mollahs, or men of the law, are generally to be seen riding on mules, but they also account it a dignity and suited to their character to ride on white asses, which is a striking illustration of what we read in Judges v."

The second breed in Syria is a stout animal, used for work of every description to which the ass is applicable. These animals serve in the plough, and large caravans of them are daily employed in taking provisions from the villages to the towns.

The third variety of the ass in Syria is known by the name of the

Damascus ass, because it is very common in that city. It is characterized by a peculiarly long body and long ears. It is of large stature, exceeding the ordinary breed, and its skin is smoother, and of a much darker colour. The bakers of Damascus employ it in transporting flour and brushwood. "A rider on this animal sitting almost close to the tail, when viewed from behind, has the figure of a centaur."

A writer on Persia, speaking of the asses of that country, states, that with the exception of those of Arabian extraction, they are by no means remarkable for beauty, and though strong, and capable of bearing much fatigue, they are not much superior to the better sort of asses in our country, but are more tractable, in consequence of being more kindly treated and more cared for. Poor travellers have generally an ass to carry a little baggage for them. "It keeps of its own accord in company with the mules, horses, and asses, which belong to the party, and does not require much watching. When the master is tired of walking, he relieves himself by a little ride upon his donkey: when that is the case, he generally springs upon the back of the animal all of a sudden, because in general if the ass gets any suspicion of this intention, he runs about, and it sometimes takes much trouble to catch him. The men ride their asses without bridles or halters, merely guiding them by tapping their necks with a stick; so that if the rider wishes his ass to go more to the left on the road, he taps him on the right side of his neck." We learn from the same writer that it is a common practice in Persia to slit the nostrils of the asses, which gives them a curious appearance. It is done with a view of assisting them in their breathing.

In Europe no country is so celebrated for its breed of asses as Spain; these animals are of large stature and fine symmetry, and many are extremely valuable. A very important reason for the preservation of this beautiful stock in high perfection is the production of mules, which in the mountain districts are of paramount importance, and indeed are highly valued both for the saddle and as beasts of burden, throughout the whole of the peninsula. By the humbler and even middle classes in Spain, the ass is ordinarily employed for the saddle and in agricultural labour, as well as for general work; and in its stature, gait, and actions presents a marked contrast with the over-worked, ill-fed, and ill-used animal, to be seen gleanng a miserable pittance on the commons and in the lanes of our country. Spanish asses have been introduced at various times into England, and that at considerable expense; but as far as we can learn, our native breed has not been benefited by their importation, not because such a result would not take place by judicious inter-breeding, but because the ass, being for the most part the property only of the poor and ignorant, both the wish and the means to improve the race are wanting. With respect to the horse, the case is the reverse.

Italy possesses a breed of asses little if at all inferior to those of

Spain.\* It is probable that this stock has descended from a race of remote antiquity in that country, for these animals were highly esteemed by the Romans, and individuals occasionally sold them for large sums. Anciently the asses of Greece were much valued, but in the present day the breed is of inferior quality. In some parts of France (le Poitou et le Mirebalais) there is a fine race of asses. These animals are numerous in Sardinia, but they are not so fine as those in Spain or Italy. In the north of Europe the ass is little known. Linnæus says that it was rare in Sweden in his time, and only kept in the parks of nobles (see 'Fauna Suecica,' 1746). In America the ass, like the horse, is now common, especially in Peru and Paraguay, where great numbers are maintained for the sake of keeping up a stock of mules, animals absolutely necessary in the mining districts, where they have superseded the indigenous llama, the ancient Peruvian beast of burden, the camel of the crags of the New World.

There is no doubt that the ass was introduced into South America by the Spaniards, and there, like the horse, it has run wild, and in some districts multiplied to so great an extent, as for example in the kingdom of Quito, that numbers, it is affirmed, may be had for little more than the trouble of catching. When wanted, they are hunted by the natives, and ensnared by means of the lasso. They are active and fleet, and exhibit evident proofs of their Spanish origin; and were it not for the excessive numbers in which they exist, or did formerly, thence becoming destructive to the cultivated lands, they would prove a valuable acquisition.

Baron Humboldt ('Personal Narrative') informs us that in the sixteenth century these animals were so abundant in the Isle of Fortaventura, that they were hunted and killed by thousands in order to save the harvest. The same author mentions the extraordinary fact of their being able to obtain liquid, when herding in the arid plains, where no water exists. Their fine sense of smelling informs them that a considerable quantity of moisture is contained in the melon thistle (*cactus melocactus*), and their instinct suggests to them the readiest method of procuring it from that singular vegetable cistern. Before they attempt to make an opening into it, they carefully push aside, or break off with their hoofs, the sharp thorns by which it is protected, and in this they generally succeed perfectly, though some few become wounded or even lamed by the operation. In this procedure, there is no particle of the innate stupidity which it is customary to attribute to the ass, as one of its essential characteristics.

The produce of the male ass and mare is termed a *mule*—of the male horse and female ass, a *hinney*—le bardeau of the French. The *hinney* is rare, and of little value, being of small stature, and destitute of symmetry and strength. On the contrary, the mule is an animal of great value and utility, and in the mountain countries of southern Europe is the most efficient beast of burden. The first notice of the mule on record is to be found in Genesis

xxvi. 24 :—"This was that Anah that found the mules in the wilderness, as he fed the asses of Zibeon his father." On this passage, however, there is much contrariety of opinion. According to the Jewish Rabbins, and some learned commentators, Anah was the first who coupled the ass and mare, while others regard the word *yemin*, translated mules, to mean a gigantic race of warriors, and this is the opinion of Bochart. The Syriac version and St. Jerome render the word "*aquas calidas*" warm springs; and that this is the true meaning, is the opinion, we believe, of most of the learned men of the present day. Speaking as a zoologist, we should say, that whatever the Hebrew word may mean, mules are not intended, for the horse was not known, as far as we can discover, at so early a period (B.C. 1600 or 1500) in Palestine. But rejecting this passage as of little weight, still we find the mule expressly noticed long before the Christian era. In the time of David, and probably much earlier, the mule was used both for the saddle and as a beast of ordinary burden. We read of provisions being brought "on asses, and on camels, and on mules, and on oxen" (1 Chron. xii. 40). David had saddle-mules, and it was on a mule that Absalom rode when he retreated from the battle, at the close of which he lost his life (2 Sam. xviii. 9). Togarnah traded in mules as well as horses (Ezek. xxvii. 14). In Esther, viii. 14, we read of the posts or couriers of Persia and Media riding upon mules and camels.

In the present day there are various breeds of mules in the East, and some are remarkable for beauty.

The most valuable in Syria are bred between the Arab mare and a male ass, selected for figure and spirit, and some of these sell at a high price.

"The better sort of mules which are capable of carrying heavy loads are employed in the caravans, and the common sort are of great service for the mill and waterwheels. Both are maintained at less expense than horses, and, being surer-footed, are better suited for traversing the rugged roads in mountainous countries. The domestic trade with the maritime towns and the mountains is not only carried on chiefly by mule caravans, but they are sent even to Erzeroum, Constantinople, and other remote towns. In these caravans the male travellers are mounted on mules lightly laden (usually with the mere personal baggage of the rider), and the women either ride in the same manner (sitting astride as they always do like men), or in a kind of wooden cradle, called *muhaffy*, hung on one side of the mule, with another to balance it, occupied or not, but made equi-ponderant to the other. But persons of a certain rank travel in a kind of litter carried by two mules. Within the towns, and in short excursions to the circumjacent gardens, asses generally have the preference, and the mules are charged with the baggage. Burkhardt states that the breed of Baalbec mules is much esteemed, and that he had seen some which were worth on the spot 30*l.* or 35*l.*, a large sum in that quarter."—*Phys. Hist. Palestine.*

Mr. Lane, in a note to chap. viij. of the 'Arabian Nights,' states that the litter borne by mules is generally one resembling a palanquin: it is usually carried by four of these animals, two before and two behind, or by two only; or more commonly by camels, and sometimes by two horses. This litter is called "takht-rawán," and also "mihaffeh."

We are informed by an entertaining writer on Persia, that the mules of that country are not very large, but have amazing strength and power of endurance. They will travel the stony and steep roads over rocky mountains day after day at the rate of from twenty-five to fifty miles per diem, loaded with a weight of three hundred pounds. They require more food than the horse—the muleteers never remove the pack-saddles from their backs, except when cleaning and carrying them. If the men find that the back has been galled, they take away some of the stuffing from the packsaddle, where it presses on the sore part, and then put the saddle on again, experience having taught them that such sores, unless healed under the saddle, are apt to break out again.

From an early period the mule has been valued in Southern Europe. The Roman ladies had equipages drawn by mules, as appears from medals of Julia and Agrippina; and in Spain the carriages of persons of high rank are drawn even in the present day by mules splendidly caparisoned, and formerly the highest *hidalgos* rode, except when in battle, on these animals. In the poem of the 'Cid' we read that Diego Lainez, when he rode forth to meet the good King Ferdinand, had three hundred *hidalgos* in his train, all on mules—

"All these knights on mules are mounted,  
Ruy a war-horse doth bestride;  
All wear gold and silken raiment,  
Ruy in mailed steel doth ride."

Mules are now of general use in Spain and Portugal, and some are of great stature and beauty, being fifteen or even sixteen hands in height, and often worth more than 50*l*. Not only is the mule employed for the saddle and for draught, but it is by caravans of laden mules that the internal traffic of the country is carried on, and, indeed, in the mountain-ranges these animals, from their sure-footedness and sagacity, are indispensable. With wary caution and cool resolution, they traverse the difficult pass along the edge of the tremendous precipice, where a false step would be destruction; they plod their way up the toilsome winding ascent, or follow the steep downward path, rugged as it may be, with untiring perseverance. It sometimes happens that an abrupt declivity of more than usual steepness has to be passed, and it is then that the mule has to exert all its sagacity and resolution; it proceeds cautiously, with the forelegs stretched forwards, and the hind limbs bent under the body, and takes step by step, with the utmost circumspection, till at length retaining its attitude and keeping its balance, it slides down the



rocky surface of the declivity, and gains the place of security. The traveller who ventures the mountain-passes on a well-tryed mule must keep his nerves firm and his head steady, and trust to the animal entirely; he must neither check nor urge it; though the narrow-winding shelf along which he passes presents a towering wall on one side, and a profound abyss on the other, still he may rely on his mule if he can on his own firmness.

That mules should be employed in carrying on the inland commerce of Spain is not surprising. The great cities and towns are few and far asunder; the communications between them are slow and insecure; the face of the land is rugged and intersected by high ridges of mountains; there are few carriage roads; no canals; no internal navigation. Hence are these patient sure-footed animals of more solid and general importance even than the horse. In consequence of this system of land-carriage, a great amount of property is constantly in the hands of a class of persons, to whose care it is intrusted. These men are called *arrieros*, or muleteers, and are noted for their hardihood and fidelity.

An original writer on 'The Labourers of Europe,' in the 'Penny Magazine,' gives us the following account. "The *arrieros*, or muleteers of Spain form a numerous and rather conspicuous part of the Spanish population. Mules are preferred in Spain for driving, as being more sure-footed and hardier than horses. Besides which there are caravans of mules, with loads on their backs, constantly crossing Spain on the various roads, carrying corn, rice, flour, pulse, wine, and oil, in skins, as well as goods from the sea-ports to the interior. The muleteer is a primitive being; he wanders all over the vast Peninsula; his home is everywhere; light-hearted and jovial, he is also honest, and his punctuality in general may be depended upon. He is very kind to his mules, calls them by their names, talks to them, scolds them, and his first care on arriving at the inn is to see them comfortably provided for; and then, and not till then, he thinks of himself. He is sutler, or travelling merchant, carries parcels, and executes commissions for people on the road. The master muleteer, or owner of a number of mules, sends his servants on various journeys, and pays their expenses on the road, besides their wages. On more important and profitable expeditions he sets forth himself. During the war in the Peninsula, the muleteers were much employed by the English Commissariat to carry provisions for the army, and they were paid handsomely. Accordingly, some of them were known to have come with their mules from the heart of Castile, then in possession of the French, to the frontiers of Portugal, where were the English cantonments, evading the French posts and scouring parties! Often in the dead of the night has the English bivouac been cheered by the distant chaunt of the Spanish muleteer, singing national ballads of the 'good land of Valencia, the Eden of Spain,' or boasting of the 'Impregnable city of Zaragoza, which the French shall never conquer,' and of its patroness our

'Lady del Pilar,' the jugling of the mule's bells echoing to each cadence."

"How carols now the lusty muleteer !  
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,  
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,  
His quick bells wildly jingling by the way ?—  
No ! as he speaks, he chaunts—Viva el Rey !" —

*Childe Harold.*

A similar account of the Spanish muleteer is given by Washington Irving. "The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land crossing the Peninsula from the Pyrenees and the Asturias to the Alpuxarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily ; his alforjas of coarse cloth holds his scanty stock of provisions ; a leather bottle hanging at his saddle bow contains wine or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mule-cloth spread upon the ground is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength ; his complexion is dark and sun-burnt ; his eye resolute but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion ; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation,—' Dios guarde á usted, va usted con Dios, caballero ! ' ' God guard you, God be with you, cavalier ! ' " Such then are the men who, from the established custom of employing mules time immemorial in Spain as the transporters of merchandise, have sprung up, and established themselves as an important class of the population. The muleteer and his caravan of mules, their " quick bells wildly jingling," constitute essential features in a Spanish landscape. At a former period in our island, before roads were fitted for wheel-carriages, the carrier and his string of pack horses in like manner gave animation to the wilder districts.

Mules are extensively employed in the mining districts of South America, and vast numbers are bred accordingly. When the Spaniards first invaded Peru and Chili, they found the llama domesticated, and used as a beast of burden, its flesh and wool being also in great request. It was their only substitute for the horse, ass, mule, and camel of the old world. Its flesh was eaten, its skin converted into leather, and its wool spun and manufactured into cloth. One of the labours to which the llama was subjected was that of bringing down ore from the mines in the mountains. Its ordinary load was eighty or one hundred pounds, and its average rate of travelling with this burden over rugged mountain passes from twelve to fifteen miles per day. Like the camel, if too heavily laden, it would lie down, and obstinately refuse to proceed, nor would it bear to be urged beyond its accustomed pace. Gregory de Bolivar estimated that in his day three hundred thousands were employed in the transport of the mines of Potosi alone, and four millions annually killed for food. To

the llama the mule has succeeded ; and, as in Spain, its value is well appreciated. Baron Humboldt in his personal narrative depicts in a very forcible manner the sagacity and sure-footedness of the mule under circumstances of no trifling emergency, nor will a short extract from his narrative be here out of place. "The valleys," he says, "of Guanaguana and Caripe are separated by a kind of dyke or calcareous ridge, well known by the name of the Cuchilla de Guanaguana. The path is indeed in several places by fourteen or fifteen inches broad, and the ridge of the mountain along which the road runs is covered with a short turf, extremely slippery. The slopes on each side are steep, and the traveller, if he should stumble, might slide down seven or eight hundred feet. The mules of this country are so sure-footed that they inspire the greatest confidence. Their habits are the same as those of Switzerland and the Pyrenees. In proportion as a country is more savage, the instinct of domestic animals improves in address and sagacity. When the mules feel themselves in danger, they stop, turning their heads to the right and to the left: the motion of their ears seems to indicate that they reflect on the decision they ought to take. Their resolution is slow but always just, if it be free, that is to say, if it be not crossed or hastened by the imprudence of the traveller. It is on the frightful roads of the Andes that the intelligence of horses and beasts of burden displays itself in an astonishing manner." Thus the mountaineers are heard to say, "I will not give you the mule whose step is easiest, but him who reasons best." This popular expression, dictated by long experience, combats the system of animated machines better perhaps than all the arguments of speculative philosophy.

In another part of his interesting narrative, the same philosophic writer describes, with still greater minuteness, the dangers of a far more difficult pass which occurs in the provinces of Venezuela and Cumana, and which, from its terrific character, the missionaries have noted by giving it the title of the Purgatory. In descending this pass all must be trusted to the mules—"in going down they draw their hind legs near their fore legs, and, lowering their crupper, let themselves slide down at a venture, but the rider runs no risk, provided he loosens the bridle and leaves the animal at perfect liberty in its movement." He then proceeds to say that, after passing through a thick forest, "we descended without intermission for seven hours, and it is difficult to form an idea of a more tremendous descent—it is a real *chemin des échelles* (road of steps), a kind of ravine in which during the rainy seasons impetuous torrents tumble from rock to rock. The steps are from two to three feet high, and the unfortunate beast of burden, after having measured with their eye the space necessary to let their load pass between the trunks of the trees, leap from one rock to another. Afraid of missing their leap, we saw them stop for a few minutes to examine the ground and bring together their four feet like wild goats. If the animal do not reach the nearest block of stone he sinks half his

depth into the soft ochrey clay that fills up the interstices of the rock. When the blocks are wanting, enormous roots serve as supports to the feet of men and beasts ; there are some of them twenty inches thick, and often issue from the trunks of the trees much above the level soil. The Creoles have sufficient confidence in the address and happy instinct of the mules to remain on their saddles during this long and dangerous descent."

Whilst in Spain, Portugal, Italy, the south of France, and south America, mules are reared in vast numbers, few, comparatively speaking, are bred in our island ; and in northern Europe this hybrid is almost or quite unknown. With respect to the British islands, the characters of the country, the state of the roads, and the unbounded facilities of communication between the most distant places by means of wheel-carriages, canals, and navigable rivers, render the employment of mules entirely out of the question. Nevertheless, they might, under certain circumstances, be brought to serve with advantage in various operations of agriculture, especially in the hilly districts ; and breed of great strength and stature might easily be procured between the Spanish male ass and the half-bred mare. Fine and very powerful mules bred in this country have occasionally passed under our notice, and, indeed, we lately saw a team of such animals equalling the ordinary cart-horse in stature, if not standing taller, in proportion to their bulk. A beautiful and spirited mule of a brown colour, with zebra marking on the legs, was, and perhaps is now, in the possession of one of the principal butchers of Hammer-smith ; we have often admired its action and docility. We have already alluded to four white Spanish mules, which we chanced to see at a time when we little dreamed that this animal would ever be the subject of our pen : though noticed in boyhood, the impression they made upon our mind is indelible ; it was at the same time, and in the same grounds, that we first saw a pure white peacock.

Naturalists have assumed as a rule that hybrids, the produce of two parents of different species, are incapable of continuing the race ; and this perhaps is true to a certain extent : nevertheless, it would appear to be equally true that hybrids not unfrequently interbreed with one of the pure stock from which they have sprung. The ancients, indeed, mention a sort of mules in Phrygia, Syria, Cappadocia and Africa, which are stated to have been prolific. (See Aristotle, "*Hist. Anim.*" lib. vi. ; Varro, "*De Re Rustica*," lib. ii. ; Columella, lib. vii. ; Pliny, lib. viii. But on such authorities it is unsafe to trust implicitly.) Bewick says—"Mules have not unfrequently been known to bring forth young, especially in hot countries ; and instances have not been wanting both in England and Scotland, though they are rare. But it would require a succession of experiments to prove that mules will breed with each other, and produce an offspring equally capable of continuing the race."

For ourselves we believed the mule or hybrid between the ass and mare to be utterly incapable of continuing the intermediate race,

though we are ready to admit that the female mule may produce young, the male parent being a horse; and that the male mule and mare will occasionally breed together, and perhaps in more genial climates than our own instances of this intermixture may be more abundant. Mr. Bell says—"The mule has occasionally been known to produce young with the horse or the ass; these cases are, however, extremely rare, and serve as illustrations of the statement I have already made; as there is no instance on record of two mules having bred together." To this he adds, in a note, "The following fact must doubtless be placed to the account of reproducing in the mule: a small mare was placed in a paddock in the Zoological Society's gardens, in company with a male *white* ass, and a male hybrid between the zebra and the ass (animals nearer allied than the horse and ass, be it remembered). She had a foal which was distinctly marked with black stripes across the legs, and therefore was regarded as the produce on the male side of hybrid as was probably the fact. Some years since in Cheshire, we saw a slender-limbed beautiful animal, intermediate in appearance between the mule and horse, and we were assured that it was the offspring of a mare and mule, and that from the circumstances in which the mare was placed, the male parentage of the animal in question could not be otherwise.

With regard to its physical characteristics, the mule seems to partake rather of the properties of the ass than of the horse. In stature it vies with the latter; its neck is long, but not arched, and its limbs are long, but slender; its colour is usually of a dark tint, more or less inclining to brown; but it has a large head, long ears, an upright hogged mane, a tasselled tail, thin hinder quarters, dorsal and humeral stripes, sometimes stripes on the limbs, and the warty excrescences confined to the anterior limbs; in these points agreeing with the ass. Its hoofs, like those of the ass rather than the horse, indicate its fitness for a craggy mountain home, it is more patient, more persevering, more calculating, more cunning than the horse, but less impetuous, less fiery, less animated. Under certain conditions it exceeds the horses in utility; under other it is decidedly inferior to that noble animal. To the Spaniard, amidst the mountain ranges, to Peruvian or Chilian of the Andes, it is all important, and from its hardness might be most advantageously reared in Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand.

The following hybrids, or mules, between different species of the solidungulous or equine family, have been produced and reared at the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, and by the keepers of various menageries:—

1. Mule between Burchell's Zebra (male) and Ass (female).
2. " " Common Zebra (male) and Ass (female).
3. " " Dziggetai (male) and Ass (female): fleet and beautiful.
4. " " Zebra and Exmoor Pony—the mule was very little striped about the legs.
5. " " Zebra and Dziggetai.

In several instances these hybrids or mules were rendered obedient, and became very serviceable animals, exhibiting surprising muscular powers.

Some years since, a hybrid between Burchell's zebra and a female ass, bred at Windsor, on one of the farms of His Majesty George IV., and presented to the Zoological Society, was broke in at the age of two years old, in company with a mule between a male zebra and female ass (also bred at Windsor), to work in a light spring-cart belonging to the Society. It was not without some trouble that their subjugation was effected; their temper, that of the latter in particular, being wild and even vicious, and strangers who approached too familiarly were in danger of a bite or kick, which were the instantaneous answers to any annoying liberties. In stature both these mules were nearly equal, and intermediate between the ass and zebra; but the markings on the true zebra-mule were more numerous and distinct than on its companion. The ground colour was deep dun, and the stripes on the neck and body were dark and thickly set, although not well defined. The chaffron, muzzle, and fore-part of the neck were dull bay; the ears were barred with white, and tipped with dark brown, and the mane was partly white and partly brown, but the colours did not regularly alternate. In the Burchell's or plain zebra-mule, the general ground-tint was clear drab or dun, with a slight reddish tinge; bay prevailed on the face; the chaffron was not striped, but the ears were barred, and tipped with white, the mane being also of that tone; on the neck and body the stripes were faint and confused, but they were continued more distinctly down the outside of all the limbs to the fetlocks; but the darkest and best defined lines were the dorsal and those across the shoulders; inside of the limbs white.

In the years 1832-1833, and subsequently, these animals were driven tandem-fashion through the crowded streets of London; they were very powerful, correct, and quick in their paces, and sufficiently obedient to the reins. Of late years, we believe, that they have been restricted to labour within the Society's gardens; and, indeed, it is only a short time since that we saw a hybrid, apparently between Burchell's zebra and the ass, employed in drawing a heavy iron garden-roller over the grass. It appeared to be extremely docile, and was conducted so as to bring the roller with great nicety round the margins of the flower-beds.

There can be no doubt that mules between animals of the zebra group and the ass or mare might be very easily reared and broken in; those between the quagga and the mare in particular (as the hybrid bred by the Earl of Morton, and already alluded to sufficiently proved) would be large and powerful.

With respect to the species of the zebra, or hippotigrine group, though they display great obstinacy, their subjugation is far from impossible. If we mistake not, a pair of pure zebras were reclaimed and driven by a celebrated equestrian some years since; and Lord Morton was in the habit of driving a pair of quaggas in a curriole

about the parks and streets of London. It is not however very likely, while the generous horse is at our service, that any of the striped African equidæ will be brought into general use, or that any attention, at least in Europe and Asia, will be devoted to the production of zebraïne hybrids. Nevertheless, a cross between the Asiatic dziggetai and ass might be of value, but how far this cross-breed would prove fertile *inter se*, remains to be proved. A series of experiments, even zoologically considered, are well worth making; nor are the means wanting either in this country or France.

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#### ON THE DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

*From a Treatise in the 'Store of Knowledge.'*

BY WILLIAM YOUATT.

The principal diseases of the horse are connected with the circulatory system. From the state of habitual excitement in which the animal is kept, in order to enable him to execute his task, the heart and the blood-vessels will often act too impetuously: the vital fluid will be hurried along too rapidly, either through the frame generally, or some particular part of it, and there will be *congestion*, accumulation of blood in that part, or *inflammation*, either local or general, disturbing the functions of some organ, or of the whole frame.

*Congestion.*—Take a young horse on his first entrance into the stables; feed him somewhat highly, and what is the consequence? He has swellings of the legs, or inflammation of the joints, or perhaps of the lungs. Take a horse that has lived somewhat above his work, and gallop him to the top of his speed: his nervous system becomes highly excited—the heart beats with fearful rapidity—the blood is pumped into the lungs faster than they can discharge it—the pulmonary vessels become gorged, fatigued, and utterly powerless—the blood, arrested in its course, becomes viscid, and death speedily ensues. We have but one chance of saving our patient—the instantaneous and copious abstraction of blood; and only one means of preventing the recurrence of this dangerous state, namely, not suffering too great an accumulation of the sanguineous fluid by over-feeding, and by regular and systematic exercise, which will inure the circulatory vessels to prompt and efficient action when they are suddenly called upon to exert themselves. The cause and the remedy are sufficiently plain.

Again, the brain has functions of the most important nature to discharge, and more blood flows through it than through any other portion of the frame of equal bulk. In order to prevent this organ from being oppressed by a too great determination of blood to it, the vessels, although numerous, are small, and pursue a very circuitous and winding course. If a horse highly fed, and full of blood, is suddenly and sharply exercised, the course of the blood is accelerated in every direction, and to the brain among other parts. The vessels that ramify on its surface or penetrate its substance are completely

distended and gorged with it. Perhaps they are ruptured, and the effused blood presses upon the brain; it presses upon the origins of the nerves on which sensation and motion depend, and the animal suddenly drops powerless. A prompt and copious abstraction of blood, or, in other words, a diminution of this pressure, can alone save the patient. Here is the nature, the cause, and the treatment of *apoplexy*.

Sometimes this disease assumes a different form. The horse has not been performing more than his ordinary work, or perhaps he may not have been out of the stable. He is found with his head drooping and his vision impaired. He is staggering about. He falls, and lies half unconscious, or he struggles violently and dangerously. There is the same congestion of blood in the head, the same pressure on the nervous origins, but produced by a different cause. He has been accustomed habitually to overload his stomach, or he was, on the previous day, kept too long from his food, and then he fell ravenously upon it, and ate until his stomach was completely distended and unable to propel forward its accumulated contents. Thus distended, its blood-vessels are compressed, and the circulation through them is impeded or altogether suspended. The blood is still forced on by the heart, and driven in accumulated quantity to other organs, and to the brain among the rest; and there congestion takes place, as just described, and the animal becomes sleepy, unconscious, and, if he is not speedily relieved, he dies. This too is *apoplexy*; the horseman calls it *stomach staggers*. Its cause is improper feeding. The division of the hours, and of labor, the introduction of the *nose-bag*, have much diminished the frequency of its occurrence. The remedies are plain,—bleeding, physicking and the removal of the contents of the stomach by means of a pump contrived for that purpose.

Congestions of other kinds occasionally present themselves. It is no uncommon thing for the blood to loiter in the complicated vessels of the *liver*, until the covering of that viscus has burst, and an accumulation of coagulated black blood has presented itself. This congestion constitutes the *swelled legs* to which so many horses are subject when they stand too long idle in the stable, and it is the source of many of the accumulations of serous fluid in various parts of the body, and particularly in the chest, the abdomen, and the brain.

*Inflammation* is opposed to *congestion*, as consisting in an active state of the capillary arterial vessels; the blood rushes through them with far greater rapidity than in health, from the excited state of the nervous system by which they are supplied.

*Inflammation* is either *local* or *diffused*. It is confined to one organ, or to a particular portion of that organ; or it involves many neighbouring ones, or it is spread over the whole frame. In the latter case it assumes the name of *fever*. Fever is general or constitutional inflammation and is said to be *sympathetic* or *symp-tomatic* when it can be traced to some local affection or cause,



and *idiopathic* when we cannot so trace it. The truth probably is, that every fever has its local cause, but we have not a sufficient knowledge of the animal economy to discover that cause.

Inflammation may be considered with reference to the membranes which it attacks.

The *mucous membranes* line all the cavities that communicate with the external surface of the body. There is frequent inflammation of the membrane of the mouth. *Blain*, or *Glossanthrax*, is a vesicular enlargement which runs along the side of the tongue. Its cause is unknown. It should be lanced freely and deeply, and some aperient medicine administered. *Barbs*, or *paps*, are smaller enlargements, found more in the neighbourhood of the bridle of the tongue. They should never be touched with any instrument: a little cooling medicine will generally remove them. *Lampas* is inflammation of the palate, or enlargement of the bars of the palate. The roof of the mouth may be slightly lanced, or a little aperient medicine administered: but the sensibility of the mouth should never be destroyed by the application of the heated iron. *Canker* and *wounds in the mouth* from various causes, will be best remedied by diluted tincture of myrrh, or a weak solution of alum.

*Foreign bodies in the gullet* may generally be removed by means of the probang used in the hoof of cattle; or the œsophagus may be opened, and the obstructing body taken out.

It is on the mucous membranes that *poisons* principally exert their influence. The *yew* is the most frequent vegetable poison. The horse may be saved by timely recourse to equal parts of vinegar and water injected into the stomach, after the poison has been as much as possible removed by means of the stomach-pump. For arsenic or corrosive sublimate there is rarely any antidote.

*Spasmodic colic* is too frequently produced by exposure to cold, or the drinking of cold water, or the use of too much green meat. The horse should be walked about, strong friction used over the belly, and spirit of turpentine given in doses of two ounces, with an ounce each of laudanum and spirit of nitrous æther, in warm water or ale. If the spasm is not soon relieved the animal should be bled, an aloetic ball administered, and injections of warm water with a solution of aloes thrown up. This spasmodic action of the bowels, when long continued, is liable to produce *introsusception*, or *entanglement*, of them, and the case is then hopeless.

*Superpurgation* often follows the administration of a too strong or improper dose of physic. The torture which it produces will be evident by the agonised expression of the countenance, and the frequent looking at the flanks. Plenty of thin starch or arrowroot should be given both by the mouth and by injection; and, twelve hours having passed without relief being experienced, chalk, catechu, and opium should be added to the gruel.

*Worms* in the intestines are not often productive of much mischief except they exist in very great quantities. Small doses of emetic

tartar with a little ginger may be given to the horse half an hour before his first meal, in order to expel the round white worm; and injections of linseed-oil or aloes will usually remove the ascarides, or needle-worms.

The *respiratory passages* are all lined by the mucous membrane. *Catarrh*, or *cold*, inflammation of the upper air passages, should never be long neglected. A few mashes or a little medicine will usually remove it. If it is neglected, and occasionally in defiance of all treatment, it will degenerate into other diseases. The larynx may become the principal seat of inflammation. *Laryngitis* will be shown by extreme difficulty of breathing, accompanied by a strange roaring noise, and an evident enlargement and great tenderness of the larynx when felt externally. The windpipe must be opened in such case, and the best advice will be necessary. Sometimes the subdivisions of the trachea, before or when it first enters the lungs, will be the part affected, and we have *bronchitis*. This is characterized by a quick and hard breathing, and a peculiar wheezing sound, with the coughing up of mucus. Here too decisive measures must be adopted, and a skilful practitioner employed. His assistance is equally necessary in *distemper*, *influenza*, and *epidemic catarrh*, names indicating varieties of the same disease, and the product of atmospheric influence; differing to a certain degree in every season, but in all characterized by intense inflammation of the mucous surfaces, and rapid and utter prostration of strength, and in all demanding the abatement of that inflammation, and yet little expenditure of vital power.

Cough may degenerate into *inflammation of the lungs*; or this fearful malady may be developed without a single premonitory symptom, and prove fatal in twenty-four or even in twelve hours. It is mostly characterized by deathly coldness of the extremities, expansion of the nostril, redness of its lining membrane, singularly anxious countenance, constant gazing at the flank, and an unwillingness to move. A successful treatment of such a case can be founded only on the most prompt and fearless and decisive measures. The lancet should be freely used. Counter-irritants should follow as soon as the violence of the disease is in the slightest degree abated; sedatives must succeed to them, and fortunate will he be who often saves his patient after all the decisive symptoms of pneumonia are once developed.

Among the consequences of these severe affections of the lungs are *chronic cough*, not always much diminishing the usefulness of the horse, but strangely aggravated at times by any fresh accession of catarrh and too often degenerating into *thickwind* which always materially interferes with the speed of the horse and in a great portion of cases terminates in broken wind. It is rare indeed that either of these diseases admits of cure. That obstruction in some part of the *respiratory canal*, which varies in almost every horse, and produces the peculiar sound termed *roaring*, is also rarely removed.

*Glanders*, the most destructive of all the diseases to which the horse is exposed, is the consequence of breathing the atmosphere of foul and vitiated stables. It is the winding up of almost every other disease, and in every stage it is most contagious. Its most prominent symptoms are a small, but constant discharge of sticky matter from the nose; an enlargement and induration of the glands beneath and within the lower jaw, on one or both sides, and, before the termination of the disease, chancrous inflammation of the nostril on the same side with the enlarged gland. Its contagiousness should never be forgotten, for if a glandered horse is once introduced into a stable, almost every inhabitant of that stable will, sooner or later, become infected and die.

The urinary and genital organs are also lined by mucous membranes. The horse is subject to *inflammation of the kidneys* from eating musty oats or mowburnt hay, or from exposure to cold and injuries of the loins. Bleeding, physic, and counter-irritants over the region of the loins should be had recourse to. *Diabetes*, or *profuse staling*, is difficult to treat. The inflammation that may exist should first be subdued; and then opium, catechu, and the uva ursi administered. *Inflammation of the bladder* will be best alleviated by mucilaginous drinks of almost any kind. *Inflammation of the neck of the bladder*, evinced by the frequent and painful discharge of small quantities of urine, will yield only to the abstraction of blood and the exhibition of opium. A catheter may be easily passed into the bladder of the mare, and the urine evacuated, but it will require a skilful veterinary surgeon to effect this in the horse. A *stone in the bladder* is readily detected by the practitioner, and may be extracted with comparative ease. The sheath of the penis is often diseased from the presence of corrosive mucous matter. This may easily be removed with warm soap and water.

To the mucous membranes belong the conjunctival tunic of the eye, and the diseases of the eye generally may be here considered. A *scabby itchiness* on the edge of the eye-lid may be cured by a diluted nitrated ointment of mercury. *Warts* should be cut off with the scissors, and the roots touched with lunar caustic. *Inflammation of the haw* should be abated by the employment of cooling lotions, but that useful defence of the eye should never, if possible, be removed. Common *ophthalmia* will yield as readily to cooling applications as inflammation of the same organ in any other animal; but there is another species of inflammation, commencing in the same way as the first, and for a while apparently yielding to treatment, but which changes from eye to eye, and returns again and again, until blindness is produced in one or both organs of vision. The most frequent cause is hereditary predisposition. The reader cannot be too often reminded that the qualities of the sire, good or bad, descend, and scarcely changed, to his offspring. How *moon blindness* was first produced no one knows; but its continuance in our stables is to be traced to this cause principally, or almost alone, and it pursues

its course until cataract is produced, for which there is no remedy. *Gutta serena* (palsy of the optic nerve) is sometime observed, and many have been deceived, for the eye retains its perfect transparency. Here also medical treatment is of no avail.

The serous membranes are of great importance. The brain and spinal marrow, with the origins of the nerves, are surrounded by them; so are the heart, the lungs, the intestinal canal, and the organs whose office it is to prepare the generative fluid.

*Inflammation of the brain.*—Mad staggers fall under this division. It is inflammation of the meninges, or envelopes of the brain, produced by over-exertion, or by any of the causes of general fever, and it is characterised by the wildest delirium. Nothing but the most profuse blood-letting, active purgation, and blistering the head, will afford the slightest hope of success. *Tetanus*, or *Locked Jaw*, is a constant spasm of all the voluntary muscles, and particularly those of the neck, the spine, and the head, arising from the injury of some nervous fibril—that injury spreading to the origin of the nerve—the brain becoming affected, and universal and unbroken spasmodic action being the result. Bleeding, physicking, blistering the course of the spine, and the administration of opium in enormous doses, will alone give any chance of cure. *Epilepsy* is not a frequent disease in the horse, but it seldom admits of cure. It is also very apt to return at the most distant and uncertain intervals. *Palsy* is the suspension of nervous power. It is usually confined to the hinder limbs, and sometimes to one limb only. Bleeding, physicking, antimonial medicines, and blistering of the spine, are most likely to produce a cure, but they too often utterly fail of success. *Rabies*, or madness, is evidently a disease of the nervous system, and, once being developed, is altogether without remedy. The utter destruction of the bitten part with the lunar caustic, soon after the infliction of the wound, will however, in a great majority of cases, prevent that development.

*Pleurisy*, inflammation of the serous covering of the lungs and the lining of the cavity of the chest, is generally connected with inflammation of the substance of the lungs; but it occasionally exists independent of any state of those organs. The pulse is in this case hard and full, instead of being oppressed; the extremities are not so intensely cold as in pneumonia; the membrane of the nose is little reddened, and the sides are tender. It is of importance to distinguish accurately between the two, because in pleurisy more active purgation may be pursued, and the effect of counter-irritants will be greater from their proximity to the seat of disease. Copious bleedings and sedatives here also should be had recourse to. It is in connexion with pleurisy that a serous fluid is effused in the chest, the existence and the extent of which may be ascertained by the practised ear, and which in many cases may be safely evacuated.

The heart is surrounded by a serous membrane, the pericardium, that secretes a fluid, the interposition of which prevents any in-

jurious friction or concussion in the constant action of this organ. If this fluid increases to a great degree, it constitutes *dropsy of the heart*, and the action of the heart may be impeded or destroyed. In an early stage it is difficult to detect, and in every stage difficult to cure.

The heart itself is often diseased; it sympathises with the inflammatory affection of every organ, and therefore is itself occasionally inflamed. *Carditis*, or *inflammation of the heart*, is characterised by the strength of its pulsations, the tremor of which can be seen, and the sound can be heard at a distance of several yards. Speedy and copious blood-letting will afford the only hope of cure in such a case.

The outer coat of the stomach and intestines is composed of a serous membrane, the peritoneum, which adds strength and firmness to their textures, attaches and supports and confines them in their respective places, and secretes fluid that prevents all injurious friction between them. This coat is exceedingly subject to inflammation, which is somewhat gradual in its approach. The pulse is quickened, but small; the legs cold; the belly tender; there is constant pain, and every motion increases it: there is also rapid and great prostration of strength. These symptoms will sufficiently characterise *peritoneal inflammation*. Bleeding, aperient injections, and extensive counter-irritation will afford the only hope of cure.

The time for *castration* varies according to the breed and destiny of the horse. On the farmer's colt it may be effected when the animal is not more than four or five months old, and it is comparatively seldom that a fatal case then occurs. For other horses, much depends on their growth, and particularly on the development of their fore quarters. Little improvement has been effected in the old mode of castrating, except the opening of the scrotum and the division of the cord by the knife, instead of the heated iron.

*Synovial or joint membranes* are interposed between the divisions of the bones, and frequently between the tendons, in order to secrete a certain fluid that shall facilitate motion and obviate friction. Occasionally the membrane is lacerated, and the synovia escapes. This is termed *opened joint*, and violent inflammation rapidly ensues. The duty of the practitioner is to close this opening as quickly as possible. Nothing is so effectual here as the application of the cautery. A great deal of inflammation and engorgement are produced around the opening, partially, if not altogether, closing it; or at least enabling the coagulated synovia to occupy and obliterate it. Perhaps, in order to secure the desired result, the whole of the joint should be blistered. After this a bandage should be firmly applied, and kept on as long as it is wanted. If there is any secondary eruption of the synovia, the cautery must again be had recourse to.

*The Navicular Disease* is a bruise, or inflammation, or perhaps

destruction, of the cartilage of the navicular bone, where the flexor tendon of the foot passes over it in order to reach the coffin-bone. The veterinary surgeon can alone ascertain the existence and proper treatment of this disease. *Spavin* is an enlargement of the inner side of the hock. The splint-bones support the inferior layer of those of the hock, and as they sustain a very unequal degree of concussion and weight, the cartilaginous substance which unites them to the shank bone takes on inflammation. It becomes bony instead of cartilaginous, and the disposition to this change being set up in the part, bony matter continues to be deposited, until a very considerable enlargement takes place, known by the name of *spavin*, and there is considerable lameness in the hock-joint. The bony tumour is blistered, and probably fired, but there is no diminution of the lameness until the parts have adapted themselves, after a considerable process of time, to the altered duty required of them, and then the lameness materially diminishes, and the horse becomes, to a very considerable extent, useful. *Curb* is an enlargement of the back of the hock, three or four inches below its point. It is a strain of the ligament which there binds the tendons down in their place. The patient should be subjected to almost absolute rest; a blister should be applied over the back of the tumour, and, occasionally, firing will be requisite to complete the cure. Near the fetlock, and where the tendons are exposed to injury from pressure of friction, little bags or sacs are placed, from which a lubricating mucous fluid constantly escapes. In the violent tasks which the horse occasionally has to perform, these become bruised and inflamed, and enlarged and hardened, and are termed *windgalls*. They blemish the horse, but are no cause of lameness after the inflammation has subsided, unless they become very much enlarged. The cauterium will then be the best cure. Immediately above the hock enlargements of a similar nature are sometimes found, and, as they project both inwardly and outwardly, they are termed *thorough pins*. They are seldom a cause of lameness, but they indicate great and perhaps injurious exertion of the joint. On the inside of the hock a tumour of this kind, but of a more serious nature, is found. It is one of these enlarged mucous bags, but very deeply seated and the subcutaneous vein of the hock passing over it. The course of the blood through the vein is thus in some measure arrested, and a portion of the vessel becomes distended. This is a serious evil, since, from the deep-seatedness of the mucous bag, it is almost impossible to act effectually upon it. It is termed *bog* or *blood spavin*.

The cellular tissue which fills the interstices of the various organs, or enters into their texture, is the seat of many diseases. From the badness of the harness, or the brutality of the attendant, the poll of the horse becomes contused. Inflammation is set up, considerable swelling ensues. An ulcerative process soon commences, and chasms and sinuses of the most frightful extent begin to be formed. The withers also are occasionally bruised, and the same process takes

place there, and sinuses penetrate deep beneath the shoulder, and the bones of the withers are frequently exposed. These abscesses are termed *poll evil* and *fistulous withers*, and in the treatment of them the horse is often tortured to a dreadful extent. A better mode of management has however been introduced; setons are passed through the most dependent parts; no collection of sanious fluid is permitted to exist, and milder stimulants are applied to the surface of the ulcer.

An abscess of a peculiar character is found between the branches of the lower jaw in young horses. It is preceded by some degree of fever. It is usually slow in its progress, but at length it attains a considerable size, including the whole of the cellular tissue in that neighbourhood. There is one uniform mass of tumefaction. This is *strangles*. It seems to be an effort of nature to get rid of something that oppresses the constitution, and the treatment of it is now simple and effectual. It is encouraged by fomentations and blisters. It is punctured as soon as the fluctuation of a fluid within it can be fairly detected—the pus speedily escapes, and there is an end of the matter.

*Farcy*.—While the arterial capillaries are engaged in building up the frame, the absorbents are employed in removing that which is not only useless, but would be poisonous and destructive. They take up the matter of glands and of every ulcerating surface, and they are occasionally irritated, inflamed, and ulcerated from the acrimonious nature of the poison which they carry. The absorbents are furnished with numerous valves. The fluid is for awhile arrested by them, and there the inflammation is greatest, and ulceration takes place. This is the history of the farcy cords and buds. Farcy is a highly contagious disease, whether or not it be connected with glands. It, however, occasionally admits of cure from the application of the cautery to the buds, and the administration of the corrosive sublimate or the sulphate of iron internally.

The skin of the horse is subject to various diseases. Large pimples or lumps suddenly appear on it, and, after remaining a few days, the cuticle peels off, and a circular scaly spot is left. This is called *surfeit*. The cause is obscure, but principally referrible to indigestion. A slight bleeding will always be serviceable. Physic rarely does good, but alteratives composed of nitre, black antimony, and sulphur, will be very beneficial. *Mange* is a disease of a different character. It is the curse of the stable into which it enters, for it will almost certainly affect every horse. Thorough dressings with Barbadoes tar and linseed-oil, in the proportion of one of the former to three of the latter, will be the most effectual external application, while alteratives and physic should be given internally. *Hide-bound* is a very appropriate term for the peculiar sticking of the hide to the ribs when a horse is out of condition. The subcutaneous adipose matter is all absorbed. The alterative above recommended will be very useful here.

The legs, and the hind ones more than the fore ones, are subject to frequent and great and obstinate swellings, attended by great pain and considerable fever. It is acute inflammation of the cellular substance of the legs. Physic and diuretics and tonics if there is the slightest appearance of debility, are the proper means of cure. Friction and bandages will also be useful occasionally. There is no disease in which the farrier and the groom do greater mischief than in this.

*Grease* is an undue secretion of the fluid which was designed to lubricate the skin of the heels, and that secretion is also altered in quality. The hind legs begin to swell—a fluid exudes from the heels—the hairs of the heels become erect like so many bristles, and the skin of the heel is hot and greasy. Soon afterwards cracks appear across the heel: they discharge a thick and offensive matter, and then deepen. They spread up the leg, and so does the tumefaction of the part. In process of time the skin, inflamed and ulcerated, undergoes an alteration of structure; prominences or granulations appear on it, assuming the appearance of a collection of grapes, or the skin of a pine-apple. They increase, and a fœtid discharge appears from the crevices between them.

The cause is generally neglect of the horse. He is suffered to stand in the stable with his heels cold and wet, which necessarily disposes them to inflammation and disease.

In the first stage of grease, bray or turnip or carrot poultices will be serviceable, with moderate physic. Then astringents must be employed, and the best are alum or sulphate of copper in powder, mixed with several times the quantity of Bole Armenian, and sprinkled on the sores. These should be alternated every three or four days. The grapy heels are a disgrace to the stable in which they are found, and admit not of radical cure.

*Splints* are bony enlargements, generally on the inside of the leg, arising from undue pressure on the inner splint-bone, and this either caused by the natural conformation of the leg, or violent blows on it. These excrescences will often gradually disappear, or will yield to a simple operation, or to the application of the hydriodate of potash or blister ointments. *Sprains*, if neglected, occasionally become very serious evils. Rest, warm fomentations, poultices, or, in bad cases, blistering, are the usual remedies. *Windgalls*, if they are of considerable size, or accompanied by much inflammation or lameness, will find in a blister the most effectual remedy. *Sprains of the fetlock* demand prompt and severe blistering. Nothing short of this will produce a permanent cure. *Sprains of the pastern and coffin-joints* demand still more prompt and decisive treatment. If neglected or inefficiently managed, the neighbouring ligaments will be involved, more extensive inflammation will be set up, and bony matter, under the name of *ring-bone*, will spread over the pasterns and cartilages of the foot. Firing alone will, in the majority of cases, be efficient here.



*Inflammation of the Foot, or acute founder.*—In speaking of the structure of the foot, the laminae, of fleshy plates on the front and sides of the coffin-bone, were described. From over-exertion, or undue exposure to cold or wet, or sudden change from cold to heat, inflammation of these laminae is apt to occur, and a dreadfully painful disease it is. It is easily detected by the heat of the feet, and the torture which is produced by the slightest touch of the hammer. The shoe must be removed, the sole well pared out, plentiful bleeding from the toe had recourse to, the foot well poulticed, and cooling medicines resorted to. The bleeding should be repeated if manifest benefit is not procured, and cloths dipped in dissolved nitre, which are colder than the common poultice, should be substituted. After this a poultice around the foot and pastern should succeed. Little food should be given, and that must consist of green meat or mashes.

*Pumiced Feet.*—This is one of the consequences of inflamed feet. The sole of the foot becomes flattened, or even convex, by the pressure of the weight above. There is no cure here, and the only palliation of the evil is obtained from the application of a shoe so beveled off from the crust that it shall not press upon or touch the sole. This, however, is only a temporary palliation, for the sole will continue to project, and the horse will be useless.

*Contracted Feet.*—By this is meant an increase in the length of the foot, and a gradual narrowing as the heels are approached; and as the necessary consequence of this, a diminution of the width of the foot and a concavity of the sole. In point of fact, the whole of the foot, including the coffin-bone, becomes narrowed, and consequently elongated. This change of form is accompanied by considerable pain; the action of the horse is altered; there is a shortened tread, and hesitating way of putting the foot to the ground.

The frog and heel would expand when the weight of the horse descends and is thrown upon them, but the nailing of the shoe at the heels prevents it. Thence the pain and lameness. Mr. Turner of Regent-street obviates this by a very simple method. He puts four or five nails in the shoe on the outside, and only two on the inside. There is then sufficient room for the natural expansion to take place, and the foot and action of the horse are little or not at all changed. This is an admirable contrivance, and recourse should always be had to it.

*The Navicular Joint Disease.*—There are many horses with open and well-formed feet that are lame. In every motion of the foot there is a great deal of action between the navicular bone and the flexor tendon which passes over it in order to be inserted into the navicular bone. From concussion or violent motion, the membrane or the cartilage which covers the navicular bone is bruised or abraded, the horse becomes lame, and often continues so for life. This disease admits of remedy to a very considerable extent; no one,

however, but a skilful veterinary surgeon is capable of successfully undertaking it.

*Sand-crack* is a division of the crust of the hoof from the upper part of it downward. It bespeaks brittleness of the foot, and often arises from a single false step. If the crack has not penetrated through the horn, it must nevertheless be pared fairly out, and generally a coating of pitch should be bound round the foot. If the crack has reached the quick, that *must* be done which ought to be done in every case—a skilful surgeon should be consulted, otherwise false quarter may ensue.

*False Quarter* is a division of the ligament by which the crust is secreted. It is one of the varieties of sand-crack, and exceedingly difficult of cure.

*Tread* or *Overreach* is a clumsy habit of setting one foot upon or bruising the other. It should immediately and carefully be attended to, or a bad case of *quittor* may ensue.

*Quittor* is the formation of little pipes between the crust and the hoof, by means of which the purulent matter secreted from some wound beneath the crust makes its escape. The healing of this and of every species of *prick* or *wound* in the sole or crust, is often exceedingly difficult.

*Corns* are said to exist when the posterior part of the foot between the external crust and the bars is unnaturally contracted and becomes inflamed. Corns are the consequence of continued and unnatural pressure. The thorough cure of corns will put the ingenuity of the operator to the trial.

*Thrush* is the consequence of unnatural pressure on the frog. It is the cause and the effect of contraction, whether it is found in the heels of the fore-feet or the hinder ones. It is not difficult of cure when taken in time, but when neglected it often becomes a very serious matter.

*Canker* is the consequence of thrush, or, indeed, of almost every disease of the foot. It is attended by a greater or less separation of horn, which sometimes leaves the whole of the sole bare. This also, like the disease of the foot generally, is difficult of cure.

Few things are more neglected, and yet of greater importance to comfort and durability of the horse, than a proper system of *shoeing*. It is necessary that the foot should be defended from the wear and tear of the roads, but that very defence too often entails on the animal a degree of injury and suffering scarcely credible. The shoe is fixed to the foot, and often interferes with and limits the beautiful expansibility of that organ, and thus causes much unnecessary concussion and mischief.

The shoe of a healthy foot should offer a perfectly flat surface to the ground. The bearing or weight of the horse will then be diffused over the surface of the shoe, and there will be no injurious accumulation of it on different points. Too often, however, there is a

convexity towards the inner edge, which causes an inequality of bearing, and breaks and destroys the crust. Round the outer edge of the shoe, and extended over two-thirds of it on the lower surface, a groove is sunk, through which pass the nails for the fastening of the shoe. At first they somewhat project, but they are soon worn down to the level of the shoe, which in the healthy foot should not vary from the heel to the toe.

The width of the shoe will depend on that of the foot. The general rule is that it should protect the sole from injury, and be as wide at the heel as the frog will permit.

The upper surface of the shoe should be differently formed. It should be flat along the upper end, outer supporting the crust, or, in other words, the weight of the horse, and widest at the heel, so as to meet and withstand the shock of the bars and the crust. The inner portion of the shoe should be beveled off, in order that, in the descent of the sole, that part of the foot may not be bruised. The owner of the horse should occasionally be present when the shoes are removed, and he will be too often surprised to see how far the smith, almost wilfully, deviates from the right construction of this apparently simple apparatus. The beveled shoe is a little more troublesome to make and to apply than that which is often used by the village smith, but it will be the owner's fault if his directions are not implicitly obeyed.

Even at the commencement of the operation of shoeing the eye of the master or the trustworthy groom will be requisite. The shoe is often torn from the foot in a most violent and cruel way. Scarcely half the clenches are raised when the smith seizes the shoe with his pincers, and forcibly wrenches it off. The shrinking of the horse will tell how much he suffers, and the fragments of the crust will also afford sufficient proofs of the mischief that has been done, especially when it is recollected that every nail-hole is enlarged by this brutal force, and the future safety of the shoe to a greater or less degree weakened, and pieces of the nail are sometimes left in the substance of the crust, which become the cause of future disease.

The paring out of the foot, also, there is frequently great mischief done. The formidable *butteris* is still often found in the smithy of the country farrier, although it is banished from the practice of every respectable operator. A worse evil, however, remains. By the *butteris* much of the sole was injuriously removed, and the foot was occasionally weakened, but the *drawing-knife* frequently left a portion of sole sufficient to destroy the elasticity of the foot, and to lay the foundation for contraction, corns, and permanent lameness. One object then of the looker-on is to ascertain the actual state of the foot. On the descent of the crust, when the foot is placed on the ground, depends the elasticity and healthy state of the foot, and that may be satisfactorily determined by the yielding of the sole, although to a very slight degree, when it is strongly pressed upon with the

thumb! The sole being pared out, the crust on each side may be lowered, but never reduced to a level with the sole, otherwise this portion will be exposed to continual injury.

The heels often suffer considerably from the carelessness or ignorance of the smith. The weight of the horse is not thrown equally on them, but considerably more on the inner than the outer quarter. The consequence of this is that the inner heel is worn down more than the outer, and the foundation is laid for tenderness and ulceration. The smith is too often inattentive to this, and pares away an equal quantity of horn from the inner and outer heel, leaving the former weaker and lower, and less able to support the weight thrown upon it.

Mention has already been made of the use of the bars in admitting and yet limiting to its proper extent the expansion of the foot. The smith in the majority of country forges, and in too many of those that disgrace the metropolis, seems to have waged interminable war with these portions of the foot, and avails himself of every opportunity to pare them down, or perfectly destroy them, forgetting, or never having learned, that the destruction of the bars necessarily leads to contraction by removing the chief impediment to it.

The horn between the crust and the bar should be well pared out. Every one accustomed to horses must have observed the great relief that is given to the horse with corns when this angle is pared out, and yet, from some fatality, the smith rarely leaves it where nature placed it, but cuts away every portion of it.

The true function of the frog is easily understood. It gives security to the tread, and contributes to the expansion of the heels; but the smith, although these cases come before him every day, seems to be quite unaware of the course which he should pursue, and either leaves the frog almost untouched, and then it becomes bruised and injured, or he pares it away so that it cannot come into contact with the ground, and consequently is not enabled to do its duty.

The owner of the horse will therefore find it his interest occasionally to visit the forge, and, guided by the simple principles which have been stated, he will seldom err in his opinion of what is going forward there. He should impress two principles deeply on his mind, that a great deal more depends on the paring out of the foot than in the construction of the shoe: that few shoes, except they press upon the sole, or are made shamefully bad, will lame the horse, but that he may be very easily lamed by an ignorant or improper paring out of the foot.

Where the owner of the horse has sufficient influence with the smith, he will find it advisable always to have a few sets of shoes ready made. Much time will be saved, in case of accident, and there will not be, as is too often the case, the cutting and paring and injuring of the foot, in order to make it fit the shoe. More injury than would be readily believed is done to the foot by contriving to get on it too small a shoe.—*History of the Horse.*

## A SPORTING SETTLER IN CEYLON.

ONE of the most striking features of the present age, with reference to our own country, is to be found in that wonderful chain of steam communication, which within the last few years we have seen gradually linking together the British dominions, and which must girdle the globe before it completely connects every portion of our vast Empire. But if it is a subject of national pride that our possessions are scattered so widely over the face of the earth, the universal ignorance which prevails respecting them in the mother country only becomes the more incomprehensible and deeply to be deplored. Moreover, the comparatively small amount of intelligence which has been brought to bear upon the subject has been most partially and improperly distributed. The *Colonies* of Great Britain have engrossed all the sympathies of the home public. The *Dependencies* are utterly neglected, or, which comes to much the same thing, consigned unreservedly to the tender mercies of the Colonial Office.

However much may be regretted this marked preference in favour of the Colony, it is easily accounted for. An inviting and almost totally uninhabited country of vast extent and genial climate, possessing a fertile soil, and sources of unknown wealth, tempts a certain class of the home community to quit for ever their native shores and risk their fortunes in those distant lands, which henceforward possess an interest in the eyes of those they have left behind and create in them the spirit of inquiry and enterprise. In the case of the dependency, no such inducement exists. A tropical climate is a bugbear utterly appalling to the intending emigrant. He shudders at the bare idea of passing the rest of his existence in a temperature of 90°, exposed to the attacks of cholera, fever, natives, and snakes. He has heard of fortunes having been made in India, but he has never heard of children having been brought up there, and so having failed in the attempt to get a writership for his son, he pities the lot of those who are more successful, does not bestow a second thought upon that continent to which his country owes, in a great measure, her prosperity, and betakes himself, with his wife and family, to the backwoods of Canada.

And if India is treated with such indifference, what must be the fate of that large pear-shaped island at its southern extremity, perhaps more easily recognised by the well educated as Taprobane than as Ceylon. To be sure, Trincomalee (the white man's grave) is a name familiar to their ears, but the existence of Colombo, a city containing 60,000 inhabitants, and the seat of Government, is altogether ignored, just as the Cingalese themselves seldom hear of England, or are accustomed to think of it only as the capital of London. The absence of any recent popular work upon Ceylon may in some measure account for, while it cannot quite excuse this ignorance. And we should certainly deeply commiserate any

one who, in a moment of infatuation, attempted to acquire his information from the work of Sir Emerson Tenant, which was published about two years ago, entitled *Christianity in Ceylon*. Those who are really interested in the subject of Christianity will find it treated of there in a cold, unsympathising manner, calculated rather to repel than to attract them. Indeed, the unfavourable reception which this book has already met with, proves that the general public, but too little mindful of Christianity at home, care as little for its development in Ceylon as did Sir Emerson himself during his late administration as Colonial Secretary of the island. Mr. Baker has evidently a much better appreciation of the popular taste, when, instead of "Christianity," he gives us "The Rifle and the Hound" in Ceylon; and we entertain no doubt that the result will prove thus satisfactorily alike to himself and to his publishers.

We have, indeed, seldom perused a work with a keener relish than the one we have just laid down. Our author has shown in it that he can wield his pen as ably as he can handle his rifle, and in his exciting description of wild sports in Ceylon, he gives the public a "view halloo" of the game he is in sight of there, that must stir within him the soul of every true sportsman. But the interest of Mr. Baker's book does not consist so much in the telling and graphic manner in which he relates his own adventures and hair-breadth escapes, as in the perfectly new character in which he represents the island where he has now permanently established himself, and where he seems to be enjoying existence in a capacity hitherto untried in that tropical clime; for he is no coffee-planter reconciling himself to a solitary existence in the jungle by the hope of speedily realising what he terms "a comfortable independence," upon which to return to his native land—or Ceylon civil servant, revelling in the prospect of retiring when he is grey-headed to enjoy anything but a comfortable independence, viz., £500 a-year! or half the highest salary that splendid service offers to unfortunate younger sons. Nor,

he stationed out here with his regiment, altogether regardless, as a soldier ought to be, of a comfortable independence, and anxious to keep his hand in for natives by shooting elephants. He is no mere dilettante sportsman, endeavouring to recover the effects, and dissipate the recollections, of half-a-dozen London seasons. He is a *settler*—positively a settler in Ceylon. If our pre-conceived impressions of this colony be true, what a sanguine temperament our author must possess, to enable him to expose himself so cheerfully to the attacks of fever and wild beasts for the rest of his life. There certainly never was such an act of insanity perpetrated; he might as well have emigrated to the infernal regions at once. We have no doubt his friends told him so before he quitted the genial clime of his native land. But before we condemn him so roundly, let us see where he has pitched his tent, and what sort of answer he sends back to the inquiries of these anxious friends of his.

Here, then, I am in my private sanctum, my rifles all arranged in their respective stands above the chimney-piece, the stag's horns round

walls hung with horn-cases, powder-flasks, and the various weapons of the chase. Even as I write, the hounds are yelling in the kennel.

"The thermometer is at 62° Fahr., and it is mid-day. It never exceeds 72° in the hottest weather, and sometimes falls below freezing point at night. The sky is spotless, and the air calm. The fragrance of mignonettes, and a hundred flowers that recall Old England, fill the air. Green fields of grass and clover, neatly fenced, surround a comfortable house and grounds. Well-fed cattle of the choicest breeds and English sheep, are grazing in the paddocks. Well made roads and gravel walks run through the estate. But a few years past, and this was all wilderness.

"Dense forest reigned where now not even the stump of a tree is standing; the wind howled over hill and valley, the dank moss hung from the scathed branches, the deep morass filled the hollows; but all is changed by the hand of civilisation and industry. The dense forests and rough plains, which still form the boundaries of the cultivated land, only add to the beauty. The monkeys and parrots are even now chattering among the branches; and occasionally the elephant, in his nightly wanderings, trespasses upon the fields, unconscious of the oasis within his territory of savage nature.

"The still star-light night is awakened by the harsh bark of the elk; the lofty mountains, grey with the silvery moon-light, echo back the sound, and the wakeful hounds answer the well-known cry by a prolonged and savage yell.

"This is 'Newera Ellia,' the sanatorium of Ceylon, the most perfect climate of the world. It now boasts of a handsome church, a public reading-room, a large hotel, the barracks, and about twenty private residences.

"The adjacent country, of comparatively table-land, occupies an extent of some thirty miles in length, varying in altitude from six thousand two hundred to seven thousand feet, forming a base for the highest peaks in Ceylon, which rise to nearly nine thousand feet.

"Alternate large plains, separated by belts of forest, rapid rivers, waterfalls, precipices, and panoramic views of boundless extent, form the features of this country, which, combined with the sports of the place, render a residence at Newera Ellia a life of health, luxury, and independence."

So Mr. Baker is not quite a maniac after all—in fact, his lines seem cast in rather pleasant places; and, if we may draw our own inferences from the brief description he gives us of his island home the pleasures of the chase are only resorted to as an agreeable variation from the ordinary routine of his agricultural pursuits. He is a solitary specimen in Ceylon of that race so highly respected in our own country, which combines at once the sportsman, the farmer, and the gentleman.

It has ever been a matter of astonishment to us that no sportsman of the Cinnamon Isle has before this been inspired by his romantic and adventurous life to depict those scenes in which he has himself revelled, so as to allow the public the gratification of participating, although only in imagination, in wild sports of a nature as exciting and hazardous as the manner in which they are prosecuted is novel and enjoyable. We have not only explored, with Gordon Cumming, the interior of South Africa, but have been bored to death by exhibi-

tions in our own country of the trophies which attest his courage and energy. Although we have never visited the Far West, we are as familiar with the life of the buffalo-hunter or prairie Indian as Washington Irving himself.—For did we not live among trappers, with the inimitable Ruxton for our companion, while we have only just returned from a solitary ramble with Palliser. And so tired are we of shooting tigers and hunting boars in India with the Cockney who goes out for a winter excursion, or the “Company’s” lady who wishes to astonish her sisters at home, and disgust her husband at “the station,” that we should infinitely prefer reading the account in the county paper of the last run of the subscription pack, to Mrs. M.’s charming description of the Shickar at B——, and the grand tomasha with which it terminated. And, indeed, if we are accused of giving too unfavourable an impression of Indian sport, it is because, when we compare our own experiences of sport in Bengal with that in Ceylon, we feel that the merits of the latter have been utterly ignored and overwhelmed by a profusion of rubbishy, exaggerated pictures of tiger-hunting and pig-sticking, half of which have been drawn, as a sportsman can at once detect, by those who have never seen a tiger or a wild boar before they gave us this account of their “fearful adventures.” We certainly will maintain that sport in India is very far inferior to sport in Ceylon, inasmuch as it is much more exciting to shoot an elephant than to ride one. The insipidity of rocking about on the back of an elephant, looking for a tiger among long grass, and running away or not when you find one, as it suits the fancy of the mahout or the elephant, is easily appreciated by those who have ever indulged in the delectable amusement of stalking a “rogue,” with nothing but a pair of rifle barrels and a pair of stout legs to trust to. We engage to say, that if there were as much elephant-shooting in Ceylon as there is tiger-shooting in India, the proportion of deaths in the former country would be as ten to one. We will admit that “shickar” arrangements are made on a much more magnificent and luxurious scale in India than in Ceylon; but this is a very secondary consideration with the true sportsman, and we certainly never enjoyed life more thoroughly at any time than while making our jungle trips in those wild districts in Ceylon which are so plentifully stocked with game. What an independent existence was that! far from the haunts of men by some secluded tank, —a monument of the industry and greatness of a race long since passed away,—shadowed over by the lofty and graceful tamarind tree, is pitched our snug little single-poled tent. Some camp-stools are our seats by day, and fit into one another so as to form comfortable beds; the small circular table is fixed to the tent-pole; the canteen, some green native baskets containing our wardrobe, and a long range of guns, complete the furniture. It is mid-day, and the occupants are taking a *siesta* in their pyjamas; the coolies are snoring where the jungle forms the densest shade; the cook and servants have built a house for themselves of branches, and are



engaged in culinary occupations. No sooner is the intense heat of mid-day past than we sally forth, working steadily for about four hours; then comes the luxurious fare, known well to the Ceylon hunter. Our coolies and ourselves are alike dependent entirely on our trusty rifles. We sometimes indulge in beer, but it is a most extravagant practice—always, however, in a good cook. It is not yet quite dusk: we dine in the open air. There is roast peafowl with buffalo tongue, venison pasty and jugged hare, with a curry of jungle fowl, with pigs' fry, if we are not otherwise well supplied; but as a general rule, wild boar is to be avoided, especially if dead elephants are abundant in the vicinity. Presently the full moon in the cloudless sky throws the shadows long and sharp over our encampment, and we prepare for night-work. Our tent is quite concealed from the tank to which we now repair: it is about three-quarters dry, and the water is not more than half a mile in circumference. There are two round holes prepared for our reception close to the water's edge, of sufficient depth to conceal the occupants. All through the night, with moon looking calmly down upon us, brightly reflected in the waters of the tank, we watch. As it is early yet, there are plenty of buffaloes still to be seen. Soon large herds of deer come down to drink; they are quite unsuspicious, and pass to and fro within a few yards of the loaded rifles. Then the sharp bark of the elk rings through the still air, and a noble buck walks knee deep into the water, and a moment afterwards the doe more timidly follows. Large sounders of pigs, grunt about constantly. After midnight, more important game appears, and rouses the eager sportsmen to more vigorous action; whether we have made a bag or not, depends upon whether there are elephants in the neighbourhood. If there are, they will now be heard crashing through the jungle. They come very slowly, and the excitement is intense; they keep stopping by the way, and beating about with their trunks. We are getting very impatient—they never will come! At last, one after another, they stalk across the open in the clear moonlight; a large herd is soon splashing, and bubbling, and roaring in the muddy water. They are out of shot, and we are obliged to stalk them, for moonlight shooting is deceptive, and we have put lime on the sight of the guns—a precaution, by the way, we do not hear that Mr. Baker adopted when shooting by moonlight. We no sooner fire than the uproar and noise of the retreating elephants are tremendous: they seldom charge at night, the whole transaction being too sudden and mysterious; but the crashing of the jungle, as the terrified herd sweeps through it, is inconceivable. An hour or two before day-break chevats and bears come stealthily down and stay for a moment, and are gone again. In the course of one night, in the northern part of Ceylon, we have literally seen and fired at every description of the game we have just enumerated. At daybreak we swallow a quantity of warm strong coffee, and only return when the barrels of our rifles become too hot to hold, unless, indeed, we are absolutely on the

track of an elephant, and then the blazing sun itself is despised. On our way home we discharge our rifles at the scaly backs of innumerable alligators that bask open-mouthed upon the sloping bank, but never with the hope of getting, though sometimes of killing, one. We have occasionally put a ball between the greaves of their armour, but can testify most assuredly (although Mr. Baker seems to doubt it) that an alligator's back will turn a rifle ball at twenty yards, as upon one occasion the ball from a friend's rifle lodged in a tree above us, although he was standing at a distance of about a hundred yards off, and the alligator at which he had fired was in a totally opposite direction. And so the days fly past, and our trip is at an end, while our appetite for excitement and adventure remains unappeased; but we are soon reconciled to the change from the rough jungle-life to the comforts of civilisation, for with them we combine the invigorating air of the mountains, and sport of another kind. The tent is exchanged at Newera Ellia for the warm thatched cottage, with its rustic porch covered with sweet-pea and honeysuckle, and well-furnished carpeted rooms, where a comfortable wood-fire crackles upon every hearth, and sheds its grateful influence upon the party gathered round it, and which is composed of the most divers materials. Bengal civilians, who were supposed to be dying when they left the Sandheads, are narrating with no little satisfaction their exploits in the morning's elk-hunt; officers from Colombo, and Middies from Trincomalee, are eagerly canvassing the prospects for the morrow; coffee-planters, tourists, and Ceylon officials, have become excellent friends on short acquaintance, and are all burning to distinguish themselves. At 5 A.M. it requires some courage to emerge from beneath a couple of warm blankets: the ground is covered with a thick hoar-frost, and fingers long accustomed to wield a pen in some Indian cutcherry can scarcely hold the reins. Enterprising ladies, with very red tips to their noses, join the party, and the meet is a gay and animated scene. But we must not follow the fortunes of the hunt—our reminiscences have already led us beyond the orthodox limits of a review—and we shall gladly turn to Mr. Baker for a description of those sports which he, in common with ourselves, so highly appreciates. We would first, however, say a few words more in reference to the lovely spot in which he has taken up his abode, and of which he has unfortunately given us a very meagre account.

The few Englishmen of a lower class in society who have found their way to Newera Ellia are thriving well; they are, for the most part, discharged soldiers, or persons whose original object, in coming to Ceylon, was to superintend coffee plantations. English blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers, or tailors, are all sure of plenty of employment; while store-keeping, or taking charge of the residences of those government functionaries who are fortunate enough to possess them, is a profitable occupation. The great drawback to extensive settling in Newera Ellia, is the absence of a permanent market. At some seasons of the year the plain is overflowing with civilians

and military men from the lower provinces, or from the continent of India, who flock to enjoy its bracing climate; at other times visitors are few and far between, and the produce must be transported in bullock-carts to Kandy or Colombo.

The nearest coffee-plantations are situated in Dimboola, seven or eight miles distant, the elevation of the plain being too great for the growth of the berry. All the ordinary productions of our kitchen-gardens are to be procured in abundance, and delicious strawberries may here be grown, to recall to the acclimatised Company's servant the long-forgotten tastes of his native land. There can be no doubt that when the merits of Newera Ellia become better known they will be more highly appreciated, while its proximity to India will then insure those who have settled there a speedy and profitable return for their outlay.

We regret that the scope and tenor of Mr. Baker's work do not admit of a full account of the farming experiences, which must have been both novel and interesting. His sketches of scenery are graceful and life-like, evincing a warm susceptibility and a cultivated mind—qualities which must ever distinguish the thorough sportsman from a mere butcher on a large scale. "To a true sportsman," says our author, "the enjoyment of a sport increases in proportion to the wildness of the country." The deliberate manner in which Mr. Baker awaits the furious charge of a rogue elephant, with his rifle on full cock, wrapped in the contemplation of the beauties of nature, is truly appalling to us uninitiated Westerns; and, indeed, at these critical moments he is ever most enthusiastic—a very Izaak Walton of Nimrod's.

"There is a mournful silence in the calmness of the evening, when the tropical sun sinks upon the horizon, a conviction that man has left this region undisturbed to its wild tenants. No hum of distant voices, no rumbling of busy wheels, no cries of domestic animals meet the ear. He stands upon a wilderness, pathless and untrodden by the foot of civilization, where no sound is ever heard but that of the elements, when the thunder rolls among the towering forests, or the wind howls along the plains. He gazes far, far into the distance, where the blue mountains melt into an indefinite haze; he looks above him to the rocky pinnacles which spring from the level plain, their swarthy cliffs glistening from the recent shower, and patches of rich verdure clinging to precipices a thousand feet above him. His eye stretches along the grassy plains, taking at one full glance a survey of woods, and rocks and streams; and imperceptibly his mind wanders to thoughts of home, and in one moment scenes long left behind are conjured up by memory, and incidents are recalled which banish for a time the scene before him. Lost for a moment in the enchanting power of solitude, where fancy and reality combine in their most bewitching forms, he is suddenly roused by a distant sound, made doubly loud by the surrounding silence—the shrill trumpet of an elephant."

This is a good specimen of our author in his softer moods; but we must hurry on to more stirring scenes. Some seven or eight years ago Mr. Baker visited Ceylon on a sporting tour, and the first

part of his volume is devoted to an account of his adventures upon that occasion. He subsequently returned to Ceylon, and, making Newera Ellia his permanent head-quarters, he enjoyed elk-hunting at his own doors; and, having profited by former experience, made his elephant-shooting excursions in a deliberate and well-organised manner. His battery consisted "of one four-ounce rifle (a 'single barrel') weighing twenty-one pounds, one long two-ounce rifle (single barrel) weighing sixteen pounds, and four double-barrelled rifles, No. 10, weighing each fifteen pounds." The No. 10 double barrels did most execution, and were twelve-grooved, carrying a conical ball of two ounces and a half. It is certainly a popular delusion to suppose that smooth bores are better than these for elephant-shooting. We have already enumerated the varieties of game at which this formidable battery is directed.

About eighty miles to the north-east of Kandy, the lake of 'Minneriales' embosomed amid the most luxuriant vegetation, presenting a sheet of water twenty miles in circumference; and here, far distant from the haunts of men, surrounded by some of the loveliest scenery which Ceylon can boast, Mr. Baker introduces us to his first buffalo. Our author's brother is the only companion of his sport; they have just arrived in the island, and consequently are complete novices in its wild sports. No sooner do they reach Minneria than, carried away by the excitement of such close proximity to their noble game, they sally forth to attack a herd of buffaloes, improperly supplied with ammunition. A bull charges and is wounded, the herd retreats, and our author, leaving his brother to extinguish the wounded bull, follows another, who disdains a rapid flight. He is at length overtaken, and as he faces about to his pursuer, Mr. Baker puts two balls into his chest at fifteen paces, without effect, "save that his eye, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury, but his form was motionless as a statue." This is decidedly startling—more startling still to find that there is not another ball left. It was now the bull's turn. "I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared one another out of countenance." For a quarter of an hour Mr. B. stares fiercely but hopelessly at his maddened antagonist, then a bright thought flashes across him:—

"Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it in the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant."

His brother now comes up:—

"It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of

the gun barely touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge. Away went B. and I as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned."

We have generally found in the course of our own short experience that there was nothing for meeting a charge like a little ready money, but this is squaring accounts with a vengeance. In a moment more Mr. Baker must inevitably have paid the debt of nature—he paid 3s 6d. instead, and we will venture to say he never before spent that sum more quickly or satisfactorily to himself. Upon the following day our two sportsmen are charged by a herd, and again narrowly escape destruction. "Although," says Mr. Baker, "I have since killed about two hundred wild buffaloes, I have never witnessed another charge by a herd. This was an extraordinary occurrence, and fortunately stands alone in buffalo-shooting." Mr. Baker only thinks it necessary to select from his extensive buffalo-shooting experiences those occasions which involved considerable personal hazard, and exhibited, at the same time, the extraordinary courage and instinct of the animal. Unless buffalo-shooting be followed up as a sport by itself, the real character of the animal must remain unknown. "Some will fight and some will fly, and no one can tell which will take place—it is at the option of the beast. Caution and good shooting, combined with heavy rifles, are necessary. Without heavy metal the sport would be superlatively dangerous, if regularly followed up." Mr. Baker places great confidence in, and is not a little proud of his heavy rifles, and he gives some wonderful instances of his performances with them, which fully justify his high estimate of their capabilities. The last day's work on the occasion of his subsequent visits to Minneria is worthy of record. He begins by knocking over a bull at three hundred and fifty-two paces, then a cow from horseback at a long range, and a bull at about four hundred yards. These are mere experiments; presently he comes to closer quarters. A young bull is hidden in a thick cover, and our author rides in to dislodge him:—

"I beat about to no purpose for about twenty minutes, and I was on the point of giving it up when I suddenly saw the tall reeds bow down just before me. I heard the rush of an animal as he burst through, and I just saw the broad black nose, quickly followed by the head and horns, as the buffalo charged into me. The horse reared to his full height as the horns almost touched his chest, and I fired as well as I was able. In another instant I was rolling on the ground, with my horse upon me, in a cloud of smoke and confusion.

"In a most unsportsmanlike manner (as persons may exclaim who were not there) I hid behind my horse as he regained his legs. All was still—the snorting of the frightened horse was all that I could hear. I expected to have seen the infuriated buffalo among us. I peeped over the horse's back, and, to my delight and surprise, I saw the carcass of the bull lying within three feet of him. His head was pierced by the ball exactly between the horns, and death had been instantaneous. The horse having

reared to his full height, had entangled his hind legs in the grass, and he had fallen backwards without being touched by the buffalo, although the horns were close into him."

On his way home, after this disagreeable rencontre, Mr. Baker falls in with a small herd of five, and drops both bulls and an infuriated cow, the latter in the act of charging, at a distance of fifteen paces. The two remaining cows and a calf are killed in their retreat, and Mr. Baker is strolling home satisfied with a bag of ten buffaloes, when he suddenly stumbles upon a herd of elephants. These beat an immediate retreat. But singling out a fine bull, Mr. Baker drops him severely wounded with the four ounce, and, taking his second gun, he runs up just in time to catch him as he is half risen.

"Feeling sure of him, I ran up within two yards of his head, and fired into his forehead. To my amazement, he jumped quickly up, and with a loud trumpet he rushed towards the jungle. I could just keep close alongside of him, as the grass was short, and the ground level, and being determined to get him, I ran close to his shoulder, and, taking a steady shot behind the ear, I fired my remaining barrel. Judge of my surprise,—it only increased his speed, and in another moment he reached the jungle: he was gone. He seemed to bear a charmed life. I had taken two shots within a few feet of him that I would have staked my life upon. I looked at my gun. Ye gods! I had been firing *snipe shot* at him. It was my rascally horse-keeper, who had actually handed me the shot-gun, which I had received as the double-barrelled ball-gun, that I knew was carried by a gun-bearer. How I did thrash him! If the elephant had charged instead of making off, I should have been caught, to a certainty."

This is a judgment upon him evidently for boasting too much of his battery. The abundance of game at Minneria, however, is not to be compared to the enormous sports which Mr. Baker finds in the almost unexplored country beyond Hambantotte. "Here the deer were in such masses that I restricted myself to bucks, and I at length became completely satiated. There was too much game. During a whole day's walk I was certainly not five minutes without seeing either deer, elk, buffaloes, or hogs."

Gradually our sportsman gets still more particular; he refuses tempting shots, and goes out simply in search of large antlers. None appearing of sufficient size he does not fire, and only kills buffaloes if they look vicious, and he can get a charge out of them. Notwithstanding this dainty shooting, he comes home one morning to breakfast, at eight o'clock, with three fine bucks and two buffaloes in his bag. Altogether we cannot charge Mr. Baker with indiscriminate slaughter. A thorough sportsman, he is a humane man; but if we may so phrase it, he is a little too conscientious in his sport. He gives us glimpses of much that is interesting in his search after game; but, because it is unconnected with the matter in hand, he hurries us away upon the track of a rogue elephant or a buffalo, and will not allow us to linger for a moment upon those fairy scenes which he has himself conjured up, or to inquire more

deeply into subjects of interest he has himself suggested.\* We should have liked to have heard a little more of the Veddahs, for instance; but the district they inhabit is the finest part of Ceylon for sport, so of course we must not expect to be told about wild men when there are wild beasts in the case. We have, however, a brief description of the manners and habits (or rather want of habits) of the animal:—

“The Veddah in person is extremely ugly; short, but sinewy; his long uncombed locks fall to his waist, looking more like a horse's tail than human hair. He despises money; but is thankful for a knife, a hatchet, or a gaudy-coloured cloth, or brass pot for cooking. The women are horribly ugly, and are almost entirely naked. They have no matrimonial regulations, and the children are squalid and miserable. Still these people are perfectly happy, and would prefer their present wandering life to the most luxurious restraint. Speaking a language of their own, with habits akin to those of wild animals, they keep entirely apart from the Cingalese. They barter deer-horns and bees'-wax with the travelling Moormen pedlars in exchange for their trilling requirements. If they have food they eat it; if they have none they go without until by some chance they procure it. In the mean time they chew the bark of various trees, and search for berries, while they wend their way for many miles to some remembered store of deer's flesh and honey, laid by in a hollow tree.”

They are expert trackers, but are not so skilled in the use of bows and arrows as savages usually are. Without any fixed place of residence, they wander over their beautiful country, always finding abundance to eat and drink, while the warm temperature renders any description of clothing superfluous. Upon another occasion, Mr. Baker, in search of elephants, stumbles upon the ruins of Mahagam. As he is unsuccessful in finding any game, he gives us a short description of what remains of this ancient city, the first records of which date back to the year 286 B. C.

“We were among the ruins of ancient Mahagam. One of the ruined buildings had apparently rested upon seventy-two pillars. These were still erect, standing in six lines of twelve columns: every stone appeared to be about fourteen feet high by two feet square, and twenty-five feet apart. This building must therefore have formed an oblong of three hundred feet by one hundred and fifty. Many of the granite blocks were covered with rough carving; large flights of steps, now irregular from the inequality of the ground, were scattered here and there; and the general appearance of the ruins was similar to that of Pollanarua, but of smaller extent. The stone causeway which passed through the ruins was about two miles in length, being for the most part overgrown with low jungle and prickly cactus. I traversed the jungle for some distance, until arrested by the impervious nature of the bushes; but wherever I went the ground was strewn with squared stones and fallen brickwork overgrown with rank vegetation.”

At Pollanarua the ruins are still more interesting, and our author is evidently just becoming romantic when his reveries are disturbed in a manner inexcusable even in a sportsman. He is strolling through shady glades, and moralising over palaces which have crumbled into shapeless mounds of bricks: “Massive pillars, formed of a single

stone some twelve feet high, stand in upright rows throughout the jungle here and there over an extent of miles of country. The buildings which they once supported have long since fallen, and the pillars now stand like tombstones over vanished magnificence." While Mr. Baker is wandering amid these ruins, meditating upon the touching mementoes by which he is surrounded, of a race long since passed away—

" Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,  
Comes gliding in serene and slow,  
Soft and silent as a dream,  
A solitary doe."

Instead of quoting Wordsworth, what does Mr. Baker do? "I was within twenty yards of her before she was aware of my vicinity, and I bagged her by a shot with a double-barrelled gun. At the report of the gun a herd of about thirty deer which were concealed among the ruins rushed close by me, and I bagged another doe with the remaining barrel." Really Mr. Baker should be ashamed of bagging does right and left amid pillars which stand as tombstones over vanished magnificence; or, if it was the effect of an impulse irresistible at the moment, the placid reader should be spared the sudden shock which such an admission is likely to cause.

The most extensive ruins are strewn over all this country, those of Anarajapoura, comprising a surface of two hundred and fifty-six square miles, being the most celebrated. Numerous tanks attest the existence of a dense population, where now elephants and buffaloes roam unmolested. The tank at Doolana, a secluded spot, is a favourite resort for single or rogue elephants; and here Mr. Baker and his brother find a notorious pair, and determine upon their destruction. The difficulty of following an elephant through the dense forests of Ceylon is so great that the assistance of native trackers is often absolutely necessary. In this instance, unfortunately, even the trackers mistake the direction, and our two sportsmen are standing hopelessly near a wall of impenetrable jungle, into which the elephants had been seen to retreat, wondering how they are ever to achieve the desired end, when, says Mr. Baker,

"I suddenly heard a deep guttural sound in the thick rattan within four feet of me; in the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and, bursting asunder, showed the furious head of an elephant with uplifted trunk in full charge upon me.

"I had barely time to cock my rifle, and the barrel almost touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised. B. fired his right-hand barrel at the same moment without effect from the same cause. I jumped on one side and attempted to spring through the deep mud: it was of no use; the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path within a foot of him. In that moment of suspense I expected to hear the crack of my own bones as his massive foot would be upon me. It was an atom of time. I heard the crack of a gun; it was B.'s last barrel. I felt a spongy weight strike my heel, and, turning quickly heels over head, I rolled a few paces and regained



my feet. That last shot had floored him just as he was upon me; the end of his trunk had fallen upon my heel. Still he was not dead, but he struck at me with his trunk as I passed round his head to give him a finisher with the four-ounce rifle, which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer.

"My back was touching the jungle from which the rogue had just charged, and I was almost in the act of firing through the temple of the still struggling elephant when I heard a tremendous crash in the jungle behind me similar to the first, and the savage scream of an elephant. I saw the ponderous fore-leg cleave its way through the jungle directly upon me. I threw my whole weight back against the thick rattans to avoid him, and the next moment his foot was planted within an inch of mine. His lofty head was passing over me in full charge at B., who was unloaded, when, holding the four-ounce rifle perpendicularly, I fired exactly under his throat. I thought he would fall upon me and crush me, but this shot was the only chance, as B. was perfectly helpless.

"A dense cloud of smoke from the heavy charge of powder for the moment obscured every thing. I had jumped out of the way the instant after firing. The elephant did not fall, but he had his death wound: the ball had severed his jugular, and the blood poured from the wound. He stopped, but, collecting his stunned energies, he still blundered forward towards B. He, however, avoided him by running to one side, and the wounded brute staggered on through the jungle. We now loaded the guns; the first rogue was quite dead, and we followed in pursuit of rogue number two."

He had received his death wound, and was found dead in the jungle a day or two afterwards. We have no doubt a large proportion of those who take up Mr. Baker's book, will read this, and many other similar adventures which it contains, in a spirit of profound scepticism. Of course, we cannot vouch for their credibility otherwise than by saying that, from our own experience and our knowledge of the experience of others, we believe not only in the possibility, but in the probability of scenes such as those described by Mr. Baker frequently occurring in a long course of elephant-shooting. When a man can show three hundred or four hundred tails adorning the walls of his room, he may fairly expect us to consider them as vouchers for his own good faith; and carpet sportsmen may laugh as they please, but they will find, if they have got the pluck to try to procure similar ornaments, that elephants don't generally allow their tails to be cut off without fighting for them, and that the mild specimen in the Zoological Gardens is not altogether to be taken as a type of the race generally.

"I have often heard people exclaim," says Mr. Baker, "upon hearing anecdotes of elephant-hunting, 'poor things!'"

"Poor things, indeed! I should like to see the very person who thus expresses his pity going at his best pace with a savage elephant after him; give him a lawn to run upon if he likes, and see the elephant gaining a foot in every yard of the chase, fire in his eye, fury in his head-long charge; and would not the flying gentleman who lately exclaimed 'poor thing!' be thankful to the lucky bullet that would save him from destruction?"

"There are no animals more misunderstood than elephants; they are naturally savage, wary, and revengeful, displaying as great courage when

in their wild state as any animal known. The fact of their natural sagacity renders them the more dangerous as foes."

Of course, in describing a series of rencontres, involving so much personal peril as must necessarily be the accompaniment of elephant-shooting, there is much scope for exaggeration, and the more marvellous a story really is, the more susceptible it is of colouring; so that, unless the narrator be continually on his guard, he may insensibly be drawn, by the exciting nature of the incidents he recounts, into a way of relating them which smacks so strongly of undue embellishment, that the ignorant reader is disposed to discredit those facts themselves which, had he possessed personal experience, he would not have hesitated to accept. "Often," says Mr. Baker, who anticipates such unlearned criticism, "have I pitied Gordon Cumming, when I have heard him talked of as a palpable Munchausen by men who never fired a rifle or saw a wild beast except in a cage, and still these men form the greater proportion of the readers of these works." And we are assured by our author that he has carefully abstained from working up his scenes for the sake of effect—that, in fact, if he has erred at all, it is in under-drawing them. Now, although we would not for a moment be supposed to discredit any one of the accounts which he gives us of his adventures, we cannot do Mr. Baker the injustice to agree with him in this, and we consider ourselves competent judges, although we may not have been present. In looking over the illustrations which grace the work, and which are spiritedly done, there appeared to us one fault, if fault it may be called; our author and his friends always seem to be shooting with air guns—there is a remarkable absence of any smoke. Now, without meaning in the least to infer that Mr. Baker has transferred it from the pictorial representations of those scenes of which its presence would have been the appropriate ornament to the descriptions of them, which would suffer seriously from such an addition, we only remark that he has occasionally given a handle for that sort of criticism, which we, in common with himself, so much deprecate. We wish, for instance, that his measurements of distance in moments of extreme peril had been a little more vague than they are. A striking instance of the precision with which our author calculates distance occurs in the course of one of his elephant hunts; after a long combat with a rogue, he is obliged to throw away his heavy rifle and take to his heels.

"I had about three feet start of him, and I saw with delight that the ground was as level and smooth as a lawn; there was no fear of tripping up, and away I went at the fastest pace that I ever ran either before or since, taking a look behind me to see how the chase went on. I saw the bullet-mark in his forehead, which was covered with blood; his trunk was stretched to its full length to catch me, and was now within two feet of my back: he was gaining on me, although I was running at a tremendous pace. I could not screw an inch more speed out of my legs, and I kept on, with the brute gaining upon me at every stride. He was within a foot of me, and I had not heard a shot fired, and not a soul had come to

the rescue. The sudden thought struck me that my brother could not possibly overtake the elephant at the pace at which we were going, and I suddenly doubled short to my left into the open plain, and back towards the guns. The rogue overshot me. I met my brother close to his tail," &c. &c.

We remember hearing that Major Rogers once dodged between an elephant's legs; but Major Rogers' presence of mind was nothing to Mr. Baker's, who could deliberately calculate his distance when at full speed, and who, joyously trotting on with an elephant's trunk first three, and then two feet from his back, does not think it worth while to double until the distance is decreased to twelve inches. It is quite possible that the elephant's trunk was in most unpleasant proximity to the fugitive—indeed, a sporting friend of ours once had his cap taken off by a rogue in full chase, and after all fairly outran his pursuer—so that we do not doubt that Mr. Baker had an uncommonly near shave, and was excessively glad to find his brother at his pursuer's tail; but this is just *the tone* of description that gives rise to doubts in the minds of those who do not happen ever to have run away from an elephant.

It may be said that the same remark is applicable to the accounts we have of the powers of the four-ounce. There is an elephant killed stone dead at one hundred and twenty yards; a buffalo at six hundred, if not eight hundred. These are both unprecedented shots; but as sixteen drachms is a common charge with Mr. Baker, and as we certainly never used a rifle heavy enough to bear a charge of *an ounce* of powder, we are not in a position to question them. Moreover, when we consider the performances of the Minie, we are inclined to regard them as quite possible, although distance, if not actually measured, must always be very much a matter of opinion. However, in reading this narrative of adventure, the experience of an intrepid sportsman, it must be remembered that only those incidents are selected for relation which were most remarkable or attended with the greatest risk. They are a collection of the most perilous moments of a life of peril, and we have simply to add up the long catalogue of those who have fallen victims in Ceylon to that sport which Mr. Baker so ardently pursues, to perceive its danger; and so far from denying the possibility of those hair-breadth escapes which startle us in every page of this work, we should then be induced rather to wonder that its author still lives to tempt that Providence by which he has hitherto been so wonderfully preserved.

But we must not allow the rifle an undue share of our attention. Mr. Baker has as good reason to be proud of his hounds as of his rifles, and there is a greater novelty to the English sportsman in hunting elk at Newera Ellia than in shooting elephants or buffaloes at Minneria. A buck elk—the Sambar deer of India—stands about fourteen hands high at the shoulder, and weighs about six hundred pounds: he is in colour dark brown, with a mane of coarse bristly hair of six inches in length; the rest of his body is covered with

the same coarse hair of about two inches in length. His antlers are sometimes upwards of three feet long, but seldom have more than six points. He is a solitary animal; when brought to bay he fights to the last, and charges man and hound indiscriminately, a choice hound being often the price of victory. The country in which he is hunted is the mountainous district in Ceylon; for though he is to be found in almost every part of the island, the sport is only prosecuted at an elevation which varies from four thousand to seven thousand feet above the sea. The sharp, bracing climate of Newera Ellia, while it agrees admirably with the hounds, enables the sportsman to undergo that prolonged and violent exercise on foot which the sport involves, and which would be utterly out of the question in the low country.

The principal features of the highlands of Ceylon being a series of wild marshy plains, forests, torrents, mountains, and precipices, a peculiar hound is required for elk-hunting. Upon the occasion of Mr. Baker's second visit, he arrived with a pack of thorough-bred foxhounds. These he soon found were quite a mistake; they invariably open upon the scent at a great distance, and after warning the elk too soon, they stick to him too long, and ultimately fall victims to chetahs or starvation, the penalty of inexperienced perseverance. The offspring of crosses with pointers, bloodhounds, and half-bred foxhounds, are the right stamp for the sport; while the Australian lurcher proves often of immense service upon the open. The hero of Mr. Baker's pack was a Manilla bloodhound of enormous strength and indomitable pluck. The performances of old Smut are worthy of a volume to themselves; and if his master could appreciate the merits of his favourite hound when alive, he proves himself an historian well qualified to do justice to his memory. The reader will also be proud to make the acquaintance of Killbuck, Bran, and Lena, who prove themselves good dogs and true. About sixteen miles from Newera Ellia, lie the Horton Plains, situated at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are perfectly uninhabited; and here it is that Mr. Baker introduces us to his favourite sport. He and his friends have taken up their abode in a snug corner of the plains, where they have built for themselves a hunting-lodge and kennel. They are within hail of civilisation, but they depend almost entirely upon the dogs for sustenance, combined with the efforts of a perfect Soyer of a cook.

"This knight of the gridiron was a famous fellow, and could perform wonders; of stoical countenance, he was never seen to smile. His whole thoughts were concentrated in the mysteries of gravies, and the magic transformation of one animal into another by the art of cookery; in this he excelled to a marvellous degree. The farce of ordering dinner was always absurd. It was something in this style: 'Cook I, (*Cook answers*) 'Coming sar!' (*enter Cook*).—'Now, cook, you make a good dinner; do you hear!' *Cook*: 'Yes, sar: master tell, I make.'—'Well, mulligatawny soup.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Calves' head, with tongue, and brain-sauce.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Gravy omelette.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Mutton chops.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Fowl

cotelets.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Beefsteaks.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Marrow-bones.' 'Yes, sar.'—'Rissoles.' 'Yes, sar.' All these various dishes he literally imitated uncommonly well, the different portions of an elk being their only foundation."

During a trip of two months at the Horton Plains, Mr. Baker killed forty-three elk, which was working the pack pretty hard. At Newera Ellia the game, though not quite so plentiful, is sufficiently abundant to satisfy any reasonable sportsman, and an extract of three months' hunting, at his own door, from our author's game-book, shows a return of eleven bucks, seventeen does, and four hogs.

Though the sport of elk-hunting is most exciting, the recital of elk-hunting experiences must ever be somewhat monotonous: there is so little room for varied incident. The hunter follows the music of his pack over the open, at a long swinging trot, and bursts his way through the dense jungle, and down the steep bank to the foaming torrent, in the midst of which the elk is keeping the hounds at bay:—

"There they are in that deep pool, formed by the river as it sweeps round the rock. A buck! a noble fellow! Now he charges at the hounds, and strikes the foremost beneath the water with his forefeet; up they come again to the surface,—they hear their master's well-known shout,—they look round and see his welcome figure on the steep bank. Another moment, a tremendous splash, and he is among his hounds, and all are swimming towards their noble game. At them he comes with a fierce rush. Avoid him as you best can, ye hunters, man, and hounds!"

This reminds us of an amusing experience of our own, under somewhat similar circumstances. The master of one of the packs at Newera Ellia, in those days a good specimen of a Ceylon Nimrod, and an old elk-hunter, was anxious to show a naval friend of his the sport in perfection. We happened to be of the party, and before long our ears were rejoiced with that steady chorus which always tells of a buck at bay. Away we dashed through the thorny jungle, and arrived at the edge of a deep black pool, in which the elk was swimming, surrounded by the entire pack. Another moment and we should have formed one of the damp but picturesque group, when our naval friend, who had been left a little in the rear, unused to such rough work, came up torn and panting. It suddenly occurs to Nimrod, just as he is going to jump in, that it is hardly civil to his guest to secure to himself the sportsman's most delicious moment; he feels the sacrifice he is making as, with a forced blandness, and an anxious glance at the buck, he presses his hunting-knife into Captain F.'s hand, saying, "After you, sir, pray." "Ah! after me; where?—you don't mean me to go in there, do you?" "Certainly not, you would rather stay here; in that case be so good as give me the knife, as there is no time to be lost." "Oh, ah!—I didn't understand;—how very stupid! Go in—oh! certainly: I shall be delighted;" and in dashed the gallant captain with his two-edged blade gleaming in the morning sun. For a second the waters closed

over him, then he appeared spluttering and choking, and waving aloft the naked steel preparatory to going down again; it was plain that he could not swim a stroke, and it cost us no little trouble to pull out the plucky sailor, who took the whole thing as a matter of course, and would evidently have gone anywhere that he had been told. It is a difficult matter to stick an elk while swimming, as the hide is very thick, and the want of any sufficient purchase renders an effective blow almost impossible. There is also a great risk of being struck by the elk's fore-legs, while impetuous young dogs are apt to take a nip of their master by mistake. A powerful buck at bay is always a formidable customer, and the largest dogs may be impaled like kittens if they do not learn to temper their valour with discretion.

"The only important drawback," says Mr. Baker, "to the pleasure of elk-hunting, is the constant loss of dogs. The best are always sure to go. What with deaths by boars, leopards, elk, and stray hounds, the pack is with difficulty maintained. Poor old Bran, who, being a thorough-bred greyhound, is too fine in the skin for such rough hunting, has been sewn up in so many places that he is a complete specimen of needlework;" while Killbuck and Smut, the hero of about four hundred deaths of elk and boar, have terminated their glorious careers. Killbuck was pierced by the sharp antlers of a spotted buck, after a splendid course over the plains in the low country. If the bay of the deer is not so good as that of the elk, the enjoyment of riding to your game renders deer-coursing a far more agreeable sport than elk-hunting. Unfortunately for Killbuck, his buck came to bay as pluckily as any elk, and had pinned the noble hound to the earth, before his master, who had been thrown in the course of a reckless gallop, could come up to the rescue. But the boar is the most destructive animal to the pack, and a fierce immovable bay, in which every dog joins in an impetuous chorus, is always a dreaded sound to the hunter, who knows well that tusks, and not antlers, are at work.

The following description of a boar at bay will give some idea of the scene that then occurs:—

"There was a fight! The underwood was levelled, and the boar rushed to and fro with Smut, Bran, Lena and Lucifer, all upon him. Yoick to him! and some of the most daring of the maddened pack went in. The next instant we were upon him mingled with a confused mass of hounds; and throwing our whole weight upon the boar, we gave him repeated thrusts, apparently to little purpose. Round came his head and gleaming tusks to the attack of his fresh enemies, but old Smut held him by the nose, and, although the bright tusks were immediately buried in his throat, the stanch old dog kept his hold. Away went the boar, covered by a mass of dogs, and bearing the greater part of our weight in addition, as we hung on to the hunting-knives buried in his shoulders. For about fifty paces he tore through the thick jungle, crashing it like a cobweb. At length he again halted; the dogs, the boar, and ourselves were mingled in a heap of confusion. All covered with blood and dirt, our own cheers added to the

wild bay of the infuriated hounds, and the savage roaring of the boar. Still he fought and gashed the dogs right and left. He stood about thirty-eight inches high, and the largest dogs seemed like puppies beside him ; still not a dog relaxed his hold, and he was covered with wounds. I made a lucky thrust for the nape of his neck. I felt the point of the knife touch the bone ; the spine was divided, and he fell dead.

"Smut had two severe gashes in the throat, Lena was cut under the ear, and Bran's mouth was opened completely up to his ear in a horrible wound."

But the boar sometimes comes off victorious ; and the death of poor old Smut has never been revenged. He was almost cut in half before Mr. Baker reached the bay, which lasted for an hour. At the end of that period, Smut, gashed with many additional wounds, was expiring, and three of the best remaining dogs were severely wounded ; the dogs were with difficulty called off the victorious monster ; and Mr. Baker records, with feelings of profound emotion, the only defeat he ever experienced, and which terminated fatally to the gallant leader of his pack.

The usual drawbacks and discomforts attendant upon a new settlement having been overcome, our author assures us that Newera Ellia forms a delightful place of residence. But it must not be supposed that, on the occasion of his second visit to Ceylon, he confined himself to elk-hunting and agriculture. He is frequently tempted from his highland home to the elephant country, which is only about two days' journey distant ; and the latter part of his volume abounds with exciting descriptions of new encounters with rogues, involving the usual amount of personal hazard ; and lest the too ardent pursuit of this fascinating sport seems scarcely to justify the apparent cruelty it involves, it must be remembered that it is not more cruel to kill a large animal than a small one, though this is a distinction we are too apt to make ; and when the large animal is also often destructive to life and property, its slaughter is not only justifiable, but commendable in those who are disposed to risk their lives for the benefit of the public and their own gratification.

Indeed, so extensive are the ravages committed by elephants, that a price is offered by Government for their tails ; since, however, the procuring of tails has become a fashionable amusement among Europeans, the reward has been reduced to the miserable sum of 7s. 6d. The Moorish part of the community were the recognised elephant-slayers, so long as there was profit to be made by these means. They now devote themselves almost entirely to the capture of elephants alive for the purpose of exportation to India. Mr. Baker gives an amusing account of having assisted to catch an elephant. He started with his brother and thirty Moormen, armed with ropes, towards a herd of seven, of whose presence in the neighbourhood intelligence had been received. Upon coming in sight of the herd, one was selected for capture. Mr. Baker and his brother and their gun-bearers, taking the wind, advance under cover of the jungle to open the ball. This they do in style, bagging six elephants in almost

the same number of minutes. The seventh starts off in full retreat, with the multitude at his heels. At last an active Moorman dexterously throws a noose of thick but finely twisted hide-rope over one of his hind-legs. Following the line which the unconscious elephant trails after him like a long snake, they wait until he enters the jungle, and then unceremoniously check his further progress by taking a double turn round a tree.

"Any but a hide rope of that diameter must have given way; but this stretched like a harp-string, and, at every effort to break it, the yielding elasticity of the hide threw him upon his head, and the sudden contraction after the fall jerked his leg back to its full length.

After many vain but tremendous efforts to free himself, he turned his rage upon his pursuers, and charged every one right and left; but he was safely tied, and we took some little pleasure in teasing him. He had no more chance than a fly in a spider's web. As he charged in one direction, several nooses were thrown round his hind-legs; then his trunk was caught in a slip-knot, then his fore-legs, then his neck, and the ends of all these ropes being brought together and hauled tight, he was effectually hobbled.

This had taken some time to effect (about half an hour), and we now commenced a species of harness to enable us to drive him to the village.

The first thing was to secure his trunk by tying it to one of his fore-legs; this leg was then fastened with a slack rope to one of his hind-legs, which prevented him from taking a longer stride than about two feet; his neck was then tied to his other fore-leg, and two ropes were made fast to both his fore and hind legs; the ends of these ropes being manned by thirty men."

He was then driven to the village, and three days afterwards was sufficiently tamed to be mounted. His value was then about £15.

Mr. Baker at last becomes as dainty in his elephant-shooting as we have already found him in the deer country. Where elephants are abundant he despises a herd, and confines himself to rogues, where they are procurable, always singling out the most vicious-looking, and this must in some measure account for the redundancy of adventure in his narrative. For though elephant-shooting is always attended with some risk, the comparative extent of this depends entirely upon the manner in which the sport is pursued. If tails are the desiderata, then a herd in a nice open jungle presents the best chance of obtaining a supply with the least possible amount of personal danger; but if sport is really sought, then a rogue upon the open is certain to afford enough to satisfy the most ardent Nimrod that ever drew trigger. The fatigue of elephant-shooting is something inconceivable to those who have not for six or eight consecutive hours laboured under a tropical sun with a heavy rifle, — the barrels of which are so hot that they can scarcely be touched, — over wide plains, and through long grass, matted over hidden rocks and tangled jungle, with an underwood of the twining bamboo and thorny mimosa. It is only the most intense excitement that could carry a man through fatigue such as this; and a prize worthy of all



that he has undergone is needed to reward him for the day's work. Under these circumstances, it is clear that, the more imminent the peril, the more satisfactory is the sport considered. There would be very little gratification in toiling all day in a temperature of 130°, if there was no opportunity presented of risking one's life. Mr. Baker's enjoyment must have reached its climax when he was actually wounded by an elephant's tusk. This indeed compensated for much hardship and discomfort. It happened in this wise :

About two days' journey from Newera Ellia is situated a large tract of country called the Park. This is the most favourite resort of Ceylon sportsmen, as elephants are generally abundant. The scenery is beautiful, of a character which may be inferred from the name it now bears among Europeans. It is of vast extent, watered by numerous large rivers, and ornamented by rocky mountains, such as no English park can boast. The lemon grass grows over the greater part of this country to a height of ten or twelve feet, and large herds of elephants wander through it, the crowns of their capacious brown heads, or the tips of their trunks, tossed occasionally into the air, alone attesting their presence.

A number of these appearing over the waving grass, delight the eyes of Mr. Baker and his brother one morning as they sally forth from their night encampment with their usual deadly intent. Upon discovering the daring intruders, the herd, consisting of ten, rally round the two leaders, whose deep growls, like rumbling peals of thunder, is the call in time of danger. Our author and his brother immediately advance towards the dense mass, nothing daunted by so imposing an array. A part of the herd beat a retreat, but five charge viciously ; they are dropped in as many successive shots, the last at a distance of only ten paces ; four more are slain in retreat, a faithless mother alone escaping, whose little charge, so unusually deserted, Mr. Baker captures, by taking hold of his tail and trunk, and throwing him on his back. Those who have seen an unweaned elephant calf will admit this to be no very difficult feat. Having secured the infant, and left him in charge of his brother and the gun-bearers, Mr. Baker returns to seek his legitimate trophies in the shape of tails.

" I had one barrel still loaded, and I was pushing my way through the tangled grass towards the spot where the five elephants lay together, when I suddenly heard Wallace shriek out, ' Look out, sir ! Look out !—an elephant's coming !'

" I turned round in a moment ; and close past Wallace, from the very spot where the last dead elephant lay, came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rogue' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back as stiff as a poker, and, screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim.

" I have often been in dangerous positions, but, I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered

retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead.

"He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me, but still his trunk was raised and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me; down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

"I fired at that instant; but in the twinkling of an eye I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his tusk in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached, and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I had stood opposed to him, I felt like what I never wish to feel again while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him, and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again, I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone."

"There could not," says our author naively, "be a better exemplification of a rogue than in this case." The knowing way in which he had remained patiently concealed, while his enemies expended their ammunition and energies upon the herd, and the sudden and furious manner in which he came upon them, while unsuspectingly appropriating the tails of his brethren, quite justifies this opinion of Mr. Baker's. He escapes triumphantly, as he deserves to have done, and leaves Mr. Baker to contemplate his wounded leg for some days, during which he is unable to move. We must do our author the justice to say that he seeks his revenge as soon as he is able to put his foot to the ground, and a few days afterwards we find him chasing a herd, until he says "my leg, which had lost all feeling, suddenly gave way, and I lay sprawling on my face, incapable of going a step further. I had killed four elephants; it was very bad luck, as the herd consisted of eleven, but my leg gave way when most required." If Mr. Baker is not satisfied, we are. We shall not, therefore, follow him through the exciting details of a jungle trip, the barrack he concludes his most interesting work, and from which over widens two companions, the Hon. Mr. Stuart Wortley and Mr. E. and tangle return in three weeks, with a bag of fifty elephants, five horny mimewo buffaloes. We have said enough to indicate to the merry a man ...

reader in search of excitement by his fire-side where it is to be found—more than enough to tempt the enthusiastic sportsman to exchange for a season the comforts of home for the wild stirring life of the elephant-hunter; and we may venture to assure him that he will ever recur with delight to the enjoyment and rough luxury that a jungle trip alone affords, and he will be ready to adopt, as we do ourselves, the concluding words of our author :

“The well-arranged tent, the neatly spread table, the beds forming a triangle around the walls, and the clean guns piled in a long row against the gun-rack, will often recall a *tableau* in after years, in countries far from this land of independence. The acknowledged sports of England will appear child's play; the exciting thrill will be wanting, when a sudden rush in the jungle brings the rifle on full cock; and the heavy guns will become useless mementos of past days, like the dusty helmets of yore, hanging up in an old hall. The belt and the hunting-knife will alike share the fate of the good rifle, and the blade, now so keen, will blunt from sheer neglect. The slips, which have held the necks of dogs of such staunch natures, will hang neglected from the wall; and all these *souvenirs* of wild sports, contrasted with the puny implements of the English chase, will awaken once more the longing desire for the Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon.”—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

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## THE WHALE. \*

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### CHAPTER IX.—THE SERMON.

FATHER MAPPLE rose, and in a mild voice of unassuming authority ordered the scattered people to condense. “Starboard gangway, there! side away to larboard—larboard gangway to starboard! Midships! midships!”

There was a low rumbling of heavy sea-boots among the benches, and a still slighter shuffling of women's shoes, and all was quiet again, and every eye on the preacher.

He paused a little; then kneeling in the pulpit's bows, folded his large brown hands across his chest, uplifted his closed eyes, and offered a prayer so deeply devout, that he seemed kneeling and praying at the bottom of the sea.

This ended, in prolonged solemn tones, like the continual tolling of a bell in a ship that is foundering at sea in a fog—in such tones he commenced reading the following hymn; but changing his manner towards the concluding stanzas, burst forth with a pealing exultation and joy—

“The ribs and terrors in the whale,  
Arch'd over me a dismal gloom,  
While all God's sunlit waves roll'd by,  
And left me deepening down to doom.”

"I saw the open maw<sup>4</sup> of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there ;  
Which none but they that feel can tell—  
Oh, I was plunging to despair !

"In black distress, I call'd my God,  
When I could scarce believe Him mine,  
He bow'd his ear to my complaints—  
No more the whale did me confine.

"With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a radiant dolphin borne ;  
Awful, yet bright, as lightning shone  
The face of my Deliverer God.

"My song for ever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour ;  
I give the glory to my God ;  
His all the mercy and the power."

Nearly all joined in singing this hymn, which swelled high above the howling of the storm. A brief pause ensued ; the preacher slowly turned over the leaves of the Bible, and at last, folding his hand down upon the proper page, said : "Beloved shipmates, clinch the last verse of the first chapter of Jonah—'And God had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah.'

"Shipmates, this book, containing only four chapters—four yarns—is one of the smallest strands in the mighty cable of the Scriptures. Yet what depths of soul does Jonah's deep see-line sound ! what a pregnant lesson to us is this prophet ! What a noble thing is that canticle in the fish's belly ! How billow-like and boisterously grand ! We feel the floods surging over us ; we sound with him to the kelpy bottom of the waters ; sea-weed and all the slime of the sea is about us ! But *what* is this lesson that the book of Jonah teaches ? Shipmates, it is a two-stranded lesson ; a lesson to us all as sinful men, and a lesson to me as a pilot of the living God. As sinful men, it is a lesson to us all ; because it is a story of the sin, hard-heartedness, suddenly awakened fears, the swift punishment, repentance, prayers, and finally the deliverance and joy of Jonah. As with all sinners among men, the sin of this son of Amittai was in his wilful disobedience of the command of God—never mind now what that command was, or how conveyed—which he found a hard command. But all the things that God would have us do are hard for us to do—remember that—and hence, he oftener commands us than endeavours to persuade. And if we obey God, we must disobey ourselves ; and it is in this disobeying ourselves wherein the hardness of obeying God consists.

"With this sin of disobedience in him, Jonah still further flouts at God, by seeking to flee from Him. He thinks that a ship made

by men will carry him into countries where God does not reign, but only the Captains of this earth. He skulks about the wharves of Joppa, and seeks a ship that's bound for Tarshish. There lurks, perhaps, a hitherto unheeded meaning here. By all accounts Tarshish could have been no other city than the modern Cadiz. That's the opinion of learned men. And where is Cadiz, shipmates? Cadiz is in Spain; as far by water, from Joppa, as Jonah could possibly have sailed in those ancient days, when the Atlantic was an almost unknown sea. Because Joppa, the modern Jaffa, shipmates, is on the most easterly coast of the Mediterranean, the Syrian; and Tarshish or Cadiz more than two thousand miles to the westward from that, just outside the Strait of Gibraltar. See ye not then, shipmates, that Jonah sought to flee world-wide from God? Miserable man! Oh! most contemptible and worthy of all scorn; with slouched hat and guilty eye, skulking from his God; prowling among the shipping like a vile burglar hastening to cross the seas. So disordered, self-condemning is his look, that had there been policemen in those days, Jonah, on the mere suspicion of something wrong, had been arrested ere he touched a deck. How plainly he's a fugitive! no baggage! not a hat-box, valise, or carpet-bag,—no friends accompany him to the wharf with their adieux. At last, after much dodging search, he finds the Tarshish ship receiving the last items of her cargo; and as he steps on board to see its captain in the cabin, all the sailors for the moment desist from hoisting in the goods, to mark the stranger's evil eye. Jonah sees this; but in vain he tries to look all ease and confidence; in vain essays his wretched smile. Strong intuitions of the man assure the mariners he can be no innocent. In their game-some but still serious way, one whispers to the other—'Jack, he's robbed a widow;' or, 'Joe, do you mark him; he's a bigamist;' or, Harry, lad, I guess he's the adulterer that broke jail in old Gomorrah; or belike, one of the missing murderers from Sodom.' Another runs to read the bill that's stuck against the spile upon the wharf to which the ship is moored, offering five hundred gold coins for the apprehension of a parricide, and containing a description of his person. He reads, and looks from Jonah to the bill; while all his sympathetic shipmates now crowd round Jonah, prepared to lay their hands upon him. Frighted Jonah trembles, and summoning all his boldness to his face, only looks so much the more a coward. He will not confess himself suspected; but that itself is strong suspicion. So he makes the best of it; and when the sailors find him not to be the man that is advertised, they let him pass, and he descends into the cabin.

"'Who's there?' cries the captain at his busy desk, hurriedly making out his papers for the Customs—'Who's there?' Oh! how that harmless question mangles Jonah! For the instant he almost turns to flee again. But he rallies. 'I seek a passage in this ship to Tarshish; how soon sail ye, sir?' Thus far the busy captain had not looked up to Jonah, though the man now stands before him; but

no sooner does he hear that hollow voice, than he darts a scrutinising glance. 'We sail with the next coming tide,' at last he slowly answered, still intently eyeing him. 'No sooner, sir?'—'Soon enough for any honest man that goes a passenger.' Ha! Jonah, that's another stab. But he swiftly calls away the captain from that scent. 'I'll sail with ye,'—he says,—'the passage money, how much is that?—I'll pay now.' For it is paficularly written, shipmates, as if it were a thing not to be overlooked in this history, 'that he paid the fare thereof ere the craft did sail. And taken with the context, this is full of meaning.

"Now, Jonah's Captain, shipmates, was one whose discernment detects crime in any, but whose cupidity exposes it only in the penniless. In this world, shipmates, Sin that pays its way can travel freely and without a passport; whereas Virtue, if a pauper, is stopped at all frontiers. So Jonah's Captain prepares to test the length of Jonah's purse, ere he judge him openly. He charges him thrice the usual sum; and it's assented to. Then the Captain knows that Jonah is a fugitive; but at the same time resolves to help a flight that paves its rear with gold. Yet when Jonah fairly takes out his purse, prudent suspicions still molest the Captain. He rings every coin to find a counterfeit. 'Not a forger, any way,' he mutters; and Jonah is put down for his passage. 'Point out my state-room, sir,' says Jonah now, 'I'm travel-weary; I need sleep.' 'Thou look'st like it,' says the Captain, 'there's thy room.' Jonah enters, and would lock the door, but the lock contains no key. Hearing him foolishly humbling there, the Captain laughs lowly to himself, and mutters something about the doors of convicts' cells being never allowed to be locked within. All dressed and dusty as he is, Jonah throws himself into his berth, and finds, the little state-room ceiling almost resting on his fore-head. The air is close, and Jonah gasps. Then, in that contracted hole, sunk, too, beneath the ship's water-line, Jonah feels the heralding presentiment of that stifling hour, when the whale shall hold him in the smallest of his bowel's wards.

"Screwed at its axis against the side, a swinging lamp slightly oscillates in Jonah's room; and the ship, heeling over towards the wharf with the weight of the last bales received, the lamp, flame and all, though in slight motion, still maintains a permanent obliquity with reference to the room; though, in truth, infallibly straight itself, it but made obvious the false, lying levels among which it hung. The lamp alarms and frightens Jonah, as lying in his berth his tormented eyes roll round the place; and this thus far successful fugitive finds no refuge for his restless glance. But that contradiction in the lamp more and more appals him. The floor, the ceiling, and the side are all awry. 'Oh! so my conscience hangs in me!' he groans, 'straight upward, so it burns; but the chambers of my soul are all in crookedness!'

"Like one who after a night of drunken revelry lies to his bed,

still reeling, but with conscience yet pricking him ; as the plungings of the Roman race-horse but so much the more strike his steel tags into him ; as one who in that miserable plight still turns and turns in giddy anguish, praying God for annihilation, until the fit be passed ; and, at last, amid the whirl of woe he feels, a deep stupor steals over him, as over the man who bleeds to death—for conscience is the wound, and there's nought to stanch it ; so, after sore wrappings in his berth, Jonah's prodigy of ponderous misery drags him drowning down to sleep.

“ And now the time of tide has come ; the ship casts off her cables ; and from the deserted wharf the uncheered ship for Tarshish, all careening, glides to sea. That ship, my friends, was the first of recorded smugglers ! the contraband was Jonah. But the sea rebels ; he will not bear the wicked burden. A dreadful storm comes on ; the ship is like to break. But now, when the boatswain calls all hands to lighten her ; when boxes, bales, and jars are tumbling overboard ; when the wind is shrieking, and the men are yelling, and every plank thunders with trampling feet right over Jonah's head ; in all this raging tumult Jonah sleeps his hideous sleep. He sees no black-sky and raging sea, feels not the reeling timbers, and little hears he or heeds he the far rush of the mighty whale, which, even now, with open mouth, is cleaving the seas after him. Aye, shipmates, Jonah was gone down into the sides of the ship—a berth in the cabin, as I have taken it—and was fast asleep. But the frightened master comes to him, and shrieks in his dead ear, ‘ What meanest thou, O sleeper ! arise ! ’ Startled from his lethargy by that direful cry, Jonah staggers to his feet, and stumbling to the deck, grasps a shroud, to look out upon the sea. But at that moment he is sprung upon by a panther billow leaping over the bulwarks. Wave after wave thus leaps into the ship, and finding no speedy vent, runs roaring fore and aft till, the mariners come nigh to drowning while yet afloat. And ever, as the white moon shows her affrighted face from the steep gullies in the blackness overhead, aghast Jonah sees the roaring bow-sprit pointing high upward, but soon beat downward again towards the tormented deep.

“ Terrors upon terrors run shouting through his soul. In all his cringing attitudes, the God-fugitive is now too plainly known. The sailors mark him ; more and more certain grow their suspicions of him ; and at last, fully to test the truth, by referring the whole matter to high Heaven, they fall to casting lots, to see for whose cause this great tempest was upon them. The lot is Jonah's ; that discovered, then how furiously they mob him with their questions. ‘ What is thine occupation ? Whence comest thou ? Thy country ? What people ? ’ But mark now, my shipmates, the behaviour of poor Jonah. The eager mariners but ask him who he is, and where from ; whereas, they not only receive an answer to those questions, but likewise another answer to a question not put by them ; but the

unsolicited answer is forced from Jonah by the hard hand of God that is upon him.

" ' I am a Hebrew,' he cries—and then—' I fear the Lord, the God of Heaven, who hath made the sea and the dry land !' Fear him, O Jonah ? Aye, well mightest thou fear the Lord God *then* ! Straightway, he now goes on to make a full confession ; whereupon the mariners become more and more appalled, but still are pitiful. For when Jonah, not yet supplicating God for mercy—since he but too well knew the darkness of his deserts,—when wretched Jonah cries out to them to take him and cast him forth into the sea, for he knew that for *his* sake this great tempest was upon them ; they mercifully turn from him and seek by other means to save the ship. But all in vain ; the indignant gale howls louder ; then, with one hand raised invokingly to God, with the other they not unreluctantly lay hold upon Jonah.

" And now, behold Jonah taken up as an anchor and dropped into the sea ; when instantly an oily calmness floats out from the east, and the sea is still, as Jonah carries down the gale with him, leaving smooth water behind. He goes down in the whirling heart of such a masterless commotion that he scarce heeds the moment when he drops seething into the yawning jaws awaiting him ; and the whale shoots to all his ivory teeth, like so many white bolts upon his prison. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord out of the fish's belly. But observe his prayer, and learn a weighty lesson. For sinful as he is, Jonah does not weep and wail for direct deliverance. He feels that his dreadful punishment is just. He leaves all his deliverance to God, contenting himself with this, that, spite of all his pains and pangs, he will still look towards His holy temple. And here, shipmates, is true and faithful repentance ; not clamorous for pardon, but grateful for punishment. And how pleasing to God was this conduct in Jonah, is shown in the eventual deliverance of him from the sea and the whale. Shipmates, I do not place Jonah before you to be copied for his sin, but I do place him before you as a model for repentance. Sin not ; but if you do, take heed to repent of it, like Jonah."

While he was speaking these words, the howling of the shrieking, slanting storm without seemed to add new power to the preacher who, when describing Jonah's sea-storm, seemed tossed by a storm himself. His deep chest heaved, as with a ground-swell ; his tossed arms seemed the warring elements at work ; and the thunders that rolled away from off his swarthy brow, and the light leaping from his eye, made all his simple hearers look on him with a quick fear that was strange to them.

There now came a lull in his look, as he silently turned over the leaves of the book once more ; and, at last, standing motionless, with closed eyes, for the moment, seemed communing with his God.

But again he leaned over towards the people, and bowing his



head lowly, with an aspect of the deepest yet manliest humility, he spake these words :—

" Shipmates, God has laid but one hand upon you ; both his hands press upon me. I have read ye by what murky light may be mine the lesson that Jonah teaches to all sinners ; and therefore to ye, and still more to me—for I am a greater sinner than ye. And now how gladly would I come down from this mast-head and sit on the hatches there where you sit, and listen as you listen, while some one of you reads *me* that other and more awful lesson which Jonah teaches to *me*, as a pilot of the living God. How being an anointed pilot-prophet, or speaker of true things, and bidden by the Lord to sound those unwelcome truths in the ears of a wicked Nineveh, Jonah, appalled at the hostility he should raise, fled from his mission, and sought to escape his duty and his God by taking ship at Joppa. But God is everywhere : Tarshish he never reached. As we have seen, God came upon him in the whale, and swallowed him down to living gulfs of doom, and with swift slantings tore him along ' into the midst of the seas,' where the eddying depths sucked him ten thousand fathoms down, and ' the weeds were wrapped about his head,' and all the watery world of woe howled over him. Yet even then, beyond the reach of any plummet—' out of the belly of hell'—when the whale, grounded upon the ocean's utmost bones, even then, God heard the engulfed, repenting prophet when he cried. ' Then God spake unto the fish ; and from the shuddering cold and blackness of the sea, the whale came breeching up towards the warm and pleasant sun, and all the delights of air and earth ; and ' vomited out Jonah upon the dry land ;' when the word of the Lord came a second time ; and Jonah, bruised and beaten—his ears, like two sea-shells, still multitudinous ; ly murmuring of the ocean—Jonah did the Almighty's bidding. And what was that, shipmates ? To preach the Truth to the face of Falsehood ! That was it !

" This, shipmates, this is that other lesson ; and woe to that pilot of the living God who slight it ! Woe to him whom this world charms from Gospel duty ! Woe to him who seeks to pour oil upon the waters when God has brewed them into a gale ! Woe to him who seeks to please rather than to appeal ! Woe to him whose good name is more to him than goodness ! Woe to him who, in this world, courts not dishonour ! Woe to him who would not be true, even though to be false were salvation ! Yea, woe to him who, as the great Pilot Paul has it, while preaching to others is himself a cast-away !"

He drooped and fell away from himself for a moment, then, lifting his face to them again, showed a deep joy in his eyes, as he cried out with a heavenly enthusiasm,—“ But, oh ! shipmates ! on the starboard hand of every woe, there is a sure delight ; and higher the top of that delight, than the bottom of the woe is deep. Is not the main-truck higher than the keelson is low ? Delight is to him

—a far, far upward, and inward Delight—who, against the proud gods and commodores of this earth, ever stands forth his own inexorable self. Delight is to him whose strong arms yet support him when the ship of this base treacherous world has gone down beneath him. Delight is to him, who gives no quarter in the truth, and kills, burns, and destroys all sin, though he pluck it out from under the robes of Senators and Judges. Delight,—top-gallant delight is to him, who acknowledges no law or lord, but the Lord his God, and is only a patriot to heaven. Delight is to him, whom all the waves of the billows of the seas of the boisterous mob can never shake from this sure keel of the Ages. And eternal delight and deliciousness will be his, who, coming to lay him down, can say with his final breath — ‘O Father!—chiefly known to me by Thy rod—mortal or immortal, here I die. I have striven to be Thine, more than to be this world’s, or mine own. Yet this is nothing; I leave eternity to Thee; for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?’

He said no more, but slowly waving a benediction, covered his face with his hands, and so remained kneeling, till all the people had departed, and he was left alone in the place.

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#### CHAPTER X.—A BOSOM FRIEND.

RETURNING to the Spouter-Inn from the chapel, I found Queequeg there quite alone; he having left the chapel before the benediction some time. He was sitting on a bench before the fire, with his feet on the stove hearth, and in one hand was holding close up to his face that little negro idol of his; peering hard into its face, and with a jack-knife gently whittling away at its nose, meanwhile humming to himself in his heathenish way.

But being now interrupted, he put up the image; and pretty soon, going to the table, took up a large book there, and placing it on his lap, began counting the pages with deliberate regularity; at every fiftieth page—as I fancied—stopping a moment, looking vacantly around him, and giving utterance to a long-drawn gurgling whistle of astonishment. He would then begin again at the next fifty; seeming to commence at number one each time, as though he could not count more than fifty, and it was only by such a large number of fifties being found together, that his astonishment at the multitude of pages was excited.

With much interest I sat watching him. Savage though he was, and hideously marred about the face—at least to my taste—his countenance yet had a something in it which was by no means disagreeable. You cannot hide the soul. Through all his unearthly tattooings, I thought I saw the traces of a simple honest heart; and in his large, deep eyes, fiery black and bold, there seemed tokens of a spirit that would dare a thousand devils. And besides all this, there was a certain lofty bearing about the Pagan, which even his uncouthness could not altogether diminish. He looked like a man who

had never cringed and never had had a creditor. Whether it was, too, that his head being shaved, his forehead was drawn out in freer and brighter relief, and looked more expansive than it otherwise would, this I will not venture to decide; but certain it was, his head was phrenologically an excellent one. It may seem ridiculous, but it reminded me of General Washington's head, as seen in the popular busts of him. It had the same long regularly graded retreating slope from above the brows, which were likewise very projecting, like two long promontories thickly wooded on top. Queequeg was George Washington cannibalistically developed.

Whilst I was thus closely scanning him, half-pretending meanwhile to be looking out at the storm from the casement, he never heeded my presence, never troubled himself with so much as a single glance; but appeared wholly occupied with counting the pages of the marvellous book. Considering how sociably we had been sleeping together the previous night, and especially considering the affectionate arm I had found thrown over me upon waking in the morning, I thought this indifference of his very strange. But savages are strange beings; at times you do not know exactly how to take them. At first they are overawing; their calm self-collectedness of simplicity seems a Socratic wisdom. I had noticed also that Queequeg never consorted at all, or but very little, with the other seamen in the inn. He made no advances whatever; appeared to have no desire to enlarge the circle of his acquaintances. All this struck me as mighty singular; yet, upon second thoughts, there was something almost sublime in it. Here was a man some twenty thousand miles from home, by the way of Cape Horn, that is—which was the only way he could get there—thrown among people as strange to him as though he were in the planet Jupiter; and yet he seemed entirely at his ease; preserving the utmost serenity; content with his own companionship; always equal to himself. Surely this was a touch of fine philosophy; though no doubt he had never heard there was such a thing as that. But, perhaps, to be true philosophers, we mortals should not be conscious of so living or so striving. So soon as I hear that such or such a man gives himself out for a philosopher, I conclude that, like the dyspeptic old woman, he must have "broken his digester."

As I sat there in that now lonely room, the fire burning low, in that mild stage when, after its first intensity has warmed the air, it then only glows to be looked at; the evening shades and phantoms gathering round the casements, and peering in upon us silent, solitary twain; the storm booming without in solemn swells; I began to be sensible of strange feelings. I felt a melting in me. No more my splintered heart and maddened hand were turned against the wolfish world. This soothing savage had redeemed it. There he sat, his very indifference speaking a nature in which there lurked no civilized hypocrisies and bland deceptions. Wild he was; a

very sight of sights to see; yet I began to feel myself mysteriously drawn towards him. And those same things that would have repelled most others—they were the very magnets that thus drew me. I'll try a pagan friend, thought I, since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy. I drew my bench near him, and made some friendly signs and hints, doing my best to talk with him meanwhile. At first he little noticed these advances; but presently, upon my referring to his last night's hospitalities, he made out to ask me whether we were again to be bed-fellows. I told him, yes; whereat I thought he looked pleased, perhaps a little complimented.

We then turned over the book together, and I endeavoured to explain to him the purpose of the printing, and the meaning of the few pictures that were in it. Thus I soon engaged his interest; and from that we went to jabbering the best we could about the various outer sights to be seen in this famous town. Soon I proposed a social smoke; and, producing his pouch and tomahawk, he quietly offered me a puff. And there we sat exchanging puffs from that wild pipe of his, and keeping it regularly passing between us.

If there yet lurked any ice of indifference towards me in the Pagan's breast, this pleasant, genial smoke we had, soon thawed it out and left us cronies. He seemed to take to me quite as naturally and unbiddenly as I to him; and when our smoke was over, he pressed his forehead against mine, clasped me round the waist, and said that henceforth we were married—meaning, in his country's phrase, that we were bosom friends: he would gladly die for me, if need should be. In a countryman, this sudden flame of friendship would have seemed far too premature—a thing to be much distrusted; but in this simple savage those old rules would not apply.

After supper, and another social chat and smoke, we went to our room together. He made me a present of his embalmed head; took out his enormous tobacco wallet, and groping under the tobacco, drew out some thirty dollars in silver; then spreading them on the table, and mechanically dividing them into two equal portions, pushed one of them towards me, and said it was mine. I was going to remonstrate; but he silenced me by pouring them into my trowsers' pockets. I let them stay. He then went about his evening prayers, took out his idol, and removed the paper fireboard. By certain signs and symptoms, I thought he seemed anxious for me to join him; but well knowing what was to follow, I deliberated a moment whether, in case he invited me, I would comply or otherwise.

I was a good Christian; born and bred in the bosom of the infallible Presbyterian Church. How then could I unite with this wild idolater in worshipping his piece of wood? But what is worship? thought I.—But what is worship?—to do the will of God—that is worship. And what is the will of God? to do to my fellow

man what I would have my fellow man to do to me *that* is the will of God. Now, Queequeg is my fellow man. And what do I wish that this Queequeg would do to me? Why, unite with me in my particular Presbyterian form of worship. Consequently, I must then unite with him in his; ergo, I must turn idolater. So I kindled the shavings; helped to prop up the innocent little idol; offered him burnt biscuit with Queequeg; salaamed before him twice or thrice; kissed his nose; and that done, we undressed and went to bed, at peace with our own consciences and all the world. But we did not go to sleep without some little chat.

How it is I know not, but there is no place like a bed for confidential disclosures between friends. Man and wife, they say, there open the very bottom of their souls to each other; and some old couples often lie and chat over old times till nearly morning. Thus, then, lay I and Queequeg—a cosy, loving pair.

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CHAPTER XI.—NIGHTGOWN.

We had lain thus in bed, chatting and napping at short intervals, when, at last, by reason of our confabulations, what little nappishness remained in us altogether departed, and we felt like getting up again, though day break was yet some way down the future.

Yes we became very wakeful; so much so, that our recumbent position began to grow wearisome, and by little and little we found ourselves sitting up; the clothes well tucked around us, leaning against the head-board with our four knees drawn up close together, and our two noses bending over them, as if our knee-pans were warming pans. We felt very nice and snug, the more so since it was so chilly out of door; indeed, out of bed-clothes too, seeing that there was no fire in the room. The more so, I say, because truly to enjoy bodily warmth, some small part of you must be cold; for there is no quality in this world that is not what it is merely by contrast. Nothing exists in itself. If you flatter yourself that you are all over comfortable, and have been so a long time, then you cannot be said to be comfortable any more. But if like Queequeg and me in the bed, the tip of your nose or the crown of your head be slightly chilled, why then, indeed, in the general consciousness, you feel most delightfully and unmistakably warm. For this reason a sleeping apartment should never be furnished with a fire, which is one of the luxurious discomforts of the rich. For the height of this sort of deliciousness is to have nothing but the blanket between you and your snugness, and the cold of the outer air. Then, there you lie like the one warm spark in the heart of an arctic crystal.

We had been sitting in this crouching manner for some time, when all at once I thought I would open my eyes; for when between sheets, whether by day or by night, and whether asleep or awake, I have a way of always keeping my eyes shut, in order the

more to concentrate the snugness of being in bed : because no man can ever feel his own identity aright except his eyes be closed ; as if darkness were indeed the proper element of our essences, though light be more congenial to our clayey part. Upon opening my eyes then, and coming out of my own pleasant and self-created darkness into the imposed and coarse outer gloom of the unilluminated twelve-o'clock-at-night, I experienced a disagreeable revulsion. Nor did I at all object to the hint from Queequeg that perhaps it were best to strike a light, seeing that we were so wide awake ; and besides he felt a strong desire to have a few quiet puffs from his tomahawk. Be it said, that though I had felt such a strong repugnance to his smoking in the bed the night before, yet see how elastic our stiff prejudices grow when love once comes to bend them ! For now I liked nothing better than to have Queequeg smoking by me, even in bed, because he seemed to be full of such serene household joy then. I no more felt unduly concerned for the landlord's policy of insurance. I was only alive to the condensed confidential comfortableness of sharing a pipe and a blanket with a real friend. With our shaggy jackets drawn about our shoulders, we now passed the tomahawk from one to the other, till slowly there grew over us a blue hanging tester of smoke, illuminated by the flame of the new-lit lamp.

Whether it was that this undulating tester rolled the savage away to far distant scenes, I know not, but he now spoke of his native, Island ; and, eager to hear his history, I begged him to go on and tell it. He gladly complied. Though at the time I but ill comprehended not a few of his words, yet subsequent disclosures, when I had become more familiar with his broken phraseology, now enable me to present the whole story, such as it may prove in the mere skeleton I give.

#### CHAPTER XII.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

Queequeg was a native of Kokovoko, an island far away to the West and South. It is not down in any map ; true places never are.

While yet a new-hatched savage, running wild about his native woodland in a grass clout, followed by the nibbling goats, as if he were a green sapling ; even then, in Queequeg's ambitious soul, lurked a strong desire to see something more of Christendom than a specimen whaler or two. His father was a High Chief, a King ; his uncle a High Priest ; and on the maternal side he boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors. There was excellent blood in his veins—royal stuff ; though sadly vitiated, I fear, by the cannibal propensity he nourished in his untutored youth.

A Sag Harbour ship visited his father's bay, and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands. But the ship, having her full complement of seamen, spurned his suit ; and not all the King his father's influence could prevail. But Queequeg vowed a vow. Alone

in his canoe, he paddled off to a distant strait, which he knew the ship must pass through when she quitted the island. On one side was a coral reef; on the other a low tongue of land, covered with mangrove thickets that grew out into the water. Hiding his canoe, still afloat, among these thickets, with its prow seaward, he sat down in the stern, paddle low in hand; and when the ship was gliding by, like a flash he darted out; gained her side; with one backward dash of his foot capsized and sank his canoe; climbed up the chains; and throwing himself at full length upon the deck, grappled a ring-bolt there, and swore not to let it go, though hacked in pieces.

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard; suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists; Queequeg was the son of a King, and Queequeg budged not. Struck by his desperate dauntlessness, and his wild desire to visit Christendom, the captain at last relented, and told him he might make himself at home. But this fine young savage—this sea Prince of Wales—never saw the captain's cabin. They put him down among the sailors, and made a whaler of him. But like the Czar Peter, content to toil in the ship-yards of foreign cities, Queequeg disdained no seeming ignominy, if thereby he might haply gain the power of enlightening his untutored countrymen. For at bottom—so he told me—he was actuated by a profound desire to learn among the Christians the arts whereby to make his people still happier than they were; and more than that, still better than they were. But, alas! the practices of whalers soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked; infinitely more so than all his father's heathens. Arrived at last in old Sag Harbour, and seeing what the sailors did there, and then going on to Nantucket, and seeing how they spent their wages in that place also, poor Queequeg gave it up for lost. Thought he, it's a wicked world in all meridians; I'll die a pagan.

And thus an old idolater at heart, he yet lived among these Christians, wore their clothes, and tried to talk their gibberish. Hence the queer ways about him, though now some time from home.

By hints, I asked him whether he did not propose going back and having coronation; since he might now consider his father dead and gone, he being very old and feeble at the last accounts. He answered, no, not yet; and added that he was fearful, Christianity or rather Christians, had unfitted him for ascending the pure and undefiled throne of thirty pagan Kings before him. But by-and-by, he said he would return,—as soon as he felt himself baptized again. For the nonce, however, he proposed to sail about, and sow his wild oats in all four oceans. They had made a harpooner of him, and that barbed iron was in lieu of a sceptre now.

I asked him what might be his immediate purpose, touching his future movements. He answered, to go to sea again, in his old vocation. Upon this, I told him that whaling was my own design, and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket, as

being the most promising port for an adventurous whaler to embark from. He at once resolved to accompany me to that island, ship aboard the same vessel, get into the same watch, the same boat, the same mess with me, in short to share my every hap; with both my hands in his, boldly dip into the potluck of both worlds. To all this I joyously assented; for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg, he was an experienced harpooner; and as such, could not fail to be of great usefulness to one, who like me, was wholly ignorant of the mysteries of whaling, though well acquainted with the sea, as known to merchant seamen.

His story being ended with his pipe's last dying puff, Queequeg embraced me, pressed his forehead against mine, and blowing out the light, we rolled over from each other, this way and that, and very soon were sleeping.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.—WHEEL-BARROW.

Next morning, Monday, after disposing of the embalmed head to a barber, for a block, I settled my own and comrade's bill; using, however, my comrade's money. The grinning landlord, as well as the boarders, seemed amazingly tickled at the sudden friendship which had sprung up between me and Queequeg—especially as Peter Coffin's cock-and-bull stories had previously so much alarmed me about him.

We borrowed a wheel-barrow, and embarking our things, including my own poor carpet-bag, and Queequeg's canvas sack and hammock, away we went down to "the Moss," the little Nantucket packet schooner moored at the wharf. As we were going along the people stared; not at Queequeg so much—for they were used to seeing cannibals like him in their streets,—but at seeing him and me upon such confidential terms. But we heeded them not, going along wheeling the barrow by turns, and Queequeg now and then stopping to adjust the sheath on his harpoon barbs. I asked him why he carried such a troublesome thing with him ashore, and whether all whaling ships did not find their own harpoons. To this, in substance, he replied, that though what I hinted was true enough, yet he had a particular affection for his own harpoon, because it was of assured stuff, well tried in many a mortal combat, and deeply intimate with the hearts of whales. In short, like many inland reapers and mowers, who go into the farmers' meadows armed with their own scythes—though in no wise obliged to furnish them—even so, Queequeg, for his own private reasons, preferred his own harpoon.

Shifting the barrow from my hand to his, he told me a funny story about the first wheel-barrow he had ever seen. It was in Sag Harbour. The owners of his ship, it seems, had lent him one, in which to carry his heavy chest to his boarding-house. Not to seem ignorant about the thing—though in truth he was entirely so, concern-



ing the precise way in which to manage the barrow—Queequeg puts his chest upon it, lashes it fast, and then shoulders the barrow, and marches up the wharf. "Why," said I, "Queequeg, you might have known better than that, one would think. Didn't the people laugh?"

Upon this, he told me another story. The people of his island of Kokovoko, it seems, at their wedding feasts, express the fragrant water of young cocoanuts into a large stained calabash like a punchbowl, and this punch bowl always forms the great central ornament on the braided mat where the feast is held. Now a certain grand merchant ship once touched at Kokovoko, and its commander—from all accounts, a very stately, punctilious gentleman; at least for a sea captain—this commander was invited to the wedding feast of Queequeg's sister, a pretty young princess just turned of ten. Well; when all the wedding guests were assembled at the bride's bamboo cottage, this captain marches in, and being assigned the post of honour, placed himself over against the punchbowl, and between the High Priest and his majesty the King, Queequeg's father. Grace being said—for those people have their grace as well as we—though Queequeg told me that, unlike us, who at such times look downwards to our platters, they, on the contrary, copying the ducks, glance upwards to the great Giver of all feasts;—Grace, I say, being said, the High Priest opens the banquet by the immemorial ceremony of the island; that is, dipping his consecrated and consecrating fingers into the bowl before the blessed beverage circulates. Seeing himself placed next the Priest, and noting the ceremony, and thinking himself—being captain of a ship—as having plain precedence over a mere island king, especially in the king's own house—the captain coolly proceeds to wash his hands in the punch bowl; taking it, I suppose, for a huge finger-glass. "Now," said Queequeg, "what you tink now? Didn't our people laugh."

At last, passage paid, and luggage safe, we stood on board the schooner. Hoisting sail, it glided down the Acushnet River. On one side, New Bedford rose in terraces of streets, their ice-covered trees all glittering in the clear, cold air. Huge hills and mountains of casks on casks were piled upon her wharves, and side by side the world-wandering whale ships lay silent and safely moored at last; while from others came a sound of carpenters and coopers, with blended noises of fires and forges to melt the pitch, all betokening that new cruises were on the start; that one most perilous and long voyage ended, only begins a second; and a second ended, only begins a third; and so on, for ever and for aye. Such is the endlessness, yea, the intolerableness of all earthly effort.

Gaining the more open water, the bracing breeze waxed fresh; the little Moss tossed the quick foam from her bows, as a young colt his snortings. How I snuffed that Tartar air!—how I spurned that turnpike earth!—that common highway, all over dented with the

marks of slavish heels and hoofs, and turned me to admire the magnanimity of the sea which will permit no records.

At the same foam-fountain, Queequeg seemed to drink and reel with me. His dusky nostrils swelled apart; he showed his filed and pointed teeth. On, on we flew; and our offing gained, the Moes did homage to the blast; ducked and dived her bows as a slave before the Sultan. Sideways leaning, we sideways darted, every rope yarn tingling like a wire; the two tall masts buckling like Indian canes in land tornadoes. So full of this reeling scene were we, as we stood by the plunging bowsprit, that for some time we did not notice the jeering glances of the passengers, a lubber-like assembly, who marvelled that two fellow beings should be so companionable: as though a white man were anything more dignified than a white-washed negro. But there were some boobies and bumpkins there, who, by their intense greenness, must have come from the heart and centre of all verdure. Queequeg caught one of these young saplings mimicking him behind his back. I thought the bumpkin's hour of doom was come. Dropping his harpoon, the brawny savage caught him in his arms, and by an almost miraculous dexterity and strength, sent him high up bodily into the air; then, slightly tapping his stern in mid-somersets, the fellow landed with bursting lungs upon his feet, while Queequeg, turning his back upon him, lighted his tomahawk pipe and passed it to me for a puff.

"Capting! Capting!" yelled the bumpkin, running towards that officer; "Capting, Capting, here's the devil."

"Hallo, you sir," cried the Captain, a gaunt rib of the sea, stalking up to Queequeg, "what in thunder do you mean by that? Don't you know you might have killed that chap."

"What him say?" said Queequeg, as he mildly turned to me.

"He say," said I, "that you came near kill-e that man there," pointing to the still shivering greenhorn.

"Kill-e," cried Queequeg, twisting his tattooed face into an unearthly expression of disdain; "ah! him bevy small-e fish-e; Queequeg no kill-e so small-e fish-e; Queequeg kill-e big whale!"

"Look you," roared the Captain, "I'll kill-e you, you cannibal, if you try any more of your tricks aboard here; so mind your eye."

But it so happened just then, that it was high time for the Captain to mind his own eye. The prodigious strain upon the main-sail had parted the weather-sheet, and the tremendous boom was now flying from side to side, completely sweeping the entire after-part of the deck. The poor fellow whom Queequeg had handled so roughly, was swept overboard; all hands were in a panic; and to attempt snatching at the boom to stay it, seemed madness. It flew from right to left, and back again, almost in one ticking of a watch, and every instant seemed on the point of snapping into splinters. Nothing was done, and nothing seemed capable of being done: those

on deck rushed towards the bows, and stood eyeing the boom as if it were the lower jaw of an exasperated whale. In the midst of this consternation, Queequeg dropped deftly to his knees, and crawling under the path of the boom, whipped hold of a rope, secured one end to the bulwarks, and then flinging the other like a lasso, caught it round the boom as it swept over his head, and at the next jerk, the spar was that way trapped, and all was safe. The schooner was run into the wind, and while the hands were clearing away the stern boat, Queequeg, stripped to the waist, darted from the side with a long living arc of a leap. For three minutes or more he was seen swimming like a dog, throwing his long arms straight out before him, and by turns revealing his brawny shoulders, through the freezing foam. I looked at the grand and glorious fellow, but saw no one to be saved. The greenhorn had gone down. Shooting himself perpendicularly from the water, Queequeg now took an instant's glance around him, and seeming to see just how matters were, dived down and disappeared. A few minutes more, and he rose again, one arm still striking out, and with the other dragging a lifeless form. The boat soon picked them up. The poor bumpkin was restored. All hands voted Queequeg noble trump; the captain begged his pardon. From that hour I clove to Queequeg like a barnacle; yea, till poor Queequeg took his last long dive.

Was there ever such unconsciousness? He did not seem to think that he at all deserved a medal from the Humane and Magnanimous Societies. He only asked for water—fresh water—something to wipe the brine off; that done, he put on dry clothes, lighted his pipe, and leaning against the bulwarks, and mildly eyeing those around him, seemed to be saying to himself—"It's a mutual, joint-stock world, in all meridians. We cannibals must help these Christians."

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#### CHAPTER XIV.—NANTUCKET.

Nothing more happened on the passage worthy the mentioning; so, after a fine run, we safely arrived in Nantucket.

Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting-paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quick-

sand shoes, something like Laplander snow-shoes : that they are *so* shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravagances only show that Nantucket is no Illinois.

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was settled by the red-men. Thus goes the legend. In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New England coast, and carried off an infant Indian in his talons. With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters. They resolved to follow in the same direction. Setting out in their canoes, after a perilous passage they discovered the island, and there found an empty ivory casket—the poor little Indian's skeleton.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood ! They first caught crabs and quohogs in the sand ; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel ; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod ; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world ; put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it ; peeped in at Behring's Straits ; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood ; most monstrous and most mountainous—that Himmalehan, salt-sea Mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power, that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults !

And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hill in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders ; parcelling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland. Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada ; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun ; two-thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his ; he owns it, as Emperors own Empires, other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges ; armed ones but floating forts ; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea, as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea ; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships ; to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home ; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would scarcely interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie ; he hides among the waves ; he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land ; so that when he comes to

it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows, so at night-fall, the Nantucketer out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

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CHAPTER XV.—CHOWDER.

It was quite late in the evening when the little Moss came snugly to anchor, and Queequeg and I went ashore; so we could attend to no business that day, at least none but a supper and a bed. The landlord of the Spouter-Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Twy Pots, whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best kept hotels in all Nantucket, and moreover he had assured us that cousin Hosea, as he called him, was famous for his chowders. In short, he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try pot-luck at the Twy Pots. But the directions he had given us about keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand till we opened a white church to the larboard, and then keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the starboard, and that done, then ask the first man we met where the place was—these crooked directions of his very much puzzled us at first, especially as, at the outset, Queequeg insisted that the yellow warehouse, our first point of departure, must be left on the larboard hand, whereas I had understood Peter Coffin to say it was on the starboard. However, by dint of beating about a little in the dark, and now and then knocking up a peaceable inhabitant to inquire the way, we at last came to something which there was no mistaking.

Two enormous wooden pots painted black, and suspended by asses' ears, swung from the crosstrees of an old top-mast, planted in front of an old doorway. The horns of the cross-trees were sawed off on the other side, so that this old top-mast looked not a little like a gallows. Perhaps I was over sensitive to such impressions at the time, but I could not help staring at this gallows with a vague misgiving. A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns; yes, *two* of them, one for Queequeg, and one for me. It's ominous, thinks I. A Coffin my Innkeeper upon landing in my first whaling port; tombstones staring at me in the whalmen's chapel; and here a gallows! and a pair of prodigious black pots too! Are these last throwing out oblique hints touching Tophet?

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown, standing in the porch of the inn, under a dull red lamp swinging there, that looked much like an injured eye, and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple woollen shirt.

"Get along with ye," said she to the man, "or I'll be combing ye!"

"Come on, Queequeg," said I, "all right. There's Mrs. Hussey." And so it turned out; Mr. H<sup>o</sup>sea Hussey being from home, but leaving Mrs. Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon making known our desires for a supper and a bed, Mrs. Hussey, postponing further scolding for the present, ushered us into a little room, and seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast, turned round to us and said—"Clam or Cod?"

"What's that about Cods, ma'am?" said I, with much politeness.

"Clam or Cod?" she repeated.

"A clam for supper? a cold clam; is that what you mean, Mrs. Hussey?" says I; "but that's a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time, ain't it, Mrs. Hussey?"

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt, who was waiting for it in the entry, and seeming to hear nothing but the word "clam," Mrs. Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to the kitchen, and bawling out "clam for two," disappeared.

"Queequeg," said I, "do you think that we can make out a supper for us both on one clam?"

However, a warm savoury steam from the kitchen served to bely the apparently cheerless prospect before us. But when that smoking chowder came in, the mystery was delightfully explained. Oh, sweet friends! hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazel nuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuit, and salted pork cut up into little flakes; the whole enriched with butter, and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Our appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage, and in particular, Queequeg seeing his favourite fishy food before him, and the chowder being surpassingly excellent, we despatched it with great expedition: when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs. Hussey's clam and cod announcement, I thought I would try a little experiment. Stepping to the kitchen door, I uttered the word "cod" with great emphasis, and resumed my seat. In a few moments the savoury steam came forth again, but with a different flavour, and in good time a fine cod chowder was placed before us.

We resumed business; and while plying our spoons in the bowl, thinks I to myself, I wonder now if this has any effect upon the head? What's that stultifying saying about chowder-headed people? "But look, Queequeg, ain't that a live eel in your bowl? Where's your harpoon?"

Fishest of all fishy places was the Twy Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish-bones coming through your clothes. The area before the house was paved with clam-shells. Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace of codfish vertebrae; and A<sup>o</sup>sea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark-

skin. There was a fishy flavour to the milk, too, which I could not at all account for, till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen's boats, I saw Hosea's brindled cow feeding on fish remnants, and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod's decapitated head, looking very slipshod, I assure ye.

Supper concluded, we received a lamp, and directions from Mrs. Hussey concerning the nearest way to bed; but, as Queequeg was about to precede me up the stairs, the lady reached forth her arm, and demanded his harpoon—she allowed no harpoon in her chambers. "Why not?" said I; "every true whaleman sleeps with his harpoon—but why not?" "Because it's dangerous," says she. "Ever since young Stiggs coming from that unfort'nt v'y'ge of his, when he was gone four years and a half, with only three barrels of *ile*, was found dead in my first floor back, with his harpoon in his side; ever since then I allow no boarders to take sich dangerous weapons in their rooms a-night. So, Mr. Queequeg" (for she had learned his name), "I will just take this here iron, and keep it for you till morning. But the chowder; clam or cod to-morrow for breakfast, men?"

"Both," says I; "and let's have a couple of smoked herrings by way of variety."—*The Whale*.

## ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THIS Club held their monthly Meeting on Monday last, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi-terrace, at which the Commodore James Goodson, Esq., presided. The minutes of the last Meeting having been read and confirmed, and thirteen new candidates elected, the Commodore called the attention of the members to the Lowestoft Regatta, fixed for the 18th of July next, and stated that he was authorised by Mr. Peto to say that the members of this Club would receive the same hospitality and attention that had been afforded to them at previous Regattas; that, in addition to 230*l.* to be sailed for by cutters and yawls, Mr. Peto, with his usual liberality, intended to give a 100 Guinea Gold Cup to be sailed for by schooners, and that he hoped to see as many members of the Club present as could make it convenient to attend. This announcement was received with loud cheers.

Mr. F. G. Smith then proposed that a vote of thanks should be given to Mr. Peto, which having been seconded by the Vice-Commodore, Captain W. S. Andrews, was carried *nem. con.*

Mr. Monk, who had given a notice of motion that the Club should give 20*l.* to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding seven tons, belonging to any Club, being unavoidably absent, Mr. Van de Wall, by the

leave of the Club, kindly undertook to bring the subject forward, and in a very able speech stated the object of the Club in suggesting this prize, which was for the encouragement of that useful class of gentlemen, the small yacht owners, who had few opportunities of contending for prizes.

The motion having been seconded by Mr. E. Stanley Phillips, Dr. Bain moved as an amendment, seconded by Mr. Addison, that the maximum tonnage of the yachts to contend for the prize should be eight, instead of seven tons, and stated, as a reason for proposing the amendment, that there were a number of yachts about eight tons, which would not enter for the match on the 20th instant, to contend against yachts of from ten to thirteen tons, and that by increasing the tonnage of the proposed match to eight tons it would give them an opportunity of contending for the prize.

Mr. Crockford, in opposing the amendment, stated that Dr. Bain's argument bore its refutation; for if yachts of eight tons would not enter to contend against yachts of from ten to thirteen tons, it was not likely that yachts of four or five tons, for the encouragement of which this prize was intended, would enter to contend against eight-ton yachts.

The amendment having been put to the vote, that appeared for it, 7; and against it, 27; and the original motion was then carried *unm. con.*

Mr. T. H. Wilson having presented to the Club a very handsome volume, containing the proceedings of the Club for 1853, as reported, the Vice-Commodore proposed a vote of thanks to that gentleman, which, having been seconded, was carried *nem. con.*

The Meeting was very fully attended, and twelve gentlemen were placed on the list for ballot at the next Meeting, amongst whom is Mr. Charles D. Crosby, the gentleman nominated to fill the office of sheriff for the ensuing year — *Sunday Times*.

## EIGHT-OARED RACES AT CAMBRIDGE—May 11.

### FIRST DIVISION, FOURTH RACE.

- |                             |                           |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Lady Margaret 1.         | 9. First Trinity 2.       |
| 2. First Trinity 1.         | 10. Sidney, bumped by 11. |
| 3. Trinity Hall.            | 11. Emmanuel 2.           |
| 4. Emmanuel 1.              | 12. Queen's.              |
| 5. Third Trinity 1.         | 13. Lady Margaret 2.      |
| 6. Caius 1, bumped by 7.    | 14. King's.               |
| 7. Corpus 1.                | 15. Jesus (not down.)     |
| 8. Christ's 1, bumped by 9. |                           |



SECOND DIVISION, FOURTH RACE.

- |                                  |                                   |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Trinity Hall 2, bumped by 2.  | 9. Third Trinity 2.               |
| 2. Second Trinity 1.             | 10. Caius 2. (did not start.)     |
| 3. Peterhouse, bumped by 4.      | 11. Second Trinity 2, bpd. by 12. |
| 4. Magdalene 1.                  | 12. Emmanuel 3.                   |
| 5. First Trinity 3, bumped by 6. | 13. Jesus 2 (not down.)           |
| 6. Catharine Hall.               | 14. Christ's 2.                   |
| 7. Clare Hall.                   | 15. First Trinity 4.              |
| 8. Lady Margaret 3, bpd. by 9.   |                                   |

May 12.

FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH RACE.

- |                                  |                              |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Lady Margaret 1.              | 9. Christ's 1, bumped by 10. |
| 2. First Trinity 1.              | 10. Emmanuel 2.              |
| 3. Trinity Hall 1.               | 11. Sidney, bumped by 12.    |
| 4. Emmanuel 1.                   | 12. Queen's.                 |
| 5. Third Trinity 1, bumped by 6. | 13. Lady Margaret 2.         |
| 6. Corpus.                       | 14. King's.                  |
| 7. Caius 1, bumped by 8.         | 15. Jesus, bumped by 16.     |
| 8. First Trinity 2.              | 16. Second Trinity 1.        |

SECOND DIVISION, FIFTH RACE.

- |                                  |                                |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Trinity Hall 2.               | 8. Lady Margaret 3, bpd. by 9. |
| 2. Magdalene 1.                  | 9. Emmanuel 3.                 |
| 3. Peterhouse, bumped by 4.      | 10. Caius 2, bumped by 11.     |
| 4. Catharine Hall.               | 11. Second Trinity 2.          |
| 5. First Trinity 3, bumped by 6. | 12. Christ's 2.                |
| 6. Clare Hall.                   | 13. First Trinity 4.           |
| 7. Third Trinity 2.              |                                |

May 13.

FIRST DIVISION, SIXTH AND LAST RACE.

- |                     |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Lady Margaret 1. | 9. Emmanuel 2.            |
| 2. First Trinity 1. | 10. Christ's 1.           |
| 3. Trinity Hall 1.  | 11. Queen's.              |
| 4. Emmanuel 1.      | 12. Sidney.               |
| 5. Corpus 1.        | 13. Lady Margaret 2.      |
| 6. Third Trinity 1. | 14. King's, bumped by 15. |
| 7. First Trinity 2. | 15. Second Trinity 1.     |
| 8. Caius 1.         |                           |

SECOND DIVISION, SIXTH AND LAST RACE.

- |   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. Jesus, bumped by 2.                  | 8. Third Trinity 2.                |
| 2. Trinity Hall 2.                      | 9. Emmanuel 3.                     |
| 3. Magdalene, bumped by 4 and disputed. | 10. Lady Margaret 3, bumped by 11. |
| 4. Catherine Hall.                      | 11. Second Trinity 2.              |
| 5. Peterhouse.                          | 12. Caius, 2, bumped by 13.        |
| 6. Clare Hall.                          | 13. Christ's 2.                    |
| 7. First Trinity 3, bumped by 8.        | 14. First Trinity 4.               |

The pair-oared races are the next to come off, but the time is not yet fixed.

## SYDNEY ANNIVERSARY REGATTA,

JANUARY 26, 1854.

On Thursday the Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the Foundation of the Colony by a general holiday and the Regatta, which was the star of attraction. Great as the efforts of the Committee and their indefatigable Hon. Sec., Mr. J. C. White, have been through past years, they certainly surpassed themselves upon this occasion. The arrangements throughout were most perfect, and the accommodation on board the flag-ship, the steam-ship Unicorn, was unexceptionable. There the *elite* congregated, and there Mr. George Thornton, who filled the arduous post of starter, very satisfactorily proposed "Success to the Anniversaries of New South Wales," a toast which was most cordially responded to. There Mr. Alger did the gallant for the ladies, and Mr. Shuttleworth, a Benedict, returned thanks for them. There Mr. White informed those around, that His Excellency the Governor-General, although *absent*, had not forgotten to *present* the Committee with a cheque for ten guineas towards the expenses; and further, that His Excellency had been requested to allow the sum of £100 to be put on the estimates for the purpose of supporting the Anniversary Regatta. There, in fact, was everything to gratify the senses. Now to the Matches.

*First Match*—To start at 10 o'clock a.m. precisely, for all licensed watermen who have never won a public prize, in watermen's boats pulled by a pair of sculls.

First Prize...£10 10s. Second Prize...£3 3s.

Entrance.....10s 6d.

To start from the Flag-ship, proceed round the Flag-boat moored in Lavender Bay, then round the Flag-boat moored in Farm Cove, opposite the Botanic Gardens, and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Flying Cloud</i>	(Barney Golliger)	... 1
<i>Mary Ann</i>	(M'Gregor)	... 2
<i>Gold Dust</i>	(Hinson)	... 3

An excellent start was effected, the *Flying Cloud* gallantly cleaving the "briny" as *avant courier* to the *Mary Anne*, and gradually increasing her distance for the remainder of the pull, coming in two minutes ahead of the *Mary Anne*, and nearly a dozen lengths of the *Gold Dust*. Time, 36 minutes.

*Second Match*.—To start at half-past 10 a.m., for amateur skiffs, pulling a pair of sculls.

First Prize ..... £10 10s. Second Prize..... £2 2s.

Entrance.....10s 6d.

Same course as first Match.

<i>Prospector</i>	(R. Green)	..	1
<i>Sandfly</i>	(J. Howard)	..	2
<i>Musquito</i>	(W. Howard)	..	3
<i>Firefly</i>	(Isaac Rodham)	...	0
<i>Triumph</i>	(Daniel Haley)	..	0

M'Gregor's Triumph having declared forfeit, the five got away at the signal gun, Prospector leading the van at a speed which defied every effort of her competitors, and winning easily by a minute and a half. Sandfly second. Time, 20  $\frac{1}{2}$  minutes.

*Third Match.*—To start at a quarter to 11, for bona fide ship's four-oar gigs, pulled by any crew.

First Prize..	£20	Second Prize.	£5
Entrance.....	£1		

Same course as first Match.

<i>Howard</i>	(George Barnett)	...	1
<i>Curlew</i>	(Alexander Manson)	...	2
<i>Eclair</i>	(Thomas Thompson)	...	3
<i>Mary</i>	(Frederic Frost)	...	6
<i>Woolloomooloo</i>	(A. Melville)	...	0

Won cleverly by the Howard, after an interesting struggle with the Curlew. Time, 20 min.

*Fourth Match.*—To start at 11 o'clock, for sailing boats not exceeding 13 feet on the keel.

First Prize ....	£15 15s	Second Prize....	£5 5s
Entrance.....	£1 1s.		

To start from a mooring in the Cove round the Flag-boat in Lavender Bay; then round Pinchgut Island, back round the Flag-ship; then round Shark Island and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Sea Belle</i>	(Thomas Langford)	...	1
<i>Dolphin</i>	(John Pashley)	...	2
<i>Fleur-de-Lis</i>	(Augustus Mackay)	...	3
<i>Little Mike</i>	(John M'Donald)	...	0
<i>Annie S.</i>	(Wm. Sommerbell)	...	0
<i>Ariel</i>	(William Suggate)	...	0
<i>Musquito</i>	(William Brown)	...	0

With the exception of the Mike, which was by some mismanagement several minutes in getting under weigh, the boats got off in close order, led by the Sea Belle, and Wabbagong. The latter shortly gave place to the Dolphin, closely followed by the Fleur-de-Lis. The event was all in the Sea Belle's "hands", she winning easily. Time 2 hours and 6 minutes.

*Fifth Match.*—To start at a quarter past 11, the Champion Race. For all boats pulling a pair of sculls.

First Prize.....	£21.	Second Prize ....	£5 5s.
Entrance.....	£1 1s		

Same course as No. 1.

<i>Sandfly</i>	(Thom(s M'Grath)	... 1
<i>Prospector</i>	(Green)	... 2
<i>Maid of Australia</i>	(George Mulhall)	... 3
<i>Catch-Me-if-you-Can</i>	(Thomas Mulhall)	... 0
<i>Fire-fly</i>	(Andrew M'Guire)	... 0

This was the crack pulling race of the day. So many have been the pros. and cons., and not a few trials between those aspirants for "scull-all" honors, that every one was on the *qui vive*. Suffice it to say, it was a struggle for the championship. Pecuniary speculations were rife; M'Grath was taken for choice at no very great odds. George Mulhall stood second in the field; Green was looked well up to; T. Mulhall and M'Guire were not indifferently considered; in fact, it was looked forward to as an A I affair. At starting M'Grath secured a trifling lead, George Mulhall being close at him. At Lavender Bay, Green was only a few boats lengths astern of M'Grath, and on leaving that spot, G. Mulhall was entirely out of the race. The struggle was between M'Grath and Green, and a spirited one it was, Mac only beating Green by two boat's lengths; G. Mulhall, third, M'Guire fourth. Time, 20m.

*Sixth Match.*—To start at half-past 11, for all ships' boats under canvas.

First Prize....£15 15s. Second Prize.... £5 5s.  
Entrance.....£1 1s.

To start from the moorings in the Cove, round the Flag-boat in Lavender Bay, then round Shark Island and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Light Ship,</i>	(Henry Pettit)	... 1
<i>Daring,</i>	(William King)	... 2
<i>George,</i>	(Frederick Frost)	... 3
<i>Hope,</i>	(Captain Myhill)	... 0

A well contested race, in which the Light Ship was declared a winner; the Daring being somewhat less than five minutes astern of her. Time, 2 hours, 9 minutes.

*Seventh Match.*—To start at 12 o'clock, for all yachts, time for tonnage, one minute per ton.

First Prize.... £75. Second Prize.... £21.  
Entrance.... £3 3s.

To start from their moorings in the Cove, round the Flag-boat in Lavender Bay; then round the Sow and Pigs and Floating Light; back round the New Orleans, in Darling Harbour; then round Shark Island and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Eclipse,</i>	...	...	... 1
<i>Frolic,</i>			2
<i>Ivanhoe,</i>			3
<i>Mazeppa,</i>			0

A beautiful race, with variations sufficient to keep up the interest

throughout. The following is the order in which they came in, and the time; Eclipse, 3h. 58m. 31sec—Frolic, 4h. 7m. 26sec—Ivanhoe, 4h. 23m. 39sec. The Eclipse being the winner (time for tonnage) by 1m. 56 sec.

*Eighth Match.*—To start at half-past 12, for all bona fide dingies not exceeding 12 feet on the keel, pulled by youths aged 18 years and under, with a pair of sculls.

First Prize £5: Second Prize, a Sweepstakes of 2s. 6d. each.

To start from the Flag-ship, round the Red Buoy off Campbell's Wharf; then round the Flag-boat in Farm Cove, opposite the Botanic Gardens; and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Specimen</i>	(Richard Green)	.. . 1
<i>Not Expected</i>		.... 2
<i>Rose</i>	(James Green)	..... 3

Won cleverly by Richard Green, Browne being a capital second. The latter entered a protest against Green's boat on account of her being more than the stipulated length. Time, 16 minutes.

*Ninth Match.*—To start at 1 o'clock for all coasters, no time for tonnage.

First Prize	.....£10, and a Sweepstakes of £2 2s.
Second ditto	.....£10.
Entrance •	.....£2 2s.

To start from their moorings in Lavender Bay, round the New Orleans in Darling Harbour; then round the Sow and Pigs and Floating Light back again round Pinchgut; then round Shark Island and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Reindeer</i>	...	.. 1
<i>Peacock</i>	...	.. 2
<i>Revenge</i>	...	.. 3

Won by the Reindeer, 4h. 54m. 15sec—Peacock, 5h. 22m—Revenge, 5h. 28m. 10sec.

*Tenth Match.*—(There being only two entrances, there was no whaleboat race.)

*Eleventh Match.*—To start at half-past 2 o'clock, for amateur skiffs, pulling a pair of oars.

First Prize.....	£15 15s. Second Prize....	£5 5s.
Entrance.....	£1 1s.	

The same course as No 1.

<i>Prospector</i>	...	.. 1
<i>Sandfly</i>		2
<i>Myrtle</i>		3
<i>Kiss-me-quick</i>		0
<i>Lotus</i>		0

The Prospector again led the fleet, attended by the Sandfly and Myrtle. Lotus and Kiss-me-quick fouling at the start, and thereby losing all chance of the race. The Prospector maintained her

advantage, and despite accidentally unshipping her rudder came in the winner. Time, 23 minutes.

*Twelfth Match.*—To start at 3 o'clock, for ballast, wood, and fruit boats. Time for tonnage,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  min. per ton:

First Prize....£20. Second Prize.....£5.

Entrance.....10s 6d.

To start from their moorings in the Cove, round the New Orleans in Darling Harbour, thence round Shark Island; back again round the Flag-boat in Lavender Bay, then round Pinchgut and back to the Flag-ship.

<i>Sprig of Myrtle,</i>	...	...	...	1
<i>True Bell,</i>	...	...	...	2
<i>William,</i>	...	...	...	3

Sprig of Myrtle first, True Bell second. Time, 2 hours, 50 $\frac{1}{2}$  minutes.

*Thirteenth Match.*—To start at half-past 3 o'clock, for all persons pulling a pair of oars; in licensed watermen's boats.

First Prize....£15 15s. Second Prize....£5 5s.

Entrance.....10s. 6d.

Same course as No 1.

<i>Flying Cloud,</i>	(B. Gollicker & J. Richards.)	...	...	1
<i>Willy,</i>	...	...	...	2
<i>Thistle,</i>	...	...	...	3
<i>Traveller,</i>	...	...	...	0

Won by the Flying Cloud, after a fine struggle with the Willy. The rest all abroad. Time, 20 minutes.

*Fourteenth Match.*—To start at 4 o'clock, for all licensed watermen's boats pulled by a pair of sculls and without a steersman.

First Prize...£20. Second Prize...£5.

Entrance.....£1 1s.

Same course as No. 1.

George Mulhall,	...	...	...	1
Thomas M'Grath,	...	...	...	2
Thomas Mulhall,	...	...	...	3

The second meeting of the rival watermen, in this event, created considerable interest. An excellent start was effected by the three boats, abreast, but George Mulhall speedily shot ahead, and obtained a winning lead, M'Grath vainly striving to close with him, and Thomas Mulhall taking it leisurely in the wake. George kept up the steam with unabated vigour, and was hailed the winner by a dozen lengths, amidst the cheers of the excited spectators. Time, 18 minutes.

*Fifteenth Match.*—To start at half-past 4 o'clock, gig and dingy race. Prize, £5.

<i>Sandfly,</i>	(G. Barnett)	...	...	1
<i>Sea Belle,</i>	(Thomas Glover)	...	...	0

This, as usual, was a ludicrous affair, the dingy's man deserting his frail bark and plunging into the waters to elude the grasp of his pursuer, but being taken after a three minutes chase.

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## KANDY SPRING MEETING—1854.

*First Day, Monday, April 17, 1854.*

*First Race.*—The Kandy Derby of 50 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, half forfeit if not nominated before 1st April; 7 Sovs. each if nominated before 1st March; 5 Sovs. each if nominated before 15th February. Weight for age. Winner of the Colombo Derby, Turf Club Plate or Governor's Cup of 1853, 5lbs. extra; of any two 7lbs. extra; of three 10lbs. extra. Horses imported since September, 1853, allowed 5lbs. Maidens the same allowance.

Capt. Romer names	b.	c.	h.	O'K (late Prince Albert,	9st. 7lbs.	(Mr. Pendennis)	1
Mr. Bainbrigge's	g.	a.	h.	Vanguard,	9st. 5lbs.	...	2
Mr. West's	bk.	ans.	g.	Garrogin,	10st. 5lbs.	...	3

They're off was the shout—and shortly the sound of approaching horses comes upon the ear, and another moment they are in sight coming down the drop of the hill into the straight running past the stand, with O'K leading, the others close; at the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from home the pace seemed to tell, and the favorite still held his lead, at the back of the Course up the long hill he was pulled upon, and the pace slackened—and now again in sight, they turn the corner down the deep into the straight, with O'K still leading strong, was pulled upon at the distance—and comes in hard held by a length or two (Garrogin pulled up) in 3m. 4s.

*Second Race.*—The Peradenia Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, half forfeit, added to a Purse of 25 Sovs. Weight for age. 1 mile heats.

Mr. West names	b.	a.	h.	Diphthong,	9st. 12lbs.	(Mr. H.)	...	1
Capt. Romer's	g.	a.	h.	Amulet,	9st. 12lbs.	...	...	2

This was a race most anxiously looked forward to—for though only two horses were to contest it, it was at even weights, and Diphthong having beaten the Grey in every race in September, was in great demand until the day before the race, when the inside place falling to Amulet, and having the Gent to steer him, who had repeatedly brought him through on occasions before, the odds closed with 3 to 2 on Amulet. They are at the post, which is just 173 yards from the stand; they wheel about, and at the word, are off, with Dip slightly leading past the stand—at the drop down the hill they show Dip leading, and from the distance home the pace too severe for the Grey who is beaten on the post by a head in 1m. 59s.—and though a pretty finish, it was more by good nature of Dip's jock. Amulet scratched from 2nd heat.

*Third Race.*—Pony Race of 3 Sovs. each, half forfeit, with 7 Sovs. added for all ponies not exceeding 13 hands 9 stones each.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats. The winner of any former Pony Race 10lbs. extra.

Was won by Mr. Walmsley's ch. pony Billy, beating Captain Barnet's ch. pony Multum-in-Parvo, in two heats. A capital race—and whip alone did the trick for the last 30 yards.

*Second Day, Wednesday, April 19, 1854.*

*First Race.*—The Turf Club Plate of 60 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, half forfeit. 2 mile race. Weight for age. Winner of the Kandy Derby of 1854, Colombo Derby, three Turf Club Plate, or Governor's Cup of 1853, 5lbs. extra; if any two 7lbs. extra; of 3 or more 10lbs. extra. Horses imported since September, 1853, allowed 5lbs. Maidens the same allowance.

Capt. Romer names	b.	c.	h.	O'K.,	9st. 12lbs.	(Mr. Pendennis)	1
Mr. West's	bk.	aus.	g.	Garrogin,	10st. 5lbs.	...	2
Time—4m. 3s							

The Cape the favorite; 3 to 1 being offered against the Australian and no takers—the race was run by O'K at an even pace throughout—Garro never once reaching him—though he ran in better form than for the Derby—the Cape's capabilities are as yet untested, whilst the condition in which he has come out is first-rate.

*Second Race.*—Garrison Plate of 30 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, half forfeit.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Weight for age. Winner of the Kandy Derby of 1854, 5lbs. extra, or of the Peradenia Sweepstakes 3lbs. extra, or of the Colombo Derby, Turf Plate or Governor's Cup of 1853, 5lbs. extra, of any two 7 lbs. extra.

Mr. B——'s	g.	a.	h.	Nil Desperandum,	9st. 12lbs.	(Capt. Barnet)	1
Mr. West's	b.	a.	h.	Diphthong,	10st. 5lbs.	...	2
Mr. Walmsley's	g.	a.	h.	Vanguard,	9st. 5lbs.	...	3
Capt. Romer's	g.	a.	h.	Amulet,	10st. 3lbs. pulled up	...	0

Diphthong's victory on Monday, notwithstanding the lump of weight he had to carry, was the favorite at 3 to 1 on him. Amulet with only 2 lbs. less, was supposed to be next, though there were few enquirers for him; one of his party thought that the additional  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, and the extra 2lbs. on his opponent, might give him a chance, and on these grounds, slender as they are, considering the ease with which Diphthong went on Monday, he was allowed to go. Van was not lightly thought of if lightly weighted, but the difficulty in procuring a jock at the weight, greatly militated against him—Nil was the "great outsider," and 75 to 1 was bet against him to be second upon at a very low figure to make a pot. Dip was fortunate enough to draw inside (an immense advantage in this course) Van next, Amulet third and Nil outside.—After a false start they got away all of a heap, Van (whose Jock declared 9 lbs. over weight!!!) making the pace, and forced it very severe for the first half mile—which told greatly on Dip—Nil came to the front, and still the pace was scarcely



slackened up the Hill—at the distance Amulet pulled up—and Nil with Dip were severely disputing every yard they strode, and to the surprise of every one, Nil called on for his best, rushed in a winner by nearly  $\frac{1}{2}$  a length in excellent time (considering Dip's weight) of 2:30—the mile was run in 2m. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

*Third Race.*—The Give and Take Plate of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 Sovs. each, half forfeit. Weight for inches. 1 mile heat.

Mr. Walmsley's	b.	a.	h.	Collier,	10st. 4lbs.	(Mr. W—c)...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Capt. Romer's	b.	a.	h.	Panic,	9st. 9lbs.	..	2 2
Mr. West's	b.	a.	h.	Diphthong,		...	dr.
Time—2m. 3s.							

*1st heat.*—It was imagined, until of late, that the old plater would not be again brought out—but improving in strength, it was thought he might have a chance against his large but more youthful companion—Collier an importation lately from Bombay, is a promising horse of good stride and movement—and if he can keep up the pace, will be a difficult customer—his position was No. 1, and Panic coming into position outside him—away they go—Collier soon proving he had got the foot of the old horse, who ran honestly throughout, but was beaten by a good length easily.

*2nd heat.*—They went away at the score for the 2nd heat, but the pace slackened at the approach of the hill, and though a beaten horse, Panic gamely answered to the last, the young one winning easily in the poor time of 2m. 9s. The shouts of greeting to his sporting owner were loud and prolonged, and though his new bearer suffered frightfully, from the extravagant way in which they testified their delight, still it must have been gratifying to his feelings.

### *Third Day, Friday, April 21, 1854.*

*First Race.*—The Planter's Cup of 50 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, half forfeit. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Weight for age. Winner of the Kandy Derby or Turf Club Plate of 1854, or of the Colombo Derby, Turf Club Plate, or Governor's Cup of 1853, 5lbs. extra, of any two 7lbs. extra, of three 10lbs. extra, of all 12lbs. extra.

Capt. Romer's	b.	c.	h.	O'K.,	10st. 5lbs.	(Mr. Pendennis)...	1
Mr. West's	b.	a.	h.	Diphthong,	10st. 3lbs.	...	2

O'K the favorite at nearly 2 to 1,—though the excellent time in which Dip was beaten (with that weight on his back) in the "Garrison," made it doubtful, until it was really run—O'K got the inside, and on the word they went away—Diphthong, on passing the Stand, tried to head the "Caper," but it was in vain; again he tried just before completing the mile, when O'K let out, and out-paced him, the last  $\frac{1}{4}$  from home was fast, but just nearing the winning post, O'K was eased, and he went a head a winner by 2 lengths, in the very excellent time of 3m. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

*Second Race.*—The Ladies' Purse of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, half forfeit, 1 mile heats. Weight for age. Winner of the Kandy Derby, or Turf Club Plate excluded. Winner of the Peradenia or Garrison 3lbs. extra, of both 5lbs. extra.

Capt. Romer's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Amulet,</i>	9st. 12lbs.	...	4	1	1
Mr. West's	bk.	aust.	g.	<i>Garrogin,</i>	10st. 0lb.	...	1	2	2
Mr. Bainbrigge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Nil Desperandum,</i>	10st. 1lb. (Mr Manler)	3	4	3	
Mr. Walmsley's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Vanguard,</i>	9st. 5lbs.*	...	2	3	4

*1st heat*—Nil slightly the favorite, though Garro had his admirers for the improvement he shewed in his pace in the Turf Club Plate on Wednesday—Amulet still looked upon as unable to do it, and Vanguard but slightly favored. The inside fell to Garro, with Nil next them, Amulet and Van outside. The start was indifferent—Garro and Van went away together and rated it almost alone, running very even, till just on the post Garro was put in by a head and neck in 2m. 2s—Nil no where, and Amulet pulled up at the distance.

*2nd heat*—Splendid start, Van making play until half mile from home, when the other three joined him—a pity this part of the race was hid from the stand, for the lot were streaming along as level as a rule—on the top Amulet made stronger running, Garro in vain trying the foot with him, the Arab had it easy by a couple of lengths in 1m. 59 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

*3rd heat*—Good start, Amulet again making play and leading them at a great pace well together past the stand; up the Hill it was not much slower, and coming again into the straight running, Garro tried to reach Amulet who, running strongly, was never headed, and came home pretty easily by a length and more. Time unfortunately neglected. It was an excellent race—and another instance of the outsider winning.

*Third Race.*—The Selling Stakes of 3 Sovs. each, half forfeit, with 80 Sovs. added.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Horses entered at	£150,	to carry	11st.	3lbs.
Ditto ditto	100,	ditto	10st.	11lbs.
Ditto ditto	80,	ditto	10st.	0lbs.
Ditto ditto	50,	ditto	9st.	11lbs.
Ditto ditto	30,	ditto	9st.	5lbs.
Ditto ditto	20,	ditto	9st.	0lbs.

The Winner to be sold by Auction on the settling day, and the surplus, if any, to go to the Race Fund.

Mr. Walmsley's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Collier,</i>	10st. (Mr. W—e)	1	1
Capt. Romer names	b.	c.b.	rn.	<i>Kate Kearney.</i>	9st.†	...	0 0
Mr. Bainbrigge's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Nil Desperandum,</i>	10st.	...	0 0

The mare was entered with the hope that the privilege allowed in the September Meeting (of allowing boys to be mounted when the weight exceeded that to be found in most grown up men) would be extended in this race, but the other owners objecting, it was

Declared 8lbs. over.

† Declared 10lbs.

overruled, and the mare was declared 10lbs. over weight, Collier from start to finish had the foot of the mare, winning easy by a length or two—as it was getting dark it was agreed they should go to the post at once—and on the word, Collier went a-head, winning as he pleased—the mare having no chance up the Hill. Time in the half mile race cannot be taken on this Course.

—  
*Fourth Day, Saturday, April 22, 1854.*

*First Race.*—Grand Lottery and Forced Hindicap of 75 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes (for Winners of the Derby, Turf Club Plate or Planter's Cup) of 10 Sovs. each, other winners 5 Sovs. each; losers optional 3 Sovs. each. 1½ mile Race.

Capt. Romer names	b.	c.	h.	O'K,	10st. 12lbs.	(Mr. Pendennis)	1
Mr. West's	b.	a.	h.	Diphthong,	9st. 12lbs.	...	2
Capt. Romer's	g.	a.	h.	Amulet,	9st. 10lbs.	...	3
Mr. Walmsley's	b.	a.	h.	Collier,	9st. 0lb.	...	4
Mr. Bainbrigge's	g.	a.	h.	Nil Desperandum,	9st. 6lbs.	...	5

After a false start, they got off well together: Collier making the running for the first ¼ mile, when O'K, (who had taken the inside place from Nil) passed him, and led down the hill past the stand, when Amulet and Dip closed up; at the ¾ mile the latter tried to get in between O'K and Amulet, but ineffectually; and at the mile again tried it, but the rider of Amulet protesting against such riding, he was pulled again outside to his old position—up the hill the pace was very severe, and Dip outpacing Amulet, ran up to the girths of O'K, and in this manner they came down the hill; at the distance Dip's jock was at work, and the horse answered to each call, but it was useless, for O'K, whenever eased, went a-head, and running a steady pace throughout, came in an easy winner in 3m. 21s. with the weight up, and having to encounter the stiff hill of 333 yards twice in this race, it is the best time in record in the island.

*Second Race.*—The Losing Handicap of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, for beaten horses. 1 mile heats.

Mr. Walmsley's	g.	a.	h.	Vanguard,	9st. 10lbs.	(Mr. Pendennis)	1	1
Mr. West's	bk.	aust.	g.	Garrogin,	10st. 3lbs.	...	dis.	

An excellent start for the first heat—Van, with the inside place, keeping the lead till the ¼ mile from home, well in hand; but directly the drop of the hill presented itself, his difficulties began, and he failed from this point of the race, whilst Garro's forte of going down a hill aiding him, gave him the heat pretty easily by three-quarters of a length—both horses were much done from the contest of the day previous, as the time will show, 2m. 17s., but the heat is still in jeopardy, for after every precaution having been exercised to see that the scales were not at fault, it was

declared that Garro's jock was under weight—and the heat given to Van, who at once cantered over for the other, and secured a race which he must otherwise have lost—the rider of Garro had weighed correct enough we believe, but neglected weighing for the race again after riding for the forced Handicap, when he must have lost about 3 ozs.

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*Third Race.*—The Hack Race of a Sweepstakes of 3 Sovs. each with 7 Sovs added. 10 stones each.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile Race. Winner of any previous Race to carry 10lbs. extra, last horse to pay 2nd horse's entrance.

Capt. Bews'      n. s.w. g.      *Harlequin*,      ... Walked over.

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*Fourth Race*—A Hackery Race. 1 mile heats. Entrance 3 Sovs. added 3 to start, or no public money to be given.

Three started—and as they came down past the stand for the first time, the "red bullock" keeping the inside and galloping strong, drove the few horseman (who were in the Course) before him with a pair of threatening horns close upon them, whilst the contractor steering the favorite, was in the extreme of excitement with the tail twisted to its utmost tention, with an inch or two of the snid tail undergoing the pinching system between his drivers "ivottes"—are again in sight past the distance. Black winning easily in 4m. 15s.—nearly distancing the others—the drivers had each provided a bottle of water, and each bullock was duly watered opposite the stand in true racing style.

The next heat was a repetition, Black winning easily with no foul or capsizes to add to the merriment of the race.

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*Fifth Race.*—A Match for  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile for £10.

Between Harlequin and Old Times, in which the old horse never had a chance during the race, terminating our Spring Meeting—where with the exception of O'K, the outsiders have "come to the front," thus disarranging the Books of the "knowing ones," who clung too credulously to the favorites. The running of O'K, from first to last, was not to be denied: and being in beautiful form, he ran honestly and well, evincing both speed, bottom, and endurance.

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## HARROW SECOND SPRING MEETING.

*Stewards* — General Charritie and Sir William Maxwell, Bart.

The attempt to associate flat Races with Steeple Chases at Harrow signally failed, and it is not likely to be again made by the promoters of the undertaking. For the proper celebration of the legitimate sport no means and appliances existed; the Course, with its sharp angular turns, was totally unfit for the purpose; and were even this objection obviated, and the attempt to establish flat races persevered in, it is questionable then whether the Meeting would ever be advanced to the leather-flapping mediocrity peculiar a few years back to Hatcham Park, Peckham Rye, and Barnet. Indeed, the getters up of the gathering made a mistake at the commencement, experience should have taught them how impracticable it was on their money-making system to introduce into such a locality legitimate events worthy of patronage and support. Had they avoided this error, they would, too, have avoided much that was odious and discreditable connected with their management; and had no flat races been attempted, there would, perhaps, have been little to scandalise the spectators, and the Meeting might have been pleasant and satisfactory, if not popular and successful.

The gathering, however, was not an unmitigated failure, and we are disinclined to regard the short-comings which it displayed as fatal to the permanent establishment of the Meeting. Its present somewhat negative success is likely to produce no lasting discouraging effect on its promoters, but is calculated to induce them to redouble their exertions for its future prosperity. The alterations and improvements which were made on the ground show that a desire exists to carry out the undertaking in a liberal and enterprising spirit. A new and permanent stand has been erected, and, although the wood appeared to be somewhat green, yet the structure seemed in every respect firm and secure. Graduated steps slope backwards from the ground, and form good standing positions, from which every point of the course can be commanded. Some booths that were erected in the centre of the winning field, however, most annoyingly obstructed the view. By the way, it may be as well to direct attention to the narrowness of the planks, which are used for the top steps, which are not sufficiently wide to "lap over," and the large gaps between them are decidedly dangerous. The stand was enclosed by a substantial wooden paling with properly-appointed gates for entrance and egress. The Course was similar to that used on previous occasions, the stand being, however, erected so far backwards as to obviate the necessity of the horses going round it. The long drought had rendered the ground extremely hard, the pattering of the horses' hoofs over it sounding as loud and sharp as if they were on a macadamized road.

Finer weather could not have been desired by the most ardent

pleasure-seeker. The air was clear and sunny, and redolent with all the fragrance of spring. Although the attendance of general company and business men fell short of expectation, yet the muster on Tuesday in particular was sufficiently numerous to impart to the Course a gay and animated appearance. The throng of vehicles was strikingly large, and, indeed, the entire side of the straight run in seemed like a monster cab-stand. Many visitors had made the trip from London by railway to Sudbury, but the large majority had evidently come down with dust by the road. Still the stand enclosure was not crowded, and all persons had ample scope and verge enough to suit their own comfort and convenience. Croft's booth was fixed to the right of the stand, and was well supplied with eatables and drinkables which found ready sale. As usual, "head money" was levied for the admission of pedestrians, equestrians, and carriages on to the Course, and by these means a sum almost sufficiently large to meet all expenses was collected.

The proceedings commenced with the Trial Stakes, a flat race, which certainly inaugurated the business of the Meeting somewhat inauspiciously. Scarcely a "fiver" was invested on the result. Indeed, the whole race was ludicrous enough: Criterion went away with the lead, which he maintained throughout, and won in a canter. The spectators, and even the judge, however, were evidently unaware the Race was over when the horses passed the post, for they expected them to go round the Course a second time.

Ten horses started for the Steeple Chase, the leading and only interesting event of the Meeting. Robin Hood, who had been somewhat fancied, was scratched, his owner being disinclined to encounter the chances of a "break down" over the hard ground. 5 to 2 each was taken about Nom de Guerre and Ploughboy, but weight and the ground perceptibly "told" upon the latter. The race is accurately described below. After a good race in with Gay Lad, Nom de Guerre was the winner.

The Stewards' Plate was another legitimate affair, and a pretty piece of business was made of it. 6 to 1 was betted on Prevarication, who, however, bolted in company with Hotchpot, early in the race, leaving the rider of Cotton Lady no alternative but to go in and win; and win he did, amidst the unrestrained merriment and uproarious delight of the spectators. Before the start 20 to 1 had been offered against the winner, odds which were, in one or two instances, reluctantly booked to a "Sov." The Prevarication party were not a little chagrined at the unexpected issue of the encounter; and, indeed, in more senses than one, a Hotchpot affair was made of the Race altogether. On returning to scale, Hackett, the rider of Cotton Lady, was loudly cheered, and during the prevalent delight a hat was sent round the ring, and a collection of shillings and half-crowns was made for him! The Selling Steeple Chases require no comment here.

Throughout the day punctuality was totally disregarded, and dusk

set in before the company quitted the ground. The way in which the starters were indicated was clumsy, and calculated to mislead and confuse; the numbers of horses were "chalked up" on a board before the jockeys were weighed, and animals that were never intended to run were in this manner given out as starters.

The second day's proceedings were, perhaps, scarcely, or at any rate not perceptibly, regulated by the "squaring system." They were conducted, too, somewhat satisfactorily. By the appended return it will be seen that Prevarication again indulged her bolting propensities in the Selling Flat Race. She, however, managed at last to "pull something off" by winning the Scurry. Ploughboy won the Grand Open Steeple Chase. This event was marked by an accident which befel Archer, the rider of Huntsman, who caught his foot in a grip, and fell heavily to the ground, Archer sustaining a fracture of the shoulder cap.

Before closing our introductory remarks, it is but due to acknowledge the efforts which the different officials made to render things pleasant. Mr. Harry Littler, in particular, laboured with unceasing activity to promote the success of the Meeting. Mr. Coragio, mine host of the Plough, Shore-ditch, did good service in the weighing-room; and Billy Beans, looking as gay as a scarlet runner in his red coat, aided the police in keeping the Course. Subjoined is a return of the sport:—

*Tuesday—Metropolitan Handicap Steeple Chase.*

**1st Race.**—Trial Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, with 30 added; three year olds and upwards; mares and geldings allowed 4lbs. About one mile.

Mr. Lester's *Criterion*, by

*Venison*, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lbs. (Kendal) ... 1

Mr. Barnes's *Edward of York*, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lbs. (Hacket) ... 2

Mr. Thompson's *Sophistry*, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lbs. (W. Abdale) 3

*Betting.*—2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on *Criterion*.

*Criterion* sprang off with a strong lead, *Edward of York* lying second, and *Sophistry* last, and in this order they ran throughout. The spectators—judging, probably, from the style of the running—imagined that the horses were to go round again, but, having gone the specified distance, they were pulled up, and it was then discovered that the race—save the mark!—was over.

**2nd Race.**—Metropolitan Handicap Steeple Chase of 100 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs., each. About four miles.

Mr. Allen's *Nom de Guerre*, 10st. 8lbs. (Green) ... 1

Mr. Davey's *Gaylad*, 10st. 12lbs. (G. Walker) ... 2

Capt. Lindow's *Macomo*, 9st. 12lbs. (W. Archer). 3

Mr. Golby's *Ploughboy*, 11st. 7lbs. (Tiddy) ... 0

Mr. Tollit's *Rejected*, 10st. 6lbs. (Loosey) ... 0

Mr. Dallimore's *Farmer*, 10st. 6lbs. (Ablett) ... 0

Mr. Higgin's *Columbine*, 10st. 5lbs. (Weaver) ... 0

Mr. Rowell's	<i>Brown Bess,</i>	10st.	2lbs.	(Nightingale)	0
Mr. Elmore's	<i>Huntsman late Napoleon,</i>	9st.	9lbs.	(Clifford)	... 0
Mr. Tollitt's	<i>Welcome,</i>	9st.	6lbs.	(R. Archer)	.. 0
<i>Betting</i> .—5 to 2 each agst. Nom de Guerre and Ploughboy—4 to 1 agst.					
Macomo—6 to 1 agst. Farmer.					

On the flag being lowered, Columbine jumped off in advance with Nom de Guerre second, and Farmer third; Huntsman, Macomo, and Ploughboy being the next up. At the brook, which was taken in a straggling manner by the lot, Farmer took second place, but fell at the succeeding fence, threw his jockey and galloped riderless in the wake of Columbine, who went on with a strong lead. On taking the drop fence, Columbine over-reached herself, and hurt her foot, whilst at the same instant Farmer cannoned against her, driving her out of the course, and after proceeding a short distance she was pulled up. Gay Lad, in the meantime, carried on the running, with Huntsman second, Nom de Guerre, and Welcome close up; at the brook Huntsman fell, and Nom de Guerre took second place. On passing the stand the second time Gay Lad was still leading; Nom de Guerre being second, Macomo third, Welcome and Ploughboy next, Rejected and Brown Bess last. At the narrow brook, which was again taken in rather straggling style, Gay Lad was first over, followed by Welcome; but on going up the hill the latter ran out, and Macomo took second place, Nom de Guerre being third. Rounding the hut at the top of the hill Gaylad increased his lead, and was again first over the brook, Nom de Guerre and Macomo taking it together, the former slightly in advance. At the last turn, Nom de Guerre drew upon Gaylad, caught him at the last fence, and after a good race in, won by a length; Macomo a bad third, Welcome, Rejected, and Ploughboy next. Brown Bess was pulled up, and did not pass the post.

**3rd Race.**—The Stewards' Plate of 50 Sovs. One mile and a half.

Mr. Harris's	<i>Cotton Lady,</i> by					
	<i>Annandale,</i>	5 yrs.,	7st.	12lbs.	(Hacket)...	1 *
Mr. Hadland's	<i>Prevarication,</i>	3 yrs.,	6st.	10lbs.	(Kendal)...	2
Mr. Wilkins's	<i>Hotchpot,</i>	3 yrs.,	5st.	10lbs.	(Watson)	3
Mr. Barnes's	<i>Nerva,</i>	4 yrs.,	7st.	10lbs.	(J. Searle)	0

*Betting*.—6 to 1 on Prevarication.

Hotchpot was first from the post, but was soon passed by Prevarication, who made the running to the rising ground, where she bolted, Hotchpot following suit, leaving the lead with Cotton Lady, in close company with Nerva, the latter, at the back of the Course, taking the lead, Prevarication and Hotchpot following in the rear. At the lower turn Cotton Lady again took the lead, and Nerva bolted, ran against the cords, and fell. Cotton Lady, to the delight of the spectators, cantered in an easy winner by ten lengths. About the same distance between Prevarication and Hotchpot.



**4th Race.**—Selling Steeple Chase of 5 Sovs. each, with 25 added. Optional selling weights; allowances, &c. About three miles.

Mr. Mills's	<i>Janus,</i>	10st.	(20l.)	(Weaver) ...	1
Mr. Sait's	<i>Widow Machree,</i>	10st.	(20l.)	(G. Stevens) .	2
Mr. Williams's	<i>Unknown,</i>	11st.	(50l.)	(Loosey) ...	3
Mr. Parson's	<i>Iodine,</i>	10st.	(20l.)	(W. Archer) .	0

**Betting.**—6 to 4 agst. Iodine—2 to 1 agst. Widow Machree—5 to 1 agst. Janus.

Iodine made play, following by Unknown, Widow Machree, and Janus. At the first leap, Widow Machree and Janus passed Unknown, and at the succeeding obstacle Iodine fell, and the Widow took up the running: going up the hill, she increased her lead, but on passing the hut, Janus drew up to her, and after again crossing the brook, showed in front, Unknown a long way behind. From this point Janus increased his lead at every stride, and cantered in a dozen lengths a head of the Widow, Unknown a bad third.

The winner was bought in for fifty Guineas.

**5th Race**—Selling Hurdle Race of 5 Sovs., each, with 25 added. Optional selling weights; allowances, &c. About two miles.

Mr. Barling's	<i>Union Jack,</i>	10st.	3lbs.	(20l.)	(Eatwell) ...	1
Mr. Harris's	<i>Sweetheart,</i>	10st.	6lbs.	(20l.)	(Green) ...	2
Mr. White's	<i>Monk,</i>	10st.	6lbs.	(20l.)	(R. Sherwood)	3
Mr. Mill's	<i>Janus,</i>	10st.	13lbs.*	(20l.)	(Weaver) ...	4

**Betting.**—5 to 4 agst. Sweetheart—2 to 1 each agst. Union Jack and Janus—5 to 1 agst. Monk.

Janus led the way, Sweetheart lying second, Monk next, and Union Jack last; but soon after rounding the top turn, Sweetheart dropped into the rear, the other three well together, Janus having a slight lead, and in this order they repassed the stand. On making for the turn at the back of the Course, Union Jack took the lead, Sweetheart again taking second place at the turn for home, Union Jack maintained his lead, and won easily by two lengths; Monk a moderate third.

### Wednesday—The Grand Open.

**1st Race.**—Harrow Selling Stakes. Flat Race of 5 Sovs. each, with 25 added; three year olds and upwards; allowances for mares and geldings; optional selling weight, allowances, &c. About one mile.

* Mr. Reeves's	<i>Lioness</i> , by				
	<i>O'd England</i> , 3 yrs., 5st. 11lbs. (20l.)	(Creswell)	1		
Mr. Wood's	<i>Guile</i> , 6 yrs., 8st. 2lbs. (20l.)	(R. Archer)	2		
Mr. Hadland's	<i>Prevarication</i> , 3 yrs., 5st. 11lbs.† (20l.)	(J. Watson)	3		

**Betting.**—Even on Prevarication—5 to 4 agst. Lioness.

Prevarication went away with a strong lead, and made the running

\* Carried 5st. 13lbs.

† Including 7lbs. extra.

to the farm-house, where Lioness took first place. At the lower turn Prevarication ran out; Lioness winning in a canter by a dozen lengths; about three lengths between Guile and Prevarication.

**1st Race.**—The Inukeepers' Plate of 3 Sovs. each, with 20 added; 11st. each. Steeple Chase Course, two miles.

Mr. Mill's	<i>James,</i>	(Green) ...	1
Mr. Turner's	<i>Quiffle,</i>	(Twiddy) ...	2
Mr. Tollit's	<i>Welcome,</i>	(Loosey) ...	3
Mr. Compton's	<i>Gipsy Lad,</i>	(Ablett) ...	4

**Betting.**—6 to 4 on Janus—3 to 1 agst. Quiffle.

Gipsy Lad showed the way, followed by Quiffle, Welcome, and Janus, but refused at the brook, and was left in the rear, Quiffle going on in advance, but, running wide in ascending the hill, the lead was taken by Janus, who gave way to Quiffle and Welcome on again taking the brook, being third over, but immediately afterwards took second place, caught Quiffle at the lower turn, raced home with her, and won by a length and a half, two lengths between second and third; Gipsy Lad trotted in last.

**2nd Race.**—Grand Open Steeple Chase, for a Gold Cup, value 100 Guineas, by subscription of 10 Sovs. each, 12st. each; winners extra. Gentlemen riders; professionals, 7lbs. extra. About three miles. 9 subs.

Mr. Goldby's	<i>Ploughboy,</i>	13st. 3lbs. (Inc. 17lbs. extra (Twiddy) ...	1
Mr. Tollit's	<i>Despised,</i>	12st. 7lbs. (Inc. 7lbs. extra (Loosey) ...	2
Mr. Symonds's	<i>Dean,</i>	13st. 3lbs. (Inc. 17lbs. extra (Green) ...	3
Mr. Sait's	<i>Annie Laurie,</i>	12st. (Mr. Frederick O	
Mr. Elmore's	<i>Huntsman,</i>	12st. 7lbs. (Inc. 7lbs extra.) (W. Archer)..	0

**Betting.**—5 to 4 agst. Dean—6 to 4 agst. Ploughboy—8 to 1 agst. Annie Laurie.

Mr. Wellitt weighed for Robin Hood, and the horse was in the enclosure, but it was decided at the last moment not to start him—a circumstance that caused many murmurs in the betting-ring.

The Dean rushed to the front at starting. Ploughboy and Annie Laurie being next, but, after clearing the first fence, the latter took the lead. On descending the hill Annie Laurie increased her lead, but fell at the brook, on the landing side, and slipped her saddle, Huntsman going on in advance. On passing the stand, the Dean had resumed the lead, Ploughboy lying second, Huntsman third, and Despised last, and in this order they took the narrow brook. On proceeding along the brow of the hill Huntsman took second place, and, in descending it, Ploughboy went ahead, taking the wide brook first, followed in succession by the Dean, Huntsman, and Despised, these three being close together. In the last field before coming to the course, Huntsman caught his foot in a grip, fell, and rolled upon his jockey, who, unfortunately, sustained a fracture of the left shoulder bone. Ploughboy continued the lead, followed by Despised, who

drew into second place at the last turn, and in this order they passed the post, Ploughboy winning easily by two lengths, three lengths, between Despised and Dean.

**3rd Race.**—Scurry Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 20 added. Three year olds and upwards. Allowances for mares and geldings. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Hadland's	<i>Prevarication</i> by			
	<i>John o' Gaunt,</i>	3	yrs., 6st. 7lbs. (Watson) ...	1
Mr. Thompson's	<i>Sophistry,</i>	5	yrs., 9st. 2lbs. (G. Stevens).	2
Mr. Lester's	<i>Criterion,</i>	4	yrs., 8st. 7lbs. (W. Abdale)	3
Mr. Mill's	<i>Firebrand,</i>	3	yrs., 6st. 12lbs. (Kendal) ...	4

*Betting.*—3 to 1 on *Prevarication*.

*Criterion*, followed by *Sophistry*, *Prevarication*, and *Firebrand*, made play until passing the farm, where he retired; *Prevarication* made the rest of the running, and won by four lengths.

## NEWTON SECOND SPRING MEETING.

*Wednesday.*

**Stewards.**—T. Legh, Esq., Capt. White, and Captain Little.

**Starter.** Mr. W. Elliott, of Manchester.

**Lessee and Clerk of the Course.** Mr. E. W. Topham.

**Judge.**—Mr. Richard Johnson of York.

This Meeting opened under very favourable auspices, viz., fine weather, a large and respectable company, a good list, and plenty of horses to contend for the various prizes. The success attending the First Spring Meeting induced the "lessee" to try his hand at a second, and, considering the time it was on the *tapis*, only being announced about three weeks, we consider that the lessee has done much in a little time. If Mr. Topham would only abandon those abominable "heat" races, we should hear no complaints from the racing public. As we have stated above, the attendance was good, but evidently it was below the mark of the Summer Meeting, whilst the metropolitan sportsmen did not favour Newton with their presence.

The ground was very hard and dusty, which is not to be wondered at, considering that no rain had fallen in this neighbourhood for the last three weeks. The fields were good, considering that the entries were not large, and the sport excellent. A special train left the Victoria station, Manchester, each day, at a quarter past twelve o'clock for Newton-bridge Station, which is about two miles from the race-course, and as the train was a quick one, and the first race was set for 2-30, ample time was allowed to reach the Course before the races com-

menced. The Trial Stake opened the ball, bringing out seven runners, and ended in favour of Sir James Boswell's Cassio, trained by Fobert, of Middleham, which is the first win for Sir James since his horses have been placed under Fobert's care. Cassio was purchased for Sir James Boswell last year at York, after winning a Selling Stake. The Handicap Plate was won by Cimicina, the property of Mr. Walker, who purchased her at Doncaster for eighty guineas, after winning the Juvenile; and what with the stake to-day, and the money she was backed for by her party, she is a cheap animal. The Tyro Stake, for two year olds, had six runners, Mr. Croft's Yeutick winning by a neck, after a capital race. For this race we are sorry to record an accident which occurred to Wells, who was riding Cimicina, only a few strides from the chair; the mare made all the running to the distance, where she was joined by Yeutick and Alston, one on each side of the mare, and these two joining, closed, shutting Cimicina out, and at that moment the girths broke, the mare falling and pitching Wells off; he was very much stunned, but we are happy to learn that no bones were broken. It is supposed that Cimicina caught the heels of Alston, which threw her down, and as the St. Leon colt was immediately behind, it is wonderful how Wells escaped being run over. The Selling Stakes brought the day's sport to a conclusion, and it was only remarkable for benefiting the Race Fund to the tune of sixty guineas, the owner of Jullien buying him in at seventy guineas. We should recommend Mr. Topham to do away with Heat Races in future at Newton.

The officials got through their business in a highly satisfactory manner, both judge, starter and clerk of the Course filling their respective offices with great credit. The following is a return of the sport: -

**1st Race.**—The Trial Handicap of 5 Sovs. each, with 25 Sovs. added, for all ages; a winner of any handicap after the publication of the weights, 5lbs. extra; second to save his stake. One mile. 10 subs.

Sir J. Boswell's	br. g. <i>Cassio</i> ,	4 yrs. 7st. 2lbs.	G. Waddington	1
Mr. Owen's	<i>Timotheus</i> ,	6 yrs. 6st. 12lbs.	(Wells)	... 2
Mr. Cotgreave's	<i>Andromache</i> ,	3 yrs. 5st. 3lbs.*	(Wilson)	... 3
Mr. Wilson's	<i>Royal George</i> ,	5 yrs. 8st. 6lbs.	(Thorpe)	... 0
Mr. J. H. Jones's	<i>Theodine</i> ,	5 yrs. 7st. 7lbs.	(Land, Jun.)	... 0
Mr. Shepherdson's	<i>Pastrycook</i> ,	4 yrs. 7st. 5lbs	(Denman)	... 0
Mr. Walker's	<i>Tempest</i> ,	5 yrs. 7st. 2lbs.†	(T. Jones)	... 0

**Betting.**—5 to 2 agst. Pastrycook—7 to 2 agst. Andromache—4 to 1 agst. Cassio—and 6 to 1 agst. Royal George.

After one failure, caused by Royal George breaking away, they got off, Timotheus getting the best of the start, which he made good use of, having Cassio second, and Andromache third. They ran thus for about half a mile, when Andromache took the second place, but at the distance was beaten; halfway up Cassio challenged Timotheus, and at the end won very easily by a length. Andromache was a bad third; Theodine was fourth, and Royal George fifth, both close together.

\* Carried 5st. 5lbs.

† Carried 7st. 4lbs.

**2nd Race.**—A Handicap Plate of 50 Sovs. Winners 5lbs. extra. T. Y. C. 15 subs.

Mr. Wilkins's	b. f. <i>Cimicina</i> , by <i>Phlegon</i> ,	2 yrs., 5st. 4lbs. (Wilson) ...	1
Mr. Park's	br. f. by <i>St. Leon</i> — <i>Thalia</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 12lbs. (Glen) ...	2
Mr. Harrison's	<i>Hyacinth</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 12lbs. (Charlton) .	3
Mr. R. Walker's	<i>Game Tommy</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 10lbs. (S. Jones) .	4
Mr. J. C. Johnson's	br. f. by <i>Pantasa</i> — <i>Maid of Mona</i> ,	3 yrs., 6st. 2lbs. (Atherton) .	5
Mr. Taylor names	<i>Lady-in-Waiting</i> ,	5 yrs., 7st. 12lbs. (Denman) .	6
Mr. R. Morris's	<i>Wild Deer</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 5lbs. (Aspinall)...	7
Mr. Owen's	<i>Slattern</i> ,	3 yrs., 6st. (T. Cliff) ...	8

**Betting.**—5 and 6 to 4 agst. *Cimicina*—4 to 1 agst. *Game Tommy*—and 6 to 1 agst. *Lady-in-Waiting*.

Wild Deer made play to the road, where *Cimicina* took up the running, and after a fine race with the *Thalia* filly from the distance, won by a neck; two lengths between second and third. *Game Tommy* was fourth, *Pantasa* filly fifth, *Lady-in-Waiting* sixth, *Wild Deer* seventh, and *Slattern* last.

**3rd Race.**—The Tyro Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 20 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs. fillies and geldings, 8st. 4lbs.; half-breds allowed 4lbs.; winners to carry 4lbs. extra. T. Y. C. 8 subs.

Mr. Croft's	b. c. <i>Yeutick</i> by <i>Tory Boy</i> ,	8st. 11lbs. (Charlton) ...	1
Mr. Norton's	<i>Alston</i> ,	8st. 7lbs. (G. Waddington) ...	2
Mr. J. C. Johnson's	br. c. by <i>St. Leon-Lapwing</i>	8st. 7lbs. (Holmes) ...	3
Mr. Edwards's	bl. f. <i>Sylvia</i> ,	8st. 4lbs. (G. Oates) ...	4
Mr. E. Buckley's	b. c. by <i>Verulam-the Hind</i> ,	8st. 7lbs. (T. Cliff) ...	5
Mr. Wilkins's	b. f. <i>Cimicina</i> ,	8st. 8lbs. (Wells) ...	6

**Betting.**—7 to 4 agst. *Alston*—2 to 1 agst. *Sylvia*—4 to 1 agst. *Yeutick*—and 5 to 1 agst. *Cimicina*.

After a little delay at the post, caused by the restiveness of *Sylvia*, they got well away, *Cimicina* leading, with *Yeutick* and *Alston* lying the next two. In this order they ran to the distance, where *Cimicina* was joined by *Yeutick* and *Alston*, one on each side, and a fine race ensued, but the pair joining together in the last twenty yards shut *Cimicina* out, and the mare, catching the heels of *Alston*, fell and Wells was thrown with great violence to the ground, but we are happy to say that no bones were broken. *Yeutick* won by a neck. The *St. Leon* colt was a good third, *Sylva* fourth, and the *Verulam* colt fifth.

**4th Race.**—The Selling Stakes of 3 Sovs. each, with 20 added, for three year olds and upwards. Optional selling weights, &c. Heats, mile and a quarter.

Mr. Cotgreave's	br. h. <i>Jullien</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 13lbs. (10L.)	(Charlton) 1 1
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Mr. Grimer's	<i>Cripple Kate</i> ,	6 <sup>4</sup> yrs., 8st. 8lbs. (10l.)	(E. Jones) 3 2
Mr. Toke's	<i>True Girl</i> ,	6 yrs., 8st. 13lbs (10l.)	Frost 5 3
Mr. Burke's	<i>Nancy Martinson</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 5lbs. (10l.)	Holmes 2dr.
Mr. Briton's	<i>Heliotrope</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 5lbs. (10l.)	G.Oates 4dr.
<i>Betting.</i> —1st heat.—Even on Jullien—and 3 to 1 agst. any other.			

Nancy Martinson made strong running, with Jullien second, to the distance, where he took the lead, and won in a canter by half a length. The others did not go for the heat.

*Betting.*—2nd heat.—4 to 1 on Jullien.

Jullien waited on Cripple Kate to the distance, where he challenged, and at the end, won in a canter by a length. True Girl was beaten a long way. The winner was put up by auction, after the race, and bought in by his owner for seventy guineas, the race fund netting sixty guineas.

#### Thursday.

The weather was fine, and a large company was present, exceeding the attendance of the first day. The racing was excellent, the various contests being close and interesting, the first event on the card being a dead heat. The second heat, for the Selling Stake, was one of the finest races ever witnessed; Jullien pulling through by a short head, Telegraph getting the second honours by the same. The decisions of the judge were prompt and decisive. The racing came off as under:—

The Selling Handicap Race not having filled, the following was substituted.—

1st Race.—The Scurry Handicap of 3 Sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages. T. Y. C. 9 subs.

Mr. Harrison's	b. g. <i>Hyacinth</i> , by <i>Bay Middleton</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 10lbs. (Charlton)	1 †
Mr. R. Morris's	<i>Wild Deer</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 0lb. (Aspinall)	2 †
Mr. Saxon's	<i>Lady Elizabeth</i> ,	3 yrs., 6st. 9lbs. (J. Forster)	3
Mr. Wilson's	<i>Royal George</i> ,	5 yrs., 8st. 6lbs. (T. Cliff)	... 0
Mr. Walker's	<i>Game Tommy</i> ,	4 yrs., 8st. 1lb. (T. Jones)	... 0
Mr. Shepherdson's	<i>Pastrycook</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 7lbs. (R. Denman)	0
Mr. Walker's	<i>Telegraph</i> ,	4 yrs., 7st. 7lbs. (G. Oates)	... 0
Mr. Grimer's	<i>Cripple Kate</i> ,	6 yrs., 7st. 7lbs. (Land, Jun.)	0
Mr. C. Kemp's	<i>Hydaspes</i> ,	2 yrs., 5st. 2lbs. (J. Prime)	... 0

*Betting.*—1st heat.—Even on Hyacinth.—4 to 1 agst. Telegraph—5 to 1 agst. Lady Elizabeth—and 6 to 1 agst. Royal George.

After a couple of slight failures they got pretty well off, Royal George springing to the front, with Wild Deer second, and thus they ran to the road, where Royal George died off, and Wild Deer took up the running, followed closely by Hyacinth; Charlton rushing it in the last two strides, and making a dead heat of it. Lady Elizabeth was beaten about three lengths; Royal George was fourth, and Pastrycook fifth.

*Betting.*—Deciding Heat.—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Hyacinth.

Hyacinth jumped off with the lead, was never headed, and won easily by a length.

**2nd Race.**—The Golborne Park Steeple Chase of 100 Sovs. in specie, by subscription of 5 Sovs. each, with 50 added. Winners of any Steeple Chase after the publication of the weights 6lbs. extra. Second to save his Stake. About three miles. 10 subs.

Mr. J. Henderson's	<i>The Kaffir</i> ,	aged,	8st. 10lbs.	(W. Fowler)	1
Mr. Burke's	<i>Nancy Martinson</i> ,	5 yrs.,	8st. 10lbs.	(Turner)	2
Mr. J. Henderson's	<i>Labyrinth</i> ,	6 yrs.,	9st. 10lbs.	(W. White)	3
Mr. J. H. Jones's	<i>Theodine</i> ,	5 yrs.,	9st. 14lbs.	(Green)	0

**Betting.**—5 to 2 on Theodine—and 5 to 1 agst. any other.

Theodine made all the running, till reaching the second fence from the Course in the first round, when he refused twice, which gave the lead to The Kaffir, who kept it to the end, and won in a canter by twenty lengths. four lengths between the second and third.

**3rd Race.**—The Loadstone Handicap of 60 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 3 Sovs. each. The winner of any Handicap, after the publication of the weights, 7lbs. extra. Second to receive 20 Sovs. out of the Stakes. Three-quarters of a mile. 16 subs.

Mr. G. Robinson's	b. c. <i>Donskoy</i> ,	by <i>Hetman</i>			
	<i>Platoff</i> ,	4 yrs.,	7st. 8lbs.	(G. Oates)	1
Mr. Cotgrove's	<i>Andromache</i> ,	3 yrs.,	5st. 6lbs.	(Wilson)	2
Sir. J. Boswell's	<i>Cassio</i> ,	4 yrs,	7st. 12lbs.*	(G. Waddington)	3
Mr. Taylor names	<i>Lady-in-Waiting</i> ,	5 yrs.,	7st. 5lbs.	(Denman)	4
Mr. R. Walker's	<i>Game Tommy</i> ,	4 yrs,	7st. 5lbs.	(Clement)	0
Mr. Bank's	<i>My Mary</i> ,	4 yrs,	6st. 12lbs.	(Veale)	0
Mr. E. Etches'	<i>Little Princess</i> ,	4 yrs,	6st. 8lbs.	(Land, jun.)	0
Mr. Flintoff's	<i>Wire</i> ,	3 yrs,	6st. 0lb.	(J. Prime)	0

**Betting.**—7 to 4 agst. Donskoy—3 to 1 agst. Cassio—5 to 1 agst. any other.

Donskoy made all the running, was never headed, and won easily by a length, the same between second and third, and a neck between the third and fourth.

**4th Race.**—A Selling Race of 3 Sovs. each, with 20 added, for two-year-olds and upwards. Optional selling weights, &c. The winner to be sold by auction immediately after the Race, and any surplus over the selling price to go to the Fund. T. Y. C., heats.

Mr. Cotgreave's	b. h. <i>Jullien</i> ,	5 yrs.,	10st. 2lbs.	(10L.)	(Charlton)	1
Mr. Walker's	<i>Telegraph</i> ,	4 yrs.,	9st. 3lbs.	(10L.)	(W. White)	2
Mr. Taylor's	<i>Lady-in-Waiting</i> ,	5 yrs.,	9st. 10lbs.	(20L.)	(Denman)	3
Mr. Barber's	b. f. by <i>Sir Tatton Sykes</i> ,	dam by				
	<i>Harkaway</i> ,	2 yrs.,	5st. 6lbs.	(16L.)	(J. Foster)	2
Mr. Owen's	<i>Slattern</i> ,	3 yrs.,	8st. 0lb.	(14L.)	(E. Jones)	4 dr.

**Betting.**—1st heat.—7 to 4 on Jullien.

\* Including 7lbs. extra.

Jullien made all the running, was never headed, and won in a canter by half a length; Telegraph was a bad third; a neck between the third and fourth.

*Betting—2nd heat.*—2 to 1 on Jullien—and 4 to 1 against any other.

Sir Tatton Sykes' filly made all the running till within the distance, where she was joined by the others, and a splendid race ensued. Jullien winning by a short head; she came between the second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. Topham for 50 Guineas.

#### LATEST BETTING ON THE COURSE.

<i>Great Northern Handicap.</i>		14 to 1 agst. Star of Surrey (taken)
4 to 1 agst. Virago (taken freely)		20 to 1—Newminster (taken)
10 to 1—Defiance.		28 to 1—Tom (taken)
20 to 1—Heapy (taken freely)		<i>Derby.</i>
20 to 1—Vindex		5 to 1 agst. Autocrat (taken)
<i>Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.</i>		13 to 2—Dervish (taken freely)
3 to 1 agst. Boiardo (taken)		7 to 1—King Tom
5 to 1—Ruby (taken)		15 to 1—Wild Huntsman (taken)
7 to 1—Champagne (taken)		25 to 1—Andover (taken)
<i>Chester Cup.</i>		30 to 1—Marsyas
11 to 1 agst. Baalbec (taken)		40 to 1—Canute
12 to 1—Marc Antony (taken)		

#### NORTH TYNE STEEPLE CHASES.

THIS Meeting took place at Wark, in Northumberland, on Friday, the 7th inst. and excited great interest in the locality. The run was over a fine country, about three miles, and the arrangements were highly satisfactory to all parties.

*1st Race*—North Tyne Steeple Chase of 2 Sovs. each, with 20 added; 11st each. Three miles.

Mr. G. Robson's	<i>Heather Jock,</i>	(Owner) ...	1
Mr. Watson's	<i>Black Doctor,</i>	(Nelson) ...	2
Mr. J. Watson's	<i>Monkchester,</i>	(Dixon) ...	3

Monkchester fell at a fence. Won by nearly a length.

*2nd Race.*—Sweepstakes of 1 Sov. each, with 10 added.

Mr. Smith's	<i>Jenny Twitcher</i>	... 1
Mr. Gibson's	<i>Star of the West</i>	... 2
Mr. Robson's	<i>Mrs. Allworthy</i>	... 3
Mr. Livesey's br. f.		... 4

The Beaten Stakes were won by Mrs. Allworthy, beating three others.



## FRENCH STEEPLE CHASES.

THE third and last day of the Spring Meetings at La Marche took place on 9th April. The weather being fine, the company was numerous, but the Stakes and running were insignificant, compared with those of the preceding Sunday.

**1st Race.**—Handicap, 4,500fr., added to 400fr. entry; the second horse to receive double its entry. Distance, about 5,200 metres, with eighteen leaps.

M. C. de Lamotte's	<i>Franc Picard,</i>	... 1
Viscount A. Talon's	<i>Glenlyon,</i>	... 2
M. Delamarre's	<i>Flying Buck</i>	... 3

**2nd Race.**—Extra Stakes (Prix de Surprise) of 100fr., added to 50 entry, and 400fr. from the Racing Fund. Distance about 3,000 metres.

Viscount Talon's	<i>Vaurien,</i>	... 1
Mr. Gibson's	<i>Hopeful,</i>	... 2

**3rd Race.**—The Consolation Stakes, 2,000fr., added to 100 entry. Distance, about 4,000 metres, with fifteen leaps.

M. Delamarre's	<i>Lady Arthur</i>	... 1
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## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THE programme of the Craven has been materially improved by the introduction of new features. The attractions of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday's list have been strengthened by the establishment of new Handicaps, and we may, at any rate, calculate upon an average supply of sport. Our "advices" from Newmarket are sufficient to sustain expectations of at least a satisfactory, if not a highly successful Meeting. Rain would produce a beneficial effect on the Course and exercise ground; the Bury and Cambridge hills are very hard, but on the Lime Kilns it is somewhat "good going." A ploughed gallop has been made, but it has been little used. On going round it, two horses fell somewhat severely, and this circumstance has, doubtless, deterred trainers from using it. Subjoined is a programme of the sport:

(The asterisks indicate the horses that are already in the town.)

**Monday—Handicaps and Sweepstakes.**

**1st Race.**—The Craven Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, with 50 added by the Jockey Club; for three-year-olds, 6st. 6lbs.; four, 8st. 4lbs., five, 8st.

13lbs ; six and aged, 9st. 5lbs. The winner to be sold for 600 Sovs. if demanded in the usual way, unless exemption from being sold is claimed at the time of entrance, and horses for which this claim is made are to carry 9lbs. extra. A.F.—To close, and the horses to be named by six o'clock the evening before running. Three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or the 50l. will not be added without the express consent of the Stewards.

**2nd Race.**—Handicap Plate of 50 Sovs. for three-year olds and upwards. Clermont Course.—To enter by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine.

**3rd Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 Sovs. each, and only 5 ft. if declared by ten o'clock the evening before running, to go to the owner of the second horse, for three and four-year-olds. D. M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine. Three to remain in, or no race.

**4th Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 Sovs. each, 10 ft. for four-year olds and upwards. T. Y. C.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine.

**5th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year old fillies, 8st. 7lbs ; those by stallions or out of mares that never bred a winner allowed 4lbs. ; only one allowance. D. M. 8 subs.

Beatrice (4lbs.)	f. by The Hero—The	Pillion (4lbs.)
*f. by Melbourne—	Flea (4lbs.)	Mississippi (4lbs.)
Actæon mare (4lbs.)	Glengowrie	*Apropos (4lbs.)
*Margaretta (4lbs)		

**6th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 100 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year old colts 8st., 7lbs. ; those by stallions or out of mares that never bred a winner allowed 4lbs., only one allowance. D. M. 6 subs.

*Pelham (4lbs.)	Bessus (4lbs.)	c by Van Tromp—
*Caliban (4lbs.)	*Student	Reel (4lbs.)
*Macduff (4lbs.)		

**7th Race.**—Renewal of the Sweepstakes of 50 Sovs. each, for three year olds ; colts, 8st. 7lbs. ; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs., not engaged in either Riddlesworth, the two Thousand Guineas or the One Thousand Guineas Stakes. D. M. 4 subs.

\*Census | Toggery | \*Weathercock | \*Folly o'-the-Day.

**8th Race.**—Match, 500, h. ft. T. M. M.—Duke of Bedford's \*Sittingbourne, agst. Lord Clifden's \*Pelion, 8st. 7lbs., each.

**9th Race.**—Match, 300, h. ft. A. F.—Mr. J. M. Stanley's Orinoco, 8st. 7lbs., agst. Lord Glasgow's \*Barbatus, 8st. 4lbs.

10th Race.—Match, 200, h. ft. A. F.—Lord Clifden's \*Poodle, five years, 8st. 9lbs., agst. Lord Glasgow's \*Doublethong, 4 years, 8st. 4lbs.

11th Race.—Match, 200, h. ft. A. F.—Lord Glasgow's \*Caracara agst. Mr. Greville's Invasion, 8st. 3lbs. each.

*Tuesday.—The Newmarket Handicap.*

1st Race.—A Plate of 50 Sovs., for two year old colts 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs. First half of Ab. M.—To enter by six o'clock the evening before running.

2nd Race.—Subscription Plate of 50 Sovs.; for three year olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lbs.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st., 2lbs. T. Y. C.—The horses to be entered by six o'clock the evening before running.

3rd Race.—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each; for three year olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lbs.; five and upwards, 8st. 11lbs. The winner to be sold for 80 sovs, if demanded in the usual way. First half of Ab. M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running.

4th Race.—Renewal of the Newmarket Handicap of 25 Sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 200 Sovs. added; for three year olds and upwards. The owner of the second horse to receive 100 Sovs. out of the Stakes; the winner of the Northamptonshire Stakes or the Metropolitan Stakes, at Epsom, to carry 7lbs.; of both, 10lbs. extra. Clermont Course. 77 subs., 34 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Nabob, 5 yrs.	...	9 2	*Nicotine, 4 yrs.	...	1
The Reiver, 4 yrs.	...	8 10	*Poodle, 5 yrs.	...	0
King of Trumps, 5 yrs.	...	8 10	*br. g. by Assault—Miss		
Adine, 5 yrs.	...	8 7	Norton, 4 yrs.	...	6 13
Defiance, 4 yrs.	...	8 4	Stamford, 6 yrs.	...	6 12
Little David, 4 yrs.	...	8 4	Veteran, 4 yrs.	...	8
Prime Minister, 6 yrs.	...	8 1	Virago, 3 yrs (in. 7lbs ex.)	...	6
Trifle (h.b.), 5 yrs.	...	8 0	Bracken, 3 yrs.	...	5
Rattle, 4 yrs.	...	8 0	Sine-quan-non, 3 yrs.	...	4
Ethelbert, 4 yrs.	...	8 0	Caliph, 3 yrs.	...	2
Brocket, 4 yrs.	...	7 13	Toggerly, 3 yrs.	...	2
Indian Warrior, 5 yrs.	...	7 12	*Epaminondas, 3 yrs.	...	0
Jouvence, 4 yrs.	...	7 12	Pauline, 3 yrs.	...	12
Mentmore Lass, 4 yrs.	...	7 10	*Coup-d'Etat, 3 yrs.	...	13
*Nutpecker, 4 yrs.	...	7 9	bro. to Little Swift, 3 yrs.	...	10
Dove, 4 yrs.	...	7 8	Little Jem, 3 yrs.	...	9
Mr. Sykes, 4 yrs.	...	7 7	Brigadier, 3 yrs.	...	9
*Caracara, 5 yrs.	...	7 7	*Adeline, 3 yrs.	...	7
*Khadidjah, 5 yrs.	...	7 7	El Dorado, 3 yrs.	...	7
Tonic, 6 yrs.	...	7 7	*Selina, 3 yrs.	...	7
Sandhurst, 4 yrs.	...	7 4	Conspiracy, 3 yrs.	...	4
Tiction, 4 yrs.	...	7 3	Lincoln's Inn, 3 yrs.	...	4

**5th Race.**—Twenty-First Tuesday Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs; fillies, 8st. 4lbs; mares or stallions that never produced a winner allowed 3lbs; if both, 5lbs. D. M. 7 subs.

Cardinal

\*Astolfo

\*Caliban (3lbs.)

The Little Pet (3lbs.)

\*Fact (3lbs.)

Lapithæ (3lbs.)

Baalbec

**6th Race.**—Match. 100, h. ft. D. M.—Mr. Mare's \*Pharold, 4 yrs. 8st. 7lbs., agst. Count Batthyany's \*Marquis of Sevigne, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lbs.

### Wednesday—The Craven Handicap.

**1st Race.**—Handicap Plate of 50 Sovs, for three year olds and upwards. A. F.—The horses to be entered by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine the same evening.

**2nd Race.**—Handicap Plate of 70 Sovs. for three year olds and upwards. D. I.—To enter by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine.

**3rd Race.**—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, for three year olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 8lbs; five and upwards, 9st 1lb. The winner to be sold for 150 Sovs, if demanded, &c. Ab. M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running.

**4th Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 Sovs. each, and only 5 ft. if declared by ten o'clock the evening before running, to go to the owner of the second horse, for three year olds and upwards. Cambridgeshire Course.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine. Three to remain in or no race.

**5th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs. and fillies, 8st. 3lbs; the winner to be sold for 200 Sovs. First half of Ab. M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running.

**6th Race.**—The Craven Handicap of 25 Sovs. each, 10 ft., with 200 added. The winner of the City and Suburban Handicap or Lord Spencer's Plate to carry 7lbs.; of any other Handicap value 100 Sovs. 3lbs. extra; no horse to carry more than 7lbs. extra. T. Y. C.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
*Ephesus, 6 yrs.	...	8 13	Eva, 3 yrs.	...	7 0
The Prime Minister, 6 yrs....	...	8 11	*Placid, 4 yrs.	...	6 9
*Pelion, 4 yrs.	...	8 7	*Quince, 3 yrs.	...	6 9
Orinoco, 4 yrs.	...	8 0	Jack Frost, 3 yrs.	...	6 9
*Nathan, 4 yrs.	...	7 9	Adelaide, 3 yrs.	...	6 2
*Nutpecker, 4 yrs.	...	7 5	*Bourgeois, 4 yrs.	...	5 13
*Cheddar, 4 yrs.	...	7 4	*Determination, 3 yrs.	...	5 11
*Nicotine, 4 yrs.	...	7 1	Conspiracy, 3 yrs.	...	5 9

**7th Race.**—The Column Stakes of 50 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs. for three year olds; those got by stallions or out of mares that never produced a winner allowed 3lbs.; if both, 5lbs. R. M. 22 subs.

Apollonius (3lbs.)	Glenstrae	Paxton
Prince Arthur (3lbs.)	Tambourine	*Quince
Rally (3lbs.)	b. f. by Lancroost—Me-	*Boer (5lbs.)
b. f. by Ion—Taurina	rope	Bessus (3lbs.)
(3lbs.)	*Miranda	*Kaffir (3lbs.)
*Pelham (3lbs.)	Phoenix	f (dead) by Old England
che. (dead) by Weather-	*Caliban (3lbs.)	—Temper (3lbs.)
bit—Billow (3lbs.)	ch. f. by The Hero—The	Mississippi (5lbs.)
Eccleston (3lbs.)	Flea (5lbs.)	Lioness (5lbs.)

**8th Race.**—Match, 100, h. ft. D. M.—Mr. Newland's El Dorado agst. Mr. J. Day, jun's Lady Jane, by The Hero, out of Fanny, by Whisker; 8st. 7lbs. each.

*Thursday—The Ab. M. Handicap Plate.*

**1st Race.**—Handicap Plate of 100 Sovs.; the winner of the City and Suburban or the Craven Handicap to carry 7lbs.; of any other Handicap of 100 Sovs. value, 3lbs. extra; no horse to carry more than 7lbs. extra. Ab.M.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
*Pelion, 4 yrs.	... 8 10	*Astolfo, 3 yrs.	6 10
*Guy Mannerings, 6 yrs.	... 8 4	Inder, 4 yrs.	6 10
*Rackapelt, 4 yrs.	... 8 0	*Epaminondas, 3 yrs.	6 10
*Nutpecker, 4 yrs.	... 8 0	*Epigram, 4 yrs.	6 10
Farmer's Boy, 5 yrs.	... 8 0	*Handsome Buck, 3 yrs.	6 7
*Diomedea, 4 yrs.	... 7 12	*Lady Blanche, 5 yrs	6 7
bro. to Grey Tommy, 4 yrs...	7 12	f. by Wintonian—Idleness, 3	
*Cheddar, 4 yrs.	... 7 9	ys.	6 7
Don Quixote, 4 yrs.	... 7 6	*Oxus, 3 yrs.	6 5
Hazelnut, 4 yrs.	... 7 4	*Determination, 3 yrs.	6 4
Little Tom, 4 yrs.	... 7 4	*f. by Sesostris—Anvil's, d.	
*Cock Pheasant, 4 yrs.	... 7 4	3 yrs.	5 12
*g by Assault—Miss Norton,		*Miss Bolton, 3 yrs.	5 12
4 years	... 7 2	Mishap, 3 yrs.	5 12
Black Bess, 4 years	... 6 10	Kennyside Hero, 3 yrs.	5 10

**2nd Race.**—Subscription Plate of 50 Sovs.; for three year olds, 6st. 12lbs; four years 8st. 7lbs.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st 3lbs. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs., if demanded, &c. D.M.—The horses to be entered by six o'clock the evening before running.

**3rd Race.**—Handicap Plate of 50 Sovs., for three year olds and upwards. T. Y. C.—The horses to be entered by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine.

**4th Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 Sovs. each, and only 5 ft. if declared by ten o'clock the evening before running, to go to the owner of the second horse, for four year olds and upwards. A.F.

—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running and the weights to be declared by nine. Three to remain in, or no race.

**5th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each; for three year olds, 7st. 7lbs.; four, 8st. 12lbs.; five and upwards, 9st. 3lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. The winner to be sold for 200 Sovs., if demanded, &c.; if entered to be sold for 150l. allowed 7lbs.; if for 100l., 12lbs.; if for 70l., 16lbs.; if for 40l., 21lbs. D.M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running.

**6th Race.**—Second Year of the Aske Produce Stakes of 50 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds; colts, 8st 7lbs.; fillies 8st 2lbs. The winner of the Aske Produce Stakes, the first year run at York August Meeting 1853, to carry 7lbs. extra. D.M. 11 subs.

Tros	b.f. by Picaroon—Prin-	Olitipa
Ortolano., 7lbs. extra)	cess Alice	f. by Bay Middleton—
Julian	c. (dead) by John	Venus
Glaukopis	O'Gaunt—Miss Sarah	*Crosslanes
Humguffin	Copenhagen	

**7th Race.**—The Buckhurst Stakes of 200 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds.; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 2lbs. D. M. 12 subs.

Prince Arthur	*Quince	Baalbec
Cardinal	sis. to Aphrodite	Boiardo
Phoenix	br. c. (dead) by Touch-	Comforter (dead)
*Phaeton	stone—Cuckoo	Changarnier
Paxton		

**8th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 100 Sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; fillies, 8st. 4lbs.; the produce of mares that have bred a winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Grand Duke Michael, Derby, Oaks, or Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, to carry 7lbs. extra; those by stallions or out of mares that never bred a winner allowed 3lbs. D. M. 9 subs.

Apollonius (3lbs)	Bessus (3lbs.)	Ludwig (3lbs.)
Sambo	Autocrat	b. c. by Van Tromp-
*Caliban (3lbs)	Glengowrie	Reel (3lbs.)
*The Consul		

**9th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 100 Sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs.; winners of a two years old Stake value 200l., to carry 5lbs.; of two such stakes, or of one of 500l., to carry 9lbs. extra. D. M. 3 subs.

c. by Slane—Exotic | \*Tabouret | Olitipa

**10th Race.**—The Claret Stakes, a subscription of 200 Sovs. each, h. ft., for four year olds; colts 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 2lbs. D. 1. 5 subs.

North Pole	*Filbert	Elmsthorpe (dead)
*Pelion	*Barbatus	

**11th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 Sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds: colts 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs. Certain winners extra. Criterion Course.

Toggerly	*Student	*Coup d'Etat
*Census	*Maresfield	

**12th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 50 Sovs. each, h. ft., for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs; and fillies, 8st 2lbs, which never won before the time of closing this Stake; horses which have started twice before the time of closing this Stake allowed 4lbs.; thrice or more, 6lbs.; such allowance to be claimed at the time of naming. D.M.

*Student (6lbs.)	*Quince (6lbs.)	*Switch (6lbs.)
*Testy (6lbs.)	Helmet (4lbs.)	Cheshire Marquis (4lbs.)

*Friday—The Port Stakes.*

**1st Race.**—Handicap Plate of 100 Sovs.; the winner of the Metropolitan or the Newmarket Handicap to carry 7lbs.; of any other Handicap value 100 Sovs. 3lbs. extra; no horse to carry more than 7lbs. extra. Cesarewitch Course.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
*Ariosto, 6 yrs.	... 8 12	Veteran, 4 yrs.	... 6 9
Cobnut, 4 yrs.	... 8 4	Toggerly, 3 yrs.	... 6 2
*Ilex, 5 yrs.	... 8 4	*Nightshade, 3 yrs.	... 5 7
*Ethelwolf, 5 yrs.	... 7 12	*Adeline, 3 yrs.	... 5 7
*Khadijah, 5 yrs.	... 7 5	*Selina, 3 yrs.	... 5 7
*Waverley, 5 yrs.	... 7 5	*Miss Bolton, 3 yrs.	... 5 4
*Rackapelt, 4 yrs.	... 7 5	*Kennyside Hero, 3 yrs.	... 5 4
Black Doctor, 6 yrs.	... 7 3	Lincoln's Inn, 3 yrs.	... 5 2
*Poodle, 5 yrs.	... 7 0		

**2nd Race.**—Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 Sovs. each, 10 ft. for all ages. T. Y. C.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running, and the weights to be declared by nine.

**3rd Race.**—Sweepstakes of 10 Sovs. each, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs. The winner to be sold for 150 Sovs.; if entered to be sold for 100 Sovs. allowed 6lbs; if for 80 Sovs. 9lbs; if for 50 Sovs. 12lbs.; if for 25 Sovs. 16lbs. Last half of Ab. M.—To close and name by six o'clock the evening before running.

**4th Race.**—The Port Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 100 Sovs. each, h. ft. for four year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st., 4lbs. not named in the Claret. The owner of the second horse to receive back his Stake. T. M. M. 11 subs.

* Cheddar	Veteran	West Australian
* Sittingbourne	Vindex	Cineas
Stone Plover	Orestes	Hurworth
Umbriel	The Nut	

**5th Race.**—Sweepstakes of 200 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year

olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs.; which shall not have run at two years old. R. M. 5 subs.

Marble Hill		* Violet		* Dandelion
* Apopos		* The Consul		

*6th Race.*—Sweepstakes of 100 Sovs. each, h. ft. for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 2lbs. D. M. 9 subs.

Applause	Firebrand	bro. to Maid of
Dervish	The Trapper	Masham
Mandricardo	Rosaline	Lincoln's Inn
* Fact		

#### ANTICIPATED RESULTS OF THE SPORT.

The character of the events appointed for decision is not sufficiently important to be suggestive of elaborate remarks. Each Race possesses its distinctive characteristic which is familiar to the merest turf tyro. Monday's list contains eleven items, of which four are matches, and four unclosed stakes. Eight animals are nominated for the Sweepstakes for fillies, Apopos appearing to possess the most favourable chance of success. An opportunity may be afforded by the 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes for colts, of judging of Bessus' present form, and determining his Derby pretensions. He certainly ought to be capable of defeating easily the animals that are likely to oppose him, if he possesses the slightest title to support in the betting on the great Epsom encounter. Census seems destined to carry off the 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes. For their respective Matches, not the least interesting items in the list of sport, we select Sittingbourne, Orinoco, Poodle, and Caracara.

The Newmarket Handicap is the leading feature in Tuesday's programme. Speculation on it has at present been limited in its range and uncertain in its tendency. Some investments were made on Virago after her double victory at Epsom, but no disposition has been evinced to extend them. In fact, however, few books are yet opened on the race. Virago can scarcely fail of following up her success, should she go to the post. In her absence we shall expect the result of the Race to be recorded in favour of either Poodle or Bracken.

Fact and Baalbec are the most noteworthy names among the seven nominations to the Riddlesworth Stakes. For the Match we shall "stand" on Pharold.

Ephesus, Orinoco, and Nicotine are in our opinion the animals most deserving support for the Craven Handicap. It is questionable whether the mysterious Prince Arthur will be brought out to compete for the Column Stakes. With a start we shall "go" for Bessus and Miranda.

El Dorado will, perhaps, win his Match.

For the Handicap Plate on Thursday we select Diomedea, Miss Bolton, and Kennyside Hero. Tros or Olitipa may carry off the ke Produce Stakes. Should Boiardo and Phaeton meet for the



Buckhurst Stakes, the encounter will be regarded with peculiar interest. In the absence of Boiardo, Phaeton will, doubtless, be the winner. He is said to be much improved in form, although his "temper is none of the sweetest."

Autocrat is not likely to put in an appearance for the 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes, calculating upon a run; we shall, therefore, again believe in Bessus's ability to pull through. The Exotic colt may win the other 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes. The Claret Stakes we assign to Filbert, the 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes (Criterion Course) to Census, and the 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes (D.M.) to Quince.

Friday's list numbers six items, including the Port Stakes and the Handicap Plate. West Australian figures among the nominations to the Port Stakes, and his success would, were he to go to the post, be calculated upon as a certainty. The other names of note in the list of entries are Sittingbourne and Orestes, and notwithstanding the decided improvement of the latter, we shall expect to see him defeated by Sittingbourne. The foremost places in the race for the Handicap Plate will, we expect, be occupied by Ilex and Ethelwolf. On paper the 100 Sovs. Sweepstakes looks a certainty for Dervish, and the result of the 200 Sovs. Sweepstakes may be in favour of The Consul.

## LATEST ARRIVALS.

Sweetness	Leybourne	Kaffir
Khadidjah	Acute Angle	Boer
Cock Pheasant	Scarcecrow	Quince
Malmsey	Speed the Plough.	Mandricardo
Bourgeois		

The Duke of Bedford's Pensioner met with an accident whilst at exercise on Thursday, and was shortly afterwards destroyed. Hesse Cassel is gone to Mitchel grove.

## YORK SPRING MEETING.

THE establishment of the Great Northern Handicap seems likely to extend the already rapidly-attained popularity of this Meeting. It certainly gives an importance and attractiveness to the gathering equal to those of its most powerful competitors for public patronage. The first day being appointed for Wednesday next, the second day's sport, as we announced last week, has been postponed until Thursday. Subjoined is the programme:—

*Tuesday—The Great Northern.*

*1st Race.*—The Craven Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, with 50 added;

for three year olds, 6st. 8lbs.; four, 8st. 4lbs.; five, 8st. 11lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 3lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; the winner to pay 5 Sovs. towards expenses. One mile.

	yrs.		yrs.		yrs.
Daniel O'Rourke ...	5	Eva	3	Eulogist	4
Snowdon Dunhill ...	4	Grapeshot	4	Merry Monk	3
Invasion ...	4	Hunca-munca	4	Orestes	4
King of Trumps ...	5	Vignette	3		

**2nd Race.**—The Zetland Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 100 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs.; winners before starting to carry 2lbs. extra; beaten horses allowed 2lbs.; the second to receive back his Stake. Half a mile.

b. c. by Sir Tatton	Scipio	Van Winkle
Sykes—Southdown	Westminster	Lord Alfred
Titormus	Hanover	Brother to Flirt
The Chicken	Margaret	Mosquito
Calvary	Sahara	The Usurer
Exmouth	Emma Bennett	Guitar
br. f. by Van Tromp	Qualm	The Medway
—Idolatry	St. Mark	Evangeline
b. f. by Epirus—Pe-	Rose	Mary
lion's dam	Lily	Sir Roger Hill
Amy	Sicily	The Great Prophet
His Piper	Cockspur	Elastic
Hoddam	Cock of the North	ch. f. by Cothertstone—
Crown Pigeon	Abercrombie	Maid of Saragossa
Careless	Marco Spada	ch. f. by Sweetmeat—
Antoinette	Bianca	The Wasp
Bessie	Vernon	The Princess
Noddy	The Sole Star	Dame Parlet
Fortune-teller	The Corfiote	

**3rd Race.**—The Spring St. Leger of 10 Sovs. each, with 100 added, for three year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs.; and fillies, 8st. 2lbs.; a winner of any Stakes of the value of 500*l.* to carry 5lbs. extra; maidens three year olds allowed 3lbs. One mile and a half.

Tommy	Wild Huntsman	Barrel
Kaffir	Vignette	Sir James Graham (3lbs.)
Horatio	King Sterndale	Crockford
Reville	Sine-quæ-non (3lbs.)	Orson
Stiletto	Seducer	Hospodar

**4th Race.**—The Great Northern Handicap of 25 Sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 if declared. The winner of any Handicap Race of 100 Sovs. subsequent to the declaration of weights, to carry 5lbs. extra; the winner of the Metropolitan, the Northamptonshire, or any other Handicap, value 500 Sovs., 10lbs. extra; second horse in any Handicap value 500 Sovs., to carry 5lbs. extra; no horse to carry more than 10lbs. extra. The second horse to receive 100 Sovs. out of the Stakes, and the

third to receive back his Stake. Two miles, over the Old Course. 210 Subs., 129 of whom declared and pay 5 Sovs. each.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Hungerford, 6 yrs. ...	9 0	La Belle, 4 yrs. ...	6 1
Kingston, 5 yrs. ...	8 12	Aldford, 4 yrs. ...	6 1
West Australian, 4 yrs. ...	8 12	Tavistock, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Nabob, 5 yrs. ...	8 1	Ulster, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Chief Justice, aged. ...	8 1	Ammonia, 5 yrs. ...	6 0
Balrowine, 4 yrs. ...	8 1	Heapy, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Daniel O'Rourke, 5 yrs. ...	8 0	Braxey, 5 yrs. ...	6 0
Little David, 4 yrs. ...	8 0	The Puritan, 5 yrs. ...	6 0
Songstress, 5 yrs. ...	12 1	Virago, 3 yrs (in. 10lbs. ex.).	6 0
Joe Miller, 5 yrs. ...	1 1	William Rufus, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Hunca-munca, 4 yrs. ...	1 1	St. Andrew, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Haco, 4 yrs. ...	...	Dagobert, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Brocket, 4 yrs. ...	...	Contentment, 4 yrs. ...	6 0
Indian Warrior, 5 yrs. ...	...	Maley, aged ...	6 0
Vindex, 4 yrs. ...	...	Lord Lieutenant, 4 yrs. ...	5 12
Defiance, 4 yrs. ...	...	Merry Monk, 3 yrs. ...	5 12
Lindrick, 5 yrs. ...	...	The Event, 5 yrs. ...	5 11
Jouvence, 4 yrs. ...	...	Stiletto, 3 yrs. ...	5 11
Annie Sutherland, 4 yrs. ...	...	Jack Frost, 3 yrs. ...	5 10
Grapeshot, 4 yrs. ...	...	Midsummer, 3 yrs. ...	5 10
St. Michael, 5 yrs. ...	...	Sister of Mercy, 3 yrs. ...	5 9
Lerrywheat, 5 yrs. ...	...	St. Clare, 3 yrs (in. 5lbs. ex.)	5 8
Lough Bawn, 6 yrs. ...	...	Toggerly, 3 yrs. ...	5 7
Typee, 4 yrs. ...	...	Jonathan Martin, 3 yrs. ...	5 7
Nutshell, aged ...	...	Surgeon-General, 3 yrs. ...	5 7
Aquila (b. in France), 5 yrs.	...	Bridesmaid, 3 yrs. ...	5 7
Crusader, 4 yrs. ...	...	Shamrock, 4 yrs. ...	5 7
Dove, 4 yrs. ...	...	Horatio, 3 yrs. ...	5 6
Nutpecker, 4 yrs. ...	6 13	Gamekeeper, 3 yrs. ...	5 5
Lord Fauconberg, 4 yrs. ...	6 13	Device, 3 yrs. ...	5 5
Kilquade, 6 yrs. ...	6 12	Diligent, 3 yrs. ...	5 5
Scarecrow, 5 yrs. ...	3 12	c. by Cotherstone—Duchess of	
Bro. to Grey Tommy, 4 yrs...	6 12	Lorraine, 3 yrs. ...	5 3
Colsterdale, 6 yrs. ...	6 12	Lady Napier, 3 yrs. ...	5 3
Mr. Sykes, 4 yrs. ...	6 12	Lamprocles, 3 yrs. ...	5 0
Guicowar, 4 yrs ...	6 11	Little Jem, 3 yrs. ...	5 0
Catherine Parr, 4 yrs. ...	6 11	Pebble, 3 yrs. ...	4 12
Radcliffe Hero, 4 yrs. ...	6 10	Jujube, 3 yrs. ...	4 12
Peggy, 4 yrs. ...	6 10	Bro. to Little Swift, 3 yrs...	4 12
Miss Sarah, 4 yrs. ...	...	Lurley, 3 yrs. ...	4 10
Ann Eliza, 4 yrs. ...	...	Determination, 3 yrs. ...	4 10

5th Race.—The Selling Stakes of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards. One mile and a quarter.

#### Thursday—Flying Dutchman's Handicap.

1st Race.—The Eglinton Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added; for two year olds, 7st.; three, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; maiden two year olds, having started once, allowed 3

lbs. ; twice 5 lbs maiden three year olds allowed 5lbs. Three-quarters of a mile.

	yrs.		yrs.		yrs.
Titormus	... 2	Pauline (5lbs.)	... 3	Lord Alfred	... 2
b. c. by Sir Tat-		Ptolemy (5lbs.)	... 3	Lord Hill	... 3
ton Sykes—South-		b. f. by Rochester—		Brother to Flirt	... 2
down	... 2	Doe	... 2	Guitar	... 2
Hoddam	... 2	Eva	... 3	Twinkle	... 3
Bianca (5lbs.)	... 3	King Sterndale	... 3	Barrel	... 3
Scipio	... 3	Sine-qua-non	... 3	Evangeline	... 2
Westminster	... 3	Merry Monk	... 3	Hospodar	... 3

**2nd Race.**—The Londesborough Cup, value 100 Sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Stakes of 5 Sovs. each ; the winner of any Handicap of 100 Sovs. value, after the publication of the weights, to carry 7lbs. ; of two of 100 Sovs., or one of 200 Sovs, 10lbs. extra. No horse to carry more than 10lbs. extra. The second to receive 10 Sovs. out of the Stakes. One mile.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Nabob, 5 yrs.	8 13	Virago, 3 yrs (in. 10lbs ex.).	6 12
Orestes, 4 yrs.		Hazelnut, 4 yrs.	6 11
King of Trumps, 5 yrs.		Worcester, 6 yrs.	6 10
Daniel O'Rourke, 5 yrs.		Hatchet, 4 yrs.	6 10
Songstress, 5 yrs.		Little Tom, 4 yrs.	6 10
Snowdon Dunhill, 4 yrs.		St. Andrew, 4 yrs.	6 8
Indian Warrior, 5 yrs.		Orson, 3 yrs.	6 7
Scandal, 4 yrs.		Helena (h-b.), 4 yrs.	6 5
Evadne, 4 yrs.		Patience, 4 yrs.	6 4
Brocket, 4 yrs.	7 11	Sine-qua-non, 3 yrs.	6 2
Annie Sutherland, 4 yrs.	7	Stiletto, 3 yrs.	6 0
Lamartine, 6 yrs.	7	Maud Mary, 3 yrs.	5 12
Vanderdecken, 4 yrs.	7	General Breezo, 3 yrs.	5 7
Catherine Parr, 4 yrs.	7	Adelaide, 3 yrs.	5 5
Catspaw, 4 yrs.	7	Syvagee, 3 yrs.	5 5
Comfit, 4 yrs.	7	Field Marshal, 3 yrs.	5 2
Tonic, 6 yrs.	7	The Sheriff, 3 yrs.	5 2
Itch, 4 yrs.	7	Kennyside Hero, 3 yrs.	5 2
General, 4 yrs.	7	Determination, 3 yrs.	5 2
Peggy, 4 yrs.	7	Bridekirk, 3 yrs.	5 0
Captain Cornish, 4 yrs.	6 13	Nelly Hill, 3 yrs.	5 0
Braxey, 5 yrs.	6 12	The Jewess, 3 yrs.	5 0
Lord Lieutenant, 4 yrs.	6 12	Monimia, 3 yrs.	5 0
Georgy, 4 yrs.	6 12	Phoenix, 3 yrs.	5 0
La Belle, 4 yrs.	6 12	Orange Blossom, 3 yrs.	5 0
Voucher, 4 yrs.	6 12	St. Michael, 5 yrs.	paid

**3rd Race.**—The Tyro Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 40 added, for two year olds ; colts, 8st. 7lbs. ; and fillies, 8st. 3lbs. ; the winner to be sold for 100l., if entered to be sold for 75l. allowed 3lbs. ; if for 50l., 7lbs. ; if for 40l., 10lbs. ; and for 30l., 14lbs. T. Y. C.

**4th Race.**—The Flying Dutchman's Handicap of 105 Sovs., added.

to a Sweepstakes of 20 Sovs. each 10 ft. and only 5 if declared. The winner of any Handicap value 100 Sovs. after the declaration of the weights, to carry 5lbs.; of two or any Handicap value 500*l.*, 9lbs. extra; no horse to carry more than 9lbs. extra. One mile and a half. 50 subs., 21 of whom declared and pay 5 Sovs. each.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Sharavogue, 5 yrs.	... 8	9	Lucio, 5 yrs.	. 6	10
Nabob, 5 yrs.	... 8	7	Captain Cornish, 4 yrs.	. 6	8
Red Lion, 5 yrs.	... 8	2	Aldford, 4 yrs.	. 6	7
Talfourd, 4 yrs.	... 7	7	La Belle, 4 yrs.	. 6	6
Aquila, 5 yrs.	... 7	7	Ammonia, 5 yrs.	. 6	6
Indian Warrior, 5 yrs.	... 7	6	Virago, 3 yrs (in. 9lbs ex.).	. 6	4
Evadne, 5 yrs.	... 7	4	The Hatchet, 4 yrs.	. 6	2
Annie Sutherland, 4 yrs.	... 7	3	Sine-qua-non, 3 yrs.	. 5	12
Alonzo, aged (in. 5lbs ex.)	... 7	3	Ivan, 3 yrs.	. 5	10
Lerrywhent, 5 yrs.	... 7	2	Light of the Harem, 4 yrs..	. 5	10
Mentmore Lass, 4 yrs.	... 7	2	Surgeon-General, 3 yrs.	. 5	6
Vanderdecken, 4 yrs.	... 7	0	Toggerly, 3 yrs.	. 5	4
St. Michael, 5 yrs.	... 7	0	El Dorado, 3 yrs.	. 5	3
Revolver, 5 yrs.	... 6	12	Kennyside Hero, 3 yrs.	. 4	7
Windsucker, 5 yrs.	... 6	10			

**5th Race.**—Consolation Scramble of 50 Sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, for all ages. T. Y. C.

**6th Race.**—The City Plate of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each, for three year olds and upwards. Optional selling weights, &c. One mile.

#### THE ENCOUNTERS AT EBOR.

An examination of the programme of the York Spring Meeting is sufficient to show at a glance the varied and attractive character of the appointed sport. The list contains eleven items, and judging from the long arrear of nominations which is appointed to the "close stakes," the fields are likely to be numerically strong. Rain, however, is wanting to render the ground even "indifferent good going," and the countenance of the dry weather may, as at Newmarket, lessen the number of starters.

Eleven horses are entered for the Craven Stakes; the most formidable among them being O'Rourke, Snowdon Dunhill, King of Trumps, and Orestes. Calculating upon a start, we shall expect Orestes and Snowdon Dunhill to occupy the first and second position in the race. The Zetland Stakes numbers fifty-one nominations. On paper Bessie's chance seem most favourable; in her absence the winner will, perhaps, be either Sicily, or Lord Alfred.

The "performance" of Wild Huntsman for the Spring St. Leger would enable many persons to obtain a rough estimate of his Derby pretensions, and satisfy curiosity as to his present form and condition. Should he go to the post, we shall calculate with some confidence on his victory.

Speculation on the Great Northern Handicap is now almost exclusively confined to Virago. Some investments have, however, been made on Aquila and Defiance, and within the last week a disposition has been evinced to get on West Australian. Notwithstanding Virago's flying qualities, we scarcely deem her success reduced to a certainty. Her additional impost places her on most disadvantageous terms with horses of proved racing merit, and her defeat will not greatly surprise us. Whether West Australian will be numbered among the starters, we are at present unable to determine; his chance is certainly worthy of consideration. Is he, however, capable of competing successfully with Kingston at even weights? Should Virago be destined to defeat, we shall expect her "overthrow" to be effected by one of the undermentioned:—

#### DEFIANCE OR AQUILA.

For "Cockboats" we shall reserve Kingston and Lough Bawn.

Thursday's list includes the Flying Dutchman's Handicap, the Eglinton Stakes, the Londesborough Cup, and three Stakes for which the entries are not yet made. Among the twenty-one nominations to the Eglinton Stakes there is likely to be no youngster sufficiently formidable to interfere with the success of Merry Monk. The running of Virago for the Londesborough Cup will be regulated materially by the Race for the Great Northern Handicap. Should she be "missing," Snowdon Dunhill and Catherine Parr will attract our fancy. Virago is also engaged in the Flying Dutchman's Handicap, for which it is impossible to speak definitively as to her chance. She is certainly weighted for it on favourable terms than for either the Great Northern Handicap or the Londesborough Cup. The only animals that would have a chance of competing successfully with her are Talfourd and Alonzo. In her default, therefore, we shall expect one of them to achieve the victory.

The Races will commence on Tuesday next, at half-past two. The Great Northern Handicap will be run at half-past four.

#### MALTON MEETING.

The opening day of this Meeting has been postponed until Friday, in consequence of the second day's sport at York being celebrated on Thursday. From the subjoined list of sport it will be seen that the racing will be devoid of interest, and will be sufficient by attractive to induce the visitors to York to make the trip thence to Malton.

#### Friday.—The Malton Handicap.

**1st Race.**—The Craven Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, with 20 added; for three year olds, 6st. 7lbs.; four, 8st. 3lbs.; five, 8st. 12lbs.; six and

aged, 9st. 2lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; and maidens at the time of starting, 3lbs. Craven Course, one mile and a quarter.

**2nd Race.**—The Two Year Old Stakes of 10 Sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 Sovs. added, for two year olds; colts, 8st. 7lbs. and fillies, 8st. 3lbs. Straight half mile. 11 subs.

Marco Spada	Culcavy	The Great Prophet
Hickleton	Phœbus	Noddy
Louvat	Evangeline	Johnny Taft (h.b.)
Excitement	The Princess	

**3rd Race.**—The Malton Handicap of 10 Sovs. each, 5 ft. and only 3 if declared, with 100 Sovs. added; the second to save his Stake. A winner of any Handicap, value 50 Sovs. after the weights are declared, to carry 5lbs.; of two, or of a Handicap value 200 Sovs., 8lbs. extra. Two miles. 51 subs., 21 of whom having declared forfeit, pay 3 Sovs. each.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Daniel O'Rourke, 5 yrs.	8 5	The Collier, 5 yrs.	... 6 4
Songstress, 5 yrs.	8 3	Bracken, 3 yrs.	... 6 2
Vindex, 4 yrs.	7 12	The Event, 5 yrs.	... 6 2
Lough Bawn, 6 yrs.		Birdtrap, 4 yrs.	... 6 2
St. Michael, 5 yrs.		The Queen's Own, 3 yrs.	... 5 10
Windsucker, 5 yrs.		King Alfred, 3 yrs.	... 5 9
Catherine Parr, 4 yrs.		The Jewess, 3 yrs.	... 5 7
Colsterdale, 6 yrs.		Diligent, 3 yrs.	... 5 6
Dove, 4 yrs.		Phoenix, 3 yrs.	... 5 3
Janey, 4 yrs.		Bright Phœbus, 3 yrs.	... 5 2
Captain Cornish, 4 yrs.		Jetty Treflz, 3 yrs.	... 5 0
Miss Agnes, 4 yrs.		Monimia, 3 yrs.	... 4 10
St. Andrew, 4 yrs.		Penitent, 3 yrs.	... 4 7
Cabin-boy, 4 yrs.		Tonic, 6 yrs., 7st. 3lbs.	... paid

**4th Race**—The Birdsall Handicap of 10 Sovs. each, 5 ft. with 40 added, for all ages; the second to save his Stake. A winner of any Handicap value 50 Sovs., after the weights are declared to carry 5lbs.; twice, 8lbs. extra. One mile. 14 subs.

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Braxey, 5 yrs.	... 8 0	Light of the Harem, 4 yrs.	... 7 4
Jack the Giant-Killer, 4 yrs.	... 7 11	Moss Rose, 3 yrs.	... 6 12
King David, 4 yrs.	... 7 9	Ludwig, 3 yrs.	... 6 10
Hobbyhorse, 4 yrs.	... 7 9	Flashman, 3 yrs.	... 6 7
Axwell, 4 yrs.	... 7 9	Annabel, 3 yrs.	... 6 0
Friendless Boy (h.b.) 5 yrs.	... 7 9	Daniel O'Rourke, 5 yrs.	... paid
Pearl, 4 yrs.	... 7 4	Tonic, 6 yrs. 8st. 4lbs.	... paid

**5th Race.**—The Amateur Stake of 5 Sovs. each, with 20 added; for three year olds and upwards. Gentlemen riders. One mile.

**6th Race.**—The Union Hunt Cup, a handsome piece of Plate.

value 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each ; for horses not thorough-bred. Gentlemen riders. Two miles. 4 subs.

Mr. H. Strickland's	br. h.	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	...	a
Mr. Joseph Dent's	br. g.	<i>The Colonel</i> , by <i>The Colonel</i> , dam by <i>Rocket</i>	...	a
Mr. Gibb's names	b. m.	by <i>Delirium</i> , dam by <i>Revolution</i>	...	5
Mr. T. Perren's	ch. g.	<i>Bob Smith</i> , by <i>Rat-catcher</i>	...	5

**7th Race.**—The Selling Plate of 25 Sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each. The second to save his Stake. One mile and a quarter.

*Saturday.—The Convivial Handicap.*

**1st Race.**—The Langton Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, p.p., with 20 added ; for two year olds, 7st ; three, 9st ; fillies and geldings allowed 8lbs. A winner once in 1853, or 1854, to carry 3lbs. ; twice, 5lbs. extra ; and horses that have started twice in 1853, and never won, allowed 5lbs. The second to save his Stake. Straight half-mile. 10 subs.

	yrs.		yrs.		yrs.
Hickleton	... 2	Redlands	... 2	Johnny Taft	... 2
The Northern Maid	2	br. f. br. Iago—Belle		Monimia	... 3
Cypriana	... 2	Dame	... 2	Ann Elizabeth	... 2
Lord Hill	.. 3	Jetty Trefitz	... 3		

**2nd Race.**—The Farewell Stake of 10 Sovs. each, h. ft., with 40 added, for two year olds ; colts, 8st. 7lbs. ; and fillies, 8st. 4lbs. ; the second to save his Stake. The winner to be sold, &c. Straight half-mile.

**3rd Race.**—The Convivial Handicap of 10 Sovs. each, 5 ft., and only 3 if declared, with 50 added ; the second to save his Stake. A winner of any Handicap value 50 Sovs., after the weights are declared, to carry 5lbs. ; of two or more, or of the Malton Handicap, or any other Handicap value 200 Sovs., 8lbs. extra. One mile, 37 subs., 14 of whom having declared forfeit, pay 3 Sovs. each.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Daniel O'Rourke, 5 yrs.	. 8	5	The Collier, 5 yrs.	. 6	7
Songstress, 5 yrs.	. 8	3	Axwell, 4 yrs.	. 6	5
Vindex, 4 yrs.	. 7	13	Patience, 4 yrs.	. 6	4
Carherine Parr, 4 yrs.	. 7	8	Wings of a Dove, 4 yrs.	. 6	2
Brocket, 4 yrs.	. 7	8	Light of the Harem, 4 yrs.	. 6	2
The Puritan, 5 yrs.	. 7	2	Middlesborough, 3 yrs.	. 5	12
The General, 4 yrs.	. 7	0	The Jewess, 3 yrs.	. 5	10
Ann Eliza, 4 yrs.	. 7	0	Jetty Trefitz, 3 yrs.	. 5	2
Braxey, 5 yrs.	. 6	13	Monimia, 3 yrs.	. 4	12
Captain Cornish, 4 yrs.	. 6	12	Penitent, 3 yrs.	. 4	10
Miss Agnes, 4 yrs.	. 6	12	Tonic, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lbs.	. paid	
The Tempest, 5 yrs.	. 6	9			



**4th Race.**—The Tally-ho Handicap of 10 Sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added ; to be ridden by gentlemen ; professionals 6lbs. extra. One mile and a half. 7 subs. 0

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Smuggler Bill, aged	11 10	Trio, 4 yrs.	10 3
The Surveyor, 5 yrs.	11 5	Determination, 4 yrs.	9 7
Hobbyhorse, 4 yrs.	10 10	Tonic, 6 yrs. 11st.	paid
Friendless Boy (h-b.), 5 yrs.	10 7		

**5th Race.**—The Original Welham Cup, value 50 Sovs., by subscribers of 5 Sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, that have never won or been in a training stable before the day of naming, and that have been regularly hunted with any established pack of fox-hounds up to that time, certificates of which to be produced. Gentlemen riders. 13st each. Two miles. 10 subs.

Mr. H. Willoughby names	b. g.	<i>Doctor Hawtrey</i> , by <i>The Provost</i> or <i>Robus</i> —sister to <i>Fernely</i>	... 5
Captain F. Watts'	br. g.	<i>Terrington</i> , by <i>Yaxley</i>	... a
Mr. R. Bower names	b. m.	by <i>Marcian</i>	... 5
Mr. J. Goston's	b. m.	by <i>Delirium</i> , dam by <i>Revolution</i>	... 5
Mr. W. S. Goston's	br. g.	by <i>Marcian</i> , dam by <i>Tramp</i>	... 5
Mr. Gibbs name	b. g.	<i>The Baronet</i> , by <i>Grey Falcon</i> , d. by <i>Revolution</i>	... 5
Mr. H. Strickland's	br. h.	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	... a
Mr. C. Reynard's	br. h.	<i>Luck's-all</i> , by <i>Young Priam</i>	... a
Mr. H. Jewison's	b. g.	<i>Dalby</i> , by <i>Yaxley</i> , dam by <i>President</i>	... 5
Mr. T. Perren's	ch. g.	by <i>Rat-catcher</i>	...

**6th Race.**—The Speculation Plate of 25 Sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 Sovs. each ; the second to save his Stake. One mile and a half.

#### THE MEETING AT MALTON.

The result of the races at Malton will materially depend upon the running at York ; we shall, therefore, not occupy space, by stating at length, opinions which may before the Meeting be proved worthless. Estimating the chances as they appear on paper, we are inclined to believe that Two Years Old Stakes will be won by Louvat. Songstress and Vindex may carry off the Malton Handicap, and the Bird-sall Handicap may result in favour of either Hobby Horse or Jack the Giant-Killer.

Cypriana is our selection for the Langton Stakes ; Catherine Parr and Middlesborough will, perhaps, occupy the foremost place in the Race for the Convivial Handicap. The Tally-ho Handicap we assign to Hobby Horse.

## AUTUMN MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CLUB.

—1—

*First Day, Monday, 24th April, 1854.*

*First Race*—The Trial Stakes, a subscription of £10 each, P. P., from the breeders, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. P. P. For all 2 year olds, bred by subscribers. Colts 8st., Fillies 7st. 10lbs. Three-quarters of a mile. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund. Five subscribers.

Mr. Venture's	c. c.	<i>Sir George</i> , by <i>Gorhambury</i> , dam <i>Kate</i> , bred by Mr. J. Versfeldt	1
Mr. Chandler's	c. c.	<i>Royal Oak</i> , by <i>Evenus</i> , dam by <i>Rococo</i> , bred by Mr. Bayley	2
Mr. VanRenen's	c. f.	<i>Sylvia</i> , by <i>Alliance</i> , dam by <i>Jemina</i> , bred by the owner	3
Mr. Munnik's	c. c.	<i>Orlando</i> , by <i>Evenus</i> , bred by Mr. Bayley	4
Mr. Murray's	b. c.	<i>Autocrat</i> , by <i>Evenus</i> , bred by Mr. Bayley	5
Mr. VanRenen's	c. c.	<i>Recall</i> , by <i>Alliance</i> , dam by <i>Albion</i> , bred by the owner	6
Time—1m. 31s.			

Orlando declared 5lbs. over weight. Recall 6lbs., and Autocrat 2½ lbs.

Sir George and Orlando made strong running from the start, leading the others by some lengths till near the last turn, when Sir George took a pull and fell bound, his place being taken by Royal Oak, who had started badly, and only caught his horses in the run home. Orlando declined at the distance, and Sylvia retired also, but Sir George came again, and after a short struggle won the Race from Royal Oak cleverly by half a length.

*Second Race*.—The Town Cup, with £25 added from 'the Turf Club, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H F. For all horses. Weight for age. One mile and a half. Maidens (excepting 'imported') allowed 7 lbs. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

N. B.—The Town Cup shall be open to future competition on whatever terms the Turf Club may decide.

Mr. Chandler's	c. f.	<i>Modesty</i> , by <i>Rococo</i> , 3 yrs., 7st. 0lb...	1
Mr. VanRenen's	c. h.	<i>Cossack</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 3lbs...	2
Mr. Bosman's	c. h.	<i>St. Ledger</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> , dam by <i>Dreadnought</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 5lbs...	3
Mr. Klein's	b. h.	<i>Gustavus</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , dam by <i>Fritz</i> , 5 yrs., 9st. 5lbs...	0
Mr. Hartog's	c. h.	<i>Rotatiga</i> (late <i>Agilator</i> ), 6 yrs., 10st. 4lbs...	0
Mr. Venture's	c. f.	<i>Jenny Lind</i> , by <i>Rococo</i> , 4 yrs., 9st. 0lb...	0
Mr. Thomas's	c. c.	<i>Partner</i> , by <i>Humphrey</i> , 4 yrs., 8st. 10lbs...	0

Modesty declared 8 lbs., and Gustavus 9 lbs. over weight. St. Ledger and Gustavus led the field for the first half mile, at a rattling pace, when 3 or 4 of the others took up the running simul-

taneously, leaving Jenny Lind and Gustavus in the rear, before they reached the light-house. In the last half mile Modesty, who had been lying by, came gradually to the front, and for the last quarter had the race all to herself, galloping in a very easy winner by 10 lengths, in the excellent time of 2m. 54s.

*Third Race.*—The Produce Stakes,—being a Subscription of £15 each, P. P., from the breeders, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each, P. P., for all 3 year olds, bred by subscribers. Colts 8 st., Fillies 7st. 10lbs. One mile and a half. The winner to pay £10 to the Breeders' Handicap, on the last day. Five subscribers.

Mr. L. Van-

der Byl's	br. c.	<i>Peep o' Day Boy</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , dam by <i>Ottoman</i> , bred by Mr. A. Van-	
		der Byl	...
Mr. Thomas's	b. c.	<i>O'Connell</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , bred by Mr. Melk.	1
Mr. Aling's	bl. c.	<i>Stranger</i> , (late <i>Full City</i> ), by <i>Winchelsea</i> , bred by Mr. Kotzé	2
Mr. Murray's	b. c.	<i>Harkaway</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> , bred by Mr. Melk.	3
			4

Time.—3m. 6s.

The race was between Peep o' Day Boy and Stranger, all the way round, till the latter was run to a stand still, and was passed by O'Connell at the distance, but the early riser was not to be caught, and won hard held by 3 lengths.

*Fourth Race.*—Selling Purse of £10, added to a Sweepstakes of £2 each, P. P., for Colonial horses that have not won any race whatever for public money on any course [Hack Races excepted], before the time of starting. Heats, half mile. Two years old to carry 9st. 5lbs.; 3 years old, 10st. 7lbs.; 4 years old, 11st. 3lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 7lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 11st. 10lbs. Horses that have never started on any course, allowed 5lbs. The winner to be sold with his engagements after the race, by public auction, for £40, and any surplus to go to the Race Fund.

Mr. Van Renen's	b. g.	<i>Abdol Wahab</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , 4 yrs.	...	1	1
Mr. Murray's	br. c.	<i>Wildfire</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> , 4 yrs.	...	2	2
Mr. J. Fichat's	b. c.	<i>Pilot</i> , by <i>Evenus</i> , 2 yrs.	...	3	dr.

First heat won easily, the second cleverly by half a length.

*Second Day, Tuesday, 25th April, 1854.*

*First Race*—The Welter Sweepstakes, of £5 each, H. F., with £25 added by the Turf Club. For all horses. One mile and a half. Three years old, 9st. 7lbs.; 4 years old, 10st. 9lbs.; 5 years old, 11st. 2lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 11st. 5lbs. Horses (excepting imported) that have not won on any Course, allowed 5lbs.

Mr. Chandler's	c. f.	<i>Modesty</i> , 3 yrs., 9st. 4lbs....	1
Mr. Van Renen's	ch. c.	<i>Cossack</i> , 4 yrs., 10st. 9lbs....	2
Mr. J. Fichat's	c. c.	<i>Catalonian</i> , 3 yrs., 9st. 0lb. ...	3

Mr. Venture's	c. f.	<i>Jenny Lind,</i>	4 yrs.,	10st 6lbs....	4
Mr. A. VanBreda's	b. c.	<i>Marquis, by Arab</i>			
		<i>Marquis,</i>	3 yrs.,	9st. 0lb. ...	5
Time.—3m. 1s.					

Jenny Lind, Modesty, and Catalonian made the running together at a severe pace for the first mile, when Jenny Lind fell to the rear. Cossack took per place, and till within the last quarter there appeared to be a race, but Modesty when called upon, came right away, and won easily by some lengths. A good race between Cossack and Catalonian for the second place. Marquis was beaten off in the first half mile.

**Second Race.**—The Merchants' Cup and Purse, value £75, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H. F., for all Colonial horses. Maidens on the First Day of the Meeting. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. A winner on the first day (Selling Purse excepted) to carry 7lbs. extra. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr. Chandler's	b. c.	<i>Surveyor, by The Colonel,</i>	4 yrs. ...	1 1
Mr. Bosman's	c. h.	<i>St Leger, by Wildrake,</i>	5 yrs. ...	2 2
Mr. Van Renen's	b. m.	<i>Songstress, by Glauco,</i>	4 yrs. ...	3 3

Time.—1st heat, 3m. 5s.—2nd heat, 3m. 10s.

**1st heat**—St. Leger made play at his best pace all round. Surveyor waiting on him to the distance, when after a little shaking the latter assumed the lead, and won easily by a length, Songstress was behind all the way.

**2nd heat.**—The Horses cantered for the first half mile, when Surveyor took up the running, and maintaining a strong lead through the heavy ground, was never caught again, winning very easily by 3 lengths.

**Third Race.**—The Newmarket Sweepstakes of £3 each, H. F., with 15 added. For Colonial horses. Heats, three-quarters of a-mile. Two years old, 7st.; 3 years old, 8st. 5lbs.; 4 years old, 9st. 5lbs.; 5 years old, 9st. 12lbs.; 6 years old and aged, 10st. 2lbs. A winner once up to the time of starting, to carry 7lbs. extra; twice or oftener, 14lbs. The winner to be sold with his engagements after the Race, by public auction, for £60. If entered to be sold for £50, allowed 5lbs.; for £40, 10lbs.; for £30, 15lbs. Any surplus realised above these prices to go to the Race Fund.

Mr. Venture's	c. c.	<i>Sir Peter,</i>	3 yrs.,	8st. 5lbs.	1 1
Mr. Chandler's	br. c.	<i>Two-to-One,</i>	3 yrs.,	8st. 5lbs.	2 dr.
Mr. H. Gird's	c. c.	<i>Alarm, by Eve-</i>			
		<i>nus,</i>	3 yrs.,	8st. 5lbs.	3 dr.
Mr. VanRenen's	b. g.	<i>Abdol Wahab,</i>	4 yrs.,	£30, 8st. 8lbs.	4 3
Mr. Hartog's	r. h.	<i>Rotatiga,</i>	6 yrs.	£50, 10st. 4lbs.	5 2

Time.—1m. 41s.

*1st heat.*—Sir Peter, Abdol Wahab, and Two-to-One kept in close company to the distance, when Sir Peter came to the front, and won very easily by a length. Rotatiga started badly, and never caught his horses. The wind blowing a heavy gale in the face of the horses for the last half mile.

*2nd heat.*—Won by a length easily. No time taken. The winner was bought in for £72.

—

*Third Day, Thursday, April 27, 1864.*

*First Race.*—The Agricultural Cup, value £30, presented by T. B. Bayley, Esq., with £15 given by the Turf Club, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all 3 year olds, and 2 year old colts and fillies, qualified to start for the Produce or Trial Stakes. One mile. 2 year old 7st.; 3 years old, 8st. 10lbs. The winner of the Produce or Trial Stakes to carry 7lbs. extra. Weights not accumulative. The winner to pay £3 to the Race Fund.

N. B.—The Cup to become the property of any person who may win it two years successively with horses *bona fide* his own property.

Mr. Venture's	c. c.	<i>Sir George,</i>	2 yrs., (7lbs. extra)	0
Mr. Chandler's	c. c.	<i>Royal Oak, by Evenus,</i>	2 yrs.	... 6
Mr. L. Vander Byl's br. c.		<i>Peep o'Day Boy, by Gustavus,</i>	3 yrs., (7lbs. extra)	1
Mr. Van Renen's	c. f.	<i>Sylvia,</i>	2 yrs.	... 4
Mr. Murray's	b. c.	<i>Autocrat, by Evenus,</i>	2 yrs.	... 5
Mr. Aling's	bl. c.	<i>Stranger, by Winchelsea,</i>	3 yrs.	... 6

Time—1m. 57s.

Royal Oak declared 8lbs. over weight. Shortly after the start Royal Oak and Peep o'Day Boy came away from the others, and making very resolute play through the heavy ground, maintained a lead of some lengths, till near the last turn, when Sir George again joined them. A splendid race ensued, and after a long and severe struggle Peep o'Day Boy was declared the winner by a neck, Royal Oak and Sir George running a dead heat for the second place.

*Second Race.*—The Turf Club Purse of £30, and Cradock Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. For all horses. Heats, two miles. Weight for age. Horses (excepting imported) that have not won on any Course, allowed 7lbs. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

N. B.—If the winner shall be an imported horse, the Cradock Cup shall be given (according to its terms) to the Colonial bred horse that has the best of the Race.

Mr. Chandler's	b. c.	<i>Surveyor,</i>	4 yrs...	1 dis. 0
Mr. J. Fichat's	c. c.	<i>Catalonian,</i>	8 yrs...	2 dr. 0

Mr. Van Renen's	c. c.	<i>Cossack</i> ,	4 yrs...	3	1	1
Mr. Bosman's	c. h.	<i>St. Leger</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> ,	5 yrs.*	dis.	0	0
Mr. A. J. Van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Glaucys</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> , dam <i>Poffrail</i> ,	4 yrs...	brk.	dn.	

Time—4m. 13s.

*1st heat.*—*St. Leger* made play at strong pace, and was leading by some lengths when he bolted. *Surveyor* and *Catalonian* then made the running together to the last quarter, when *Surveyor* drew a-head and won easily by some lengths.

*2nd heat.*—*Surveyor* made the running, closely attended by *Cossack*, but the latter never came in front, and was defeated easily in 4m. 10s. A cross was claimed and acknowledged by the rider of *Surveyor*, who was consequently distanced, and *Cossack* walked over for the 3rd heat. *Glaucus* broke down in the first heat.

*Third Race.*—The Tradesmen's Purse, value £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each. H. F. For Colonial horses that have not won before the first day of the Meeting. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. A winner of the Produce, Town Cup, Welter, or Merchants' Cup, to carry 7lbs. extra; of two of these Races 10lbs. extra. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund.

Mr. Thomas'	c. c.	<i>Partner</i> ,	4 years	...	1	3	3
Mr. Crighton's	c. c.	<i>Casuarus</i> , by <i>Rob Roy</i> ,	3 years	...	2	1	1
Mr. Klein's	b. h.	<i>Gustavus</i> ,	5 years	...	3	2	2

Time—1st heat, 3m. 5s.—2nd heat, 3m. 13s.

*1st heat.*—*Casuarus* and *Partner* alone contested the heat, the latter winning cleverly by a length.

*2nd heat.*—A good Race between all three up to the distance, when *Partner* declined, and soon after him *Gustavus*, *Casuarus* winning easily by a length.

*3rd heat.*—Won easily by *Casuarus*. Time not taken.

#### Fourth Day, Saturday, 29th April, 1854.

*First Race.*—The Amateur Purse of £25, presented by two Indian Officers, for Arabs or produce of Arabs, i. e., colts and fillies foaled in the Cape Colony, and proved to have Arab blood in them through either imported Arab sire or dam. Two miles. 3 year olds to carry 7st. 7lbs.; 4 years 8st. 7lbs.; 5 years, 6st.; and aged, 9st. 3lbs. A winner once during the Meeting (excepting the Selling Purse, first day, and Newmarket Sweepstakes), to carry 5lbs. extra, twice or oftener, 10lbs. Horses named on the first December, to pay an entrance of £2; on the 1st February, 1854, £3;—and on the entrance day of the April Meeting, 1854, £5. Unless there is

a bona fide start of at least two horses, from different Stables, only half the Purse will be given.

Mr. Crighton's	ch. c.	<i>Casarius</i> , by the Arab <i>Rob Roy</i> ,	...	1
Mr. A. J. Van Breda's	b. c.	<i>Marquis</i> , by the Arab <i>Marquis</i> ,	3 yrs.	3
Mr. Van Renen's	b. f.	<i>Songstress</i> , gr. gr. grandam by Watney's Arabian	4 yrs.	2

Time—4m. 23s.

Songstress took and maintained the lead at a slow pace for the first mile and a half, when Casarius placed himself alongside of her, held to her all the way home, and won in a canter by some lengths.

*Second Race.*—The Visitors' Handicap of £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all horses that have started for public money during the Meeting. One mile and a half. Only one horse to start from each stable.

Mr. Venture's	c. c.	<i>Sir Peter</i> ,	3 yrs..	8st.	0lb.	...	1
Mr. Bosman's	c. h.	<i>St. Leger</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> ,	5 yrs.,	9st.	8lbs.	...	2
Mr. Chandler's,	c. f.	<i>Modesty</i> ,	3 yrs.,	9st.	7lbs.	...	3
Mr. Van Renen's	c. c.	<i>Cossack</i> , by <i>Glancus</i> ,	4 yrs.,	9st.	10lbs.	...	4
Mr. J. Fichat's	c. c.	<i>Catalonian</i> ,	3 yrs,	8st.	0lb.	...	5

Time—2m. 56s.

The pace was great from the start, all the horses lying well together to the Light-house, where St. Leger shot a-head and kept a lead of three lengths to the turn. There the others began to catch him again. At the distance he was still leading, and appeared to be winning, but being in difficulty, swerved twice right across the course, and Sir Peter by steady riding, defeated him gallantly by half a length. Modesty was beaten two lengths for the second place, the change in her rider telling severely upon her.

*Third Race.*—The Breeders' Handicap of £10, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all the beaten 2 year olds and 3 year olds, bred by Subscribers to the Produce Stakes, that have not won during the Meeting. One mile.

Mr. Chandler's	c. c.	<i>Royal Oak</i> , by <i>Evenus</i> ,	2 yrs.	8st.	7lbs....	1
Mr. Van Renen's	c. f.	<i>Sylvia</i> ,	2 yrs.	7st.	0lb....	2
Mr. Thomas's	b. c.	<i>O'Connell</i> , by <i>O'Connell</i> ,	3 yrs.	9st.	3lbs....	3

Royal Oak, notwithstanding his heavy weight, made strong running from the post, was never caught, and won hard held by two lengths, in 2m. 1s.

*Fourth Race.*—The Ladies' Purse, value £10, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each. H. F. For all horses that have started for public money during the Meeting. Heats, one mile. Same weights as for the Newmarket Sweepstakes. A winner once up to the day of Race, to carry 7lbs. extra; twice or oftener, 14lbs. The winner to be sold with his engagements by public auction, for £75. If

entered to be sold for £60, allowed 5lbs.; for £50, 10lbs.; for £40, 15lbs.; and for £30, 20lbs. Any surplus realised above these prices to go to the Fund.

Mr. Chandler's	br. c.	<i>Two-to-One</i> ,	3 yrs., (£30)	1	1
Mr. Venture's	c. f.	<i>Jenny Lind</i> , by <i>Rococo</i> ,	4 yrs., (£60)	2	3
Mr. Bosman's	c. h.	<i>St. Leger</i> , by <i>Wildrake</i> ,			
		dam by <i>Dreadnought</i> ,	5 yrs., (£75)	3	dr.
Mr. Van Renen's	b. g.	<i>Abdul Wahab</i> , by <i>Glaucus</i> ,	4 yrs., (£30)	4	4
Mr. Hartog's	r. h.	<i>Rotatiga</i> , (late <i>Agitator</i> )	aged, (£50)	5	2
Mr. Klein's	b. h.	<i>Gustavus</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> ,			
		dam by <i>Fritz</i> ,	5 yrs., (£75)	6	5

Time—1m. 51½s.

1st heat.—*Jenny Lind* and *Two-to-One* led the others all the way, and were well together to within the distance, when the filly died away, and *Two-to-One* won cleverly by a length.

2nd heat.—*Two-to-One* took the lead and kept it, winning very easily in 2m. 3s. The winner was sold for £15.

*Fifth Race*.—Hack Race.—A Sweepstakes of £1 each. Post entrance, with £5 added. For all horses that have never won any Race whatever on any Course. Heats, half-mile. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights, above 11 stone. The winner to be sold by public auction after the Race, for £40, and any surplus to go to the Fund.

Mr. Christian's	b. h.	...	...	...	2	1	1
Mr. Van Renen's	b. f.	<i>Songstress</i>	...	...	1	2	0

Five others started. All three heats won cleverly. The winner was sold for £51.

MAJOR HOLMES,	}	<i>Stewards.</i>
T. B. BAXLEY, Esq.		
R. CLOETE, Esq.		



## PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## BERHAMPORE RACE.

## THE BERHAMPORE COLONIALS.

*2nd Race, 1st Day.*

Mr. Return's	b. aust. g.	<i>Tornado.</i>
Do.	ch. aust. h.	<i>Amateur.</i>
Mr. Monghyr's	b. ch. f.	<i>Meg Merrilies</i>
Do.	b. c.b. g.	<i>Glencoe.</i>
Mr. Brown's	bl. v.d l. h.	<i>Uncle Tom.</i>
Do.	b. n.s.w. m.	<i>Nancy.</i>

## THE BERHAMPORE DERBY.

*2nd Race, 2nd Day.*

Mr. Return's	g. a. h.	<i>Donald Cairra</i>
Do.	b. a. h.	<i>Dundee.</i>
Do.	g. a. h.	<i>Hap Hazard.</i>
Sheikh Ibrahim's	g. a. h.	<i>Egypt.</i>

PETER PILGRIM, *Secretary.**Berham-pore, 8th May, 1854.*

## PROSPECTUS OF THE BHAUGULPORE SKY RACES, 1855.

*First Day, Tuesday, 23rd January 1855.*

*First Race.*—The Bhaugulpore Derby. A Purse of 15 G. M. for all horses. Calcutta weight for age. Colonials to carry one stone extra. English, two stones extra. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Horses that have never started allowed 4lbs. more. One mile and a half. 2 G. M. entrance.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 5 G. M. for all Galloways. 8st. 7lbs. each. Winners once to carry 5lbs. extra. Twice or oftener 12lbs. Three-quarters of a mile. 1 G. M. entrance.

*Third Race.*—The Spear Stakes. A Purse of 10 G. M. for all horses that have fairly contested for a first spear during the seasons of 1854-5. Arabs and C. Bs. to carry 9st. 7lbs. Cape and N. S. W. 10st. 7lbs. English 11st. 7lbs. One mile. G. R. 1 G. M. entrance. The Stewards, or any persons appointed by them, to decide whether any horse is entitled for this Purse or not.

**Fourth Race.**—The Buggy Stakes. A Purse of 2 G. M. for all *bona fide* buggy horses. Catch weights above 10 stone. Three-quarters of a mile. 1 G. M. entrance. *The horses to be driven down to the Course, and shown to the Stewards in harness.*

*Second Day, Thursday, 5th January.*

**First Race.**—The Bhaugulpore Welter. A Purse of 15 G. M. for all horses. English 12st. Colonials 10st. 7lbs. Arabs and C. Bs. 9st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs (except the winner of the Derby first day.) Horses that have never started allowed 3lbs. more. One mile and a quarter. 2 G. M. entrance. G. R.

**Second Race.**—Rajah Leelanund's Purse of—G. M. for all C. B. horses. Calcutta weight for age. Three-quarters of a mile. 2 G. M. entrance.

**Third Race.**—A Silver Tankard, presented by Messrs. Pierre and Charles. For all horses. Arabs and C. Bs. 8st. 7lbs. Colonials 10st. English 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Horses that have never started 3lbs. more. One mile and a half. 2 G. M. entrance.

**Fourth Race.**—The Cheroot Stakes. A Purse of 5 G. M. from the Fund for all horses. G. R. Catch weights above 10 stone. R. C. Entrance 1 G. M. The winner to come to the scale with his cheroot alight, or be distanced.

*Third Day, Saturday, 27th January.*

**First Race.**—Rajah Jye Mungul Sing's Purse of—G. M. for all winning horses during the Meet, for which all winners must enter, except of the Galloway, Buggy, and Cheroot Stakes, optional to them and to all losers. To be handicapped by the Stewards, or any persons they may appoint. R. C. 2 G. M. Entrance. Half forfeit.

**Second Race.**—The Consolation Purse. A Forced Handicap for all horses that have started during the Meeting, but not won, except for the Galloway, Buggy, and Cheroot Stakes. 10 G. M. from the Fund. One mile and a quarter 1 G. M. entrance.

**Third Race.**—The Pony Stakes. A Purse of 3 G. M. for all ponies. Catch weights half a mile. Entrance 1 G. M.

**Fourth Race.**—A Selling Purse of 5 G. M. for all hacks. One mile. G. R. 1 G. M. entrance. To carry as under:—

	st.	lbs.
If to be sold for Rs. 600 to carry	11	7
" " 500	11	0
" " 400	10	7
" " 300	10	0
" " 200	9	7
" " 100	9	0

**Fifth Race.**—A Hurdle Race. On its terms.

**RULES.**

1.—The General Rules of Racing to be in force.

2.—All disputes to be settled by the Stewards. Their decision final

or hereafter. 3-year old colts to carry 9st. ; Fillies, 8st. 11lbs. ; 2-year old Colts, 7st 3lbs. ; Fillies, 7st. Winners of the Swellendam Breeders' Purse, or any Produce Stakes in Cape Town, to carry 10lbs. extra ; of other Races at Swellendam or elsewhere, 5 lbs. extra. Weights not accumulative. If there are 5 Subscribers, the Winner to pay £2 to the Race Fund, if 10 Subscribers, £5. The Cup to become the Property of any person who may win it two years successively with Horses bona fide his own property. Entrance to be made the day before the Meeting, at the usual hour. One and a half mile Race.

Mr. H. Le Grange's	ch. c.	<i>Casuarias,</i>	3 years, (10lbs. extra)	1
Mr. J. Barry's	ch. c.	<i>Oak Apple,</i>	2 years, (5lbs. extra)	2
Mr. Van Dyk's	ch. c.	<i>Sir Peter,</i>	3 years	... 3
Mr. J. Brook's	ch. c.	<i>Jean Crapaud,</i>	3 years	... 4

Oak Apple and Sir Peter raced against each other from the start, the pace being very good. After going a mile, Sir Peter dropped and Casuaris took his place. The severity of the running told upon the 2-year old (Oak Apple), by the time they reached the distance, and Casuaris won cleverly by two lengths, in the time of 3m. 1s. The first mile in 1m. 57s.

SECOND RACE.—The Welter Stakes of £3 each, P. P., with £26 added, for all horses (2-year old excepted.) One mile and a half Race. 3-year old, 142lbs. ; 4-year old, 154lbs. ; 5-year old, 160lbs. ; 6-year and aged, 166lbs., Dutch weight. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 10s., to go to the Club. Three horses to start or no race. To close the day before the Meeting. Horses that have started during the Meeting, and have not won, allowed 7 lbs.

Mr. J. Brook's	ch. f.	<i>Modesty,</i>	3 years	... 1
Mr. Chandler's	br. c.	<i>Surveyor,</i>	4 years	... 2
Mr. Le Grange's	ch. h.	<i>Sultan,</i>	5 years	... 3

Sultan made the running and kept a lead of some lengths to the half mile from home, the others there ran up to him, and the pace improved. Sultan was beaten off before reaching the distance, and Surveyor soon after passing it, the filly winning easily by 3 lengths in 3m. 7s.

THIRD RACE.—The Visitors' Handicap, value £20. Mile heats. Post Entrance, £1 each.

Mr. Teubens'	b. c.	<i>Hermit, by Evenus,</i>	2 years, 95 lbs.	... 1 1
Mr. Le Grange's	b. c.	<i>Lottery,</i>	3 years, 100 lbs.	... 3 2
Mr. J. Barry's	b. h.	<i>Young Wolf,</i>	5 years, 113 lbs.	... 2 3
Mr. J. Brook's	ch. c.	<i>Royal Oak,</i>	2 years, 102 lbs.	... bolted

1st heat.—Hermit declared 4 lbs. over weight. Royal Oak and Hermit went away with the lead, but the former soon bolted, Young Wolf then ran up to Hermit, and the two travelled together, Hermit holding all the way and winning easily by 2 lengths.

Time—2m. 6s.

2nd heat.—First Young Wolf and then Lottery tried what they could do with the young one, who beat them both easily in the good time of 1m. 56s.

**FOURTH RACE.**—The Ladies' Purse, value £ , added to a Sweepstakes of £1 each, P. P. ; open to the Colony ; half mile heats. Gentlemen riders. The winner to be sold by auction for £40. If entered, to be sold for £30, allowed 7lbs. ; if for £20, allowed 14lbs. Any surplus realised above these sums to go to the Fund. 6-year old or aged, to carry 158lbs. ; 5-year old, 154lbs. ; 4-year old, 147lbs. ; 3-year old, 133lbs. ; 2-year old, 115lbs. Entrance 10s., to go to the Club. To close the day before the Race, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

Won by Mr. J. Brook's br. c. *Tico-to-One* (valued at £30), in two heats, beating 3 others easily.

The Meeting went off with great spirit, and the Evenus colts, bred by Mr. T. B. Bayley, distinguished themselves very much ; three out of the four trained having won their races in good style. The yearling colts from the same stud were sold by public auction, during the race week, at an average price of nearly £50. The brother to Oak Apple was knocked down for £102. Two of the colts were bought by the Le Grange family, whose own produce did not come out so strong as usual, although Hermes, thanks to good riding and fine condition, ran well up for the Breeders' Purse. Surveyor was hardly in his right form, though he ran most gallantly for the Swellendam Cup. Modesty is a remarkably neat filly, and can both go and stay.

#### WEIGHTS FOR AGE AT SWELLENDAAM.

2	years old,	5st	12lbs.	or	76lbs.	Dutch.
3	"	7st.	10lbs.	,	100lbs.	"
4	"	9st.	3lbs.	"	119lbs.	"
5	"	9st.	12lbs.	"	127lbs.	"
6	"	10st.	2lbs.	"	131lbs.	"
Aged		10st.	4lbs.	"	132lbs.	"

# **AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.**

Kandy Races, 1854	. . . . .	;	. <i>Our own Correspondent.</i>
Kong-kong Races	. . . . .	;	. <i>Ditto.</i>
Swellendam Races—Cape of Good Hope	. { <i>The Mercantile Advertiser and</i> <i>Shopkeeper's Journal.</i>		



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N<sup>o</sup>. XXXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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A SPORTING TRIP INTO CASHMERE, LADAK, AND CHINESE TARTARY, AS ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF THE PESHAWAR SPRING AND AUTUMN MEETINGS BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT, reached us too late for insertion in this Number. They shall have a place, together with the capital sketches that accompanied the former paper, in our next.

ERRATA IN "THE REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON IN THE  
NORTH WEST OF 1853-54."—(*Last number.*)

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- Page 75, line 3 from bottom, for "lottery hack" *read* "common hack."
- „ 77, line 13 from top, for "that it is" *read* "that is."
- „ 89, line 8 from bottom, for "ride" *read* "stride."
- „ 89, last line, for "Pulcherrim" *read* "Pulcherima."
- „ 90, 8th line from bottom, for "pop t" *read* "pot."
- „ 93, 8th line from bottom, for "boy" *read* "bay."
- „ 94, 5th line from top, for "Yorkshire Lady" *read* "Yorkshire Lad."
- „ 94, 26th line from top, for "boy" *read* "bay."
- „ 95, 9th line from top, for "Yorkshire Lady" *read* "Yorkshire Lad."
- „ 95, 3rd line from bottom, for "Whiteford" *read* "Whitefoot."
- „ 110, 14th line from top, for "C—y" *read* "C—d."

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THE

# INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.

## SOME HINTS AND ADVICE TO THE "YOUNG SPORTSMAN" IN INDIA.

BY AN OLD HAND.

BEFORE introducing to the public the contents of the following pages, it is necessary to say a few words in the way of exordium.

The difficulties and disappointments which uniformly attend the Young Sportsman during his "Griffinage" in India, have persuaded me to write these papers. I regret they exhibit no higher purpose than to serve as a compendious index essentially connected with sporting. Enamelled by no romance, they have been painted by the hand of experience, in a measure, the result of personal observation, and if they cannot lay claim to unqualified originality, they certainly possess the advantage of having been written without the assistance of fiction. Nothing is so bad as an attempt to cheat the public with the aid of plagiaries. It is combining pretence and pretension with deceit; for this reason it is imperative to state that some portions of the succeeding chapters have been framed with materials gathered from every source within reach; in some instances the very words of the authorities have been retained.

What I have written is intended not merely to form an index for reference to those attached to the pleasures of the chase, but to familiarise, in some measure, the Young Sportsman with the principal shooting localities in the country, the reader will therefore, I trust, not attribute to presumption my intention of offering in the present publication, not simply the suggestions and impressions of sportsmen, but a systematic attempt at a description of the Field Sports of India. Like many of my brethren sportsmen of the pen, I am a careless writer. I lack those classic refinements which stamp and distinguish the *literary man*—those elegant expressions

which sweep in endless variety and brilliancy the lights and shades of thought. I know however, that this is but a lame apology for having ventured to 'listribute my opinions to the world through the medium of the *Review*, but may I hope that you, indulgent reader, will view with leniency, my assurance in having done so. Finally, after the perusal of what I have ventured permit me to ask you, have you derived amusement or information? If you answer this question in the affirmative, then have I won my purpose, and am thrice recompensed for having ushered the "Young Sportsman" into the world.

*Bareilly, July, 1854.*

Sporting is unquestionably one of the most fascinating and invigorating amusements in the world, and is one of those alluring recreations which adheres to human nature almost in dotage. We have known more instances than one where infirm old sportsmen, on the approach of the season, have cast off, as it were, the garb of age, and have resumed the pleasures of the Field with all the ardour and zest of boyhood.

"The disappointments which almost uniformly attend the novitiate (says a writer) are extremely mortifying; yet hope sustains the spirits; every subterfuge is resorted to, on which to fix the blame of mis-carriage, while the true reason is studiously kept out of sight: the powder is bad, or the shot, or perhaps the fowling-piece is crooked; the game rises too near or too far off. Every thing in fact will in turn be wrong, or at least be made to serve as a salvo, rather than the real cause candidly acknowledged, namely, lack of skill, or rather, steadiness in the sportsman."

To the above remarks we need only add that confidence, practice, and *steadiness* are the three most essential efficacies requisite to acquire the art of shooting well.

Fowling is a term that was formerly employed to express the insnaring of birds, but is now frequently used by modern sportsmen, in those places where wild fowl shooting is followed. Fowling-piece. *Johnson's Sportsman's Cyclopædia* states that—"many modern writers carry the invention of artillery back to very remote antiquity; and though it does not seem possible to fix upon the precise period of its introduction, yet, there is every reason to believe it quickly followed the discovery of that extraordinary combustible, gunpowder!" The ingenious translator of the *Gentoo Laws* (continues the paragraph) finds firearms mentioned in that code, supposed at least coeval with Moses! "It will, no doubt, (says he) strike the reader with



wonder to be informed of a prohibition of *fire-arms* discovered in records of such unfathomable antiquity; and he will probably have renewed the suspicion which has long been deemed absurd, that Alexander the Great did absolutely meet with some weapons of that kind in India, as a passage in Quintus Curtius seems to ascertain." Now this ingenious translator of the Gentoo Laws admits that the discovery was made "in records of unfathomable antiquity," for this reason we imagine that he has dived beyond his depth. To the best of our knowledge there is no book on the heathen mythology, nor is there any historical Hindoo volume, nor any other Gentoo work wherein even the slightest allusion to *fire-arms* is made. In the heathen mythology we read that Vishnu in the intoxication of prosperity carried on practical jokes by means of fire, and on such occasions invariably armed himself with a large fire-brand,\* which was termed the fire arm; we are therefore led to conclude that the translator has fallen into an error, a circumstance by no means a novelty with those who undertake to decipher and unravel a subject on which they are—to judge by their sentiments expressed—sadly misinformed. Candour and common justice to the Young Sportsman has induced us to venture the above remarks, for it is astonishing with what freeness and consummate stupidity some people embody and propagate crude ideas relative to India (its shooting in particular) and attempt to convince the credulous world with assumed opinions upon subjects on which they ought at least to be better acquainted, since they profess to give advice to others through the medium of the press. But to return to the subject of the fowling-piece.

There are barrels of various kinds which pass under different denominations, but "we have reason to believe (says a writer on the subject) not only from experience, but also from the opinions of keen sportsmen and excellent gun-smiths, that wire-twisted barrels are to be preferred to all others." A real Damascus barrel has certainly a very beautiful appearance, caused by the iron and steel curled together, and is, if possible, in temper of metal, superior to an English one, but not one barrel of this sort out of a hundred is genuine; they are all "got up" in such a manner as to appear well to the eye of a superficial observer, and the cheapness with which they are generally sold, betrays at once their inferiority. The Birmingham foundries find it convenient to vomit forth thousands of these

\* In Sanskrit *Ulmāh*.

spurious articles which are eagerly snapped up by professional swindlers, and circulated by means of them in markets where guns are scarce; it is true, a tolerable piece may be sometimes found amongst the thousands which are annually sent forth, but, as a general rule, they are always to be suspected and are totally unworthy of the attention of the sportsman.

"All guns shoot strongest when they are clean; and the force decreases in exact proportion to the piece becoming foul; hence the necessity of occasionally wiping out the barrels during a long day's shooting."

A very erroneous notion prevails in supposing that a distant object will be better reached by a large charge of powder, or that the force of the shot is thus increased; if a gun be over-loaded with powder, the recoil must be violent, to say nothing of the sprinkling of the shot, by which an object will often be missed. On trial it will be found that weight of metal is the most essential point in a fowling-piece; "if the bore be wide, and the weight limited, the barrel must be weakened in consequence, and for want of a due proportion of metal—according to the size of the bore"—"cannot accelerate, but must necessarily retard the flight or force of the shot." The absurd notion respecting the use of enormously long guns in wild duck-shooting is yet not completely exploded, but as several authors have already commented on this popular fallacy, and as *Johnson's Shooter's Companion* (to which we have referred) has scrupulously investigated this subject, and placed it before the eyes of sportsmen in a lucid and forcible light, it requires no further recapitulation from us. Before taking leave of this subject, we would remind the Young Sportsman that all shooting in India (in its *gheels* in particular) is generally attended with much fatigue and difficulty, and as the pleasure arising from the diversion of shooting is often supplanted by vexation and disappointment in the use of an unwieldy and unnecessarily heavy gun (which is by no means to be recommended) his object should be to suit himself to as small a piece as possible; the bore which takes sixteen balls to the pound is perhaps the best calculated for general use in India.

It is the custom with gun-venders to export fowling-pieces to this country fitted up with apparatus, &c., in wooden boxes. This is a great mistake, for an Indian climate engenders rust very rapidly which soon impairs and destroys the very best metal. A leather sheath lined with blanket has proved more capable of resisting the effects of rust than any other description of case yet constructed for that purpose.

Gunpowder generally speaking is very inferior in India, the native merchant to insure himself an enormous profit on this article, frequently buys up condemned ammunition and amalgamating it with a few canisters of uninjured powder (thereby destroying the strength and purity of the whole combustible) offers it for sale to the public. If the powder, when spread on a sheet of paper, appears at all crystalized, or if it be con-creted into lumps, then it is wholly unfit for use, and should be rejected.

*Shot.* For general use we would prefer No. 5, but for quail and snipe-shooting, No. 7, is perhaps the most applicable size.

*Gun Caps.* The manufacture of this article has been brought to such perfection that we would find it difficult even to comment upon it, for further information however, regarding percussion copper caps, we will refer the reader to *Johnson's Shooter's Companion*.

*Gun Wadding.* When using a double gun (and single guns are seldom seen at the present day in the possession of sportsmen) avoid the use of wadding punched from common card; there is no resisting substance in it, and by employing it in loading, "the charge in the second barrel of the fowling-piece is liable to become loose from the re-percussion attending the discharge of the first, especially when the barrels, from repeated firing have been rendered foul;" and when the shot is not thoroughly "*rammed home*," the barrel is liable to burst.

*Ram-rods.* It is hardly necessary to apprise the Young Sportsman that ramming down the charge, with what is termed a loading-rod—such as those manufactured in India with large heavy brass heads—proves injurious to a fowling-piece, it shakes the breech, and the bursting of a barrel is often also attributed to that cause.

*Rivers.* As the Ganges is the largest river in India, and as its banks and sands harbour in the season innumerable aquatic birds of almost every description, perhaps a few words regarding it will not altogether be uninteresting to the Young Sportsman.

The source of the Ganges issues from under a low arch, at the base of an enormous mass of solid frozen snow situated on one of the gigantic peaks of the Himalaya range. The mean breadth of the stream where it issues is about thirty feet, and the mean depth about fifteen inches. Such is the diminutive apparition of the goddess, who, after flowing about twelve hundred miles with a smooth navigable stream, and embracing eleven

sister rivers—besides many others of lesser note—in her course rolls a flood into the ocean by a delta of mouths that extend nearly sixteen miles.

The Hindoos regard this river† as a deity, and hold its waters in high veneration, and in the British Courts of Justice the Ganges water was formerly used to swear witnesses of the Brahminical creed, in the same manner as the Evangelists are put into the hands of Christians: but this absurd practice is now happily almost abolished.

In the Hindoo mythology, Gunga (the Ganges) is described as the daughter of the mountain Himavatic; she is called *Gunga* on account of her flowing through *Gung*, the earth. In respect to scenery, the Ganges is perhaps the most peculiar river in the world, and like all streams in India, possesses one marked feature which scarcely varies, except from *Hoogly*, whence its banks wear altogether a different and novel appearance to those in the North Western Provinces. The velocity of the stream is so great during the rains in the Upper Provinces, and the nature of the soil so extremely loose, that the banks are undermined and swept away by the strength of the current, and in consequence of which become perpendicular on each side of the river, whereas in Bengal, where a calcareous clay or *kunker*\* soil prevails, the banks effectually resist the encroachments of the Ganges, and from *Hoogly*, down to *Sagur*, present an undulating and pleasing appearance. At *Garden Reach*, in particular, the scenery is truly picturesque and beautiful, stretched out before you are luxuriant fields of Oriental vegetation, tapering down to the very brink of the water, and looming like a spread out carpet of emerald verdure, here and there thick clusters of the pyramidal *Cocoanut* tree rear their towering heads above the dwarfish growth of the surrounding landscape, while the prospect is terminated on viewing the far-famed *Banyan*† nestling, as it were, its offspring under the sylvan shade of its parental wing. At all other spots (we are now speaking of the North Western Provinces) the banks are seen excavated into bays caused by

\* *Kunker*.—A hard, brown, limestone earth.

† The *Banyan* tree is the largest production of the whole vegetable kingdom. The trunk is not very high, but the girth is something enormous, the branches grow horizontally from the stem, and extend so far that in process of nature they would be unable to support themselves. To supply this support, fibrous sprouts fall perpendicularly from them, and take root soon after reaching the ground, thus propping and supporting the parent bough, while the lateral branches continue to throw out new shoots, until, in the course of years, one tree forms a hemispherical mass of verdure about three hundred, sometimes six hundred feet in diameter.

the retrograde eddying motion of the stream, while sometimes sand-banks of vast extent (on which the alligator and crocodile bask in the sun) reach far away down the channel, but this is not all that strikes the eye of a stranger, besides these sands which harbour, as before said, aquatic birds of almost every species, he will also descry favorable looking ground which yield game in variety and abundance: geese and ducks, which frequent the river in flocks innumerable, and along the banks and vicinity, quail, snipe, partridge, hares, deer, &c.

*Nala*.\*—Regarding *nalas* nothing hardly need he said, save that they often afford the sportsman some excellent water-fowl shooting, and in some parts of the country, when they are situated in jungle, deer, the wild boar, and even tigers may be found in them.

*Gheels*.†—There are *gheels* in almost every district in India, they vary in size of course, but all are—if not much disturbed and poached upon—uniformly prolific in waterfowl. It is well known that the largest *gheels* are to be found in that part of the country which border on the *tarai*.

The Young Sportsman should bear in mind that there are dangers attending water-fowl shooting, which inexperience may lead him into, and as the excitement of the sport might induce him to wade, we would caution him, first to ascertain from the adjacent villages whether the marsh is free from that amphibious monster, and ‘most fearful wild-fowl,’ the alligator, before he ventured into the water.

Not many years ago—in the Madras Presidency—an officer in the East India Company’s service, while shooting in a *gheel*, was seen by his *coolie*‡ suddenly to disappear, and as he did not rise again to the surface, and as there were scores of alligators in the marsh, it was conjectured that he was dragged into deep water and there devoured.

If the *gheel* is at all muddy, and contains *sola*,§ then extra caution is necessary. The alligator is perhaps the filthiest of all beasts, and frequents the most offensive spots in rivers and lakes, and as *sola* thrives only where malaria reigns, he vegetates also in the same soil.

\* *Nala* in Hindoostani signifies a rivulet or ravine.

† A lake or marshy ground.

‡ A native for carrying ammunition, game, &c.

§ A species of gigantic bulrush, producing a milk-white pith, from which are manufactured hats, baskets, &c.

Can any thing be more vicious than frequently swallowing, what is termed a nip (a gulp of raw brandy) while out shooting? We will leave the reflecting sportsman to answer the question. Let it, however, be impressed on the mind of the Young Sportsman, that imbibing stimulants (while in the field) under the harrassing influence of a tropical sun, not only unsteadies him, but also proves injurious to his constitution. "Drinking and wading are d—l's decoys to the unwary, and ten suffer for one that escapes."

*Gheel*-water is invariably impregnated with poisonous matter, infused into it by the different species of venomous weed and fungus that it contains, it should therefore always be avoided for drinking purposes.

*Tara'i* (named also *Turyani*, signifies low marshy ground that is navigable) is a belt of dense jungle in average about fifteen or twenty miles in breadth, and runs parallel to the base of the Himalaya mountains; there are various surmises as to its extent, but there is much reason to conjecture that it continues an *interrupted* course along the skirts of all the lower ranges of the hills. In some parts of the *Tara'i* the climate is so unhealthy, that almost every thing that has the breath of life, instinctively deserts them from July until October, the malaria that prevails in them during those four months is so poisonous, that to pass a night under its influence would perhaps prove fatal to the most insured and robust constitution. Many of the natives imagine that the poisonous air proceeds from the breath of large serpents supposed to inhabit the forest, but this is one of the many superstitious notions they cherish, and the unhealthiness of the atmosphere may be accounted for "from the quantity of vegetable putrefaction, stagnant water, and similar causes."

The *Tara'i* abounds in wild beasts of numerous kinds, but regarding them more anon.

#### THE SPORTING MONTHS.

January, February, March, April, November and December may be termed the sporting months in India. There are however men who are venturesome enough to indulge in rural pursuits also at other seasons of the year, but those individuals can come under no other better denomination than *Griffs*, for they must be wilfully blind, or very weak-sighted indeed, who do not perceive the danger they encounter, by exposing themselves to a sun under whose rays the mercury of a thermometer

would rise, in a few minutes, to one hundred and twenty degrees.

*January.*—The weather during this month is generally clear and bracing. The mornings are ushered in by such cold northerly breezes, that the sun is hailed with pleasure as he rises in all his crimson splendour “over the raw fog and rawer morning’s dawn.”

January is by far the finest month in the year in India for shooting; in it water-fowl are to be found in abundance on rivers and *gheels*, and quail, partridge, bustard, hares and deer, of every species, are also numerous in their respective localities.

*February.*—The first fortnight in February is charming as regards the temperature, indeed, the atmosphere, in the North Western Provinces in particular, is so genial that, we doubt whether a finer climate than that which India has during the early part of this month, is experienced in any other part of the world. There is not much difference between January and February in respect to shooting, except quails become scarce, and hog-hunting generally commences from the middle of the month.

*March.*—The rural features of March are distinguished by the ripening golden harvest which paints the bosom of the plains, and betokens that ‘Summer’ is nigh.

All migratory fen birds, which frequent Hindoostan, in the season, now avail themselves of strong westerly winds (which usually set in at this period of the year) and migrate to their favorite haunts in regions yet unexplored. A few stragglers (such as the teal, widgeon, wild duck and snipe) may be found on some *gheels* as late in the season as April, but they are invariably ill-conditioned, and literally not worth the trouble of shooting.

*April.*—Large game begin to leave the dense jungle, where they pass the cold season, and migrate to *gheels* situated in the forests, or to other covers where water is plentiful. Quails are again abundant, and in great perfection.

*November.*—The fine balmy mornings that burst through veils of purple streaky clouds, so often seen screening Aurora’s gentle blushes, in this month, ought to renovate, in a measure, and triumph over the parching trials of the preceding hot season—all thoughts—all associations connected with its blighting moments, now vanish and mingle with the forgotten past. The bracing Zephyr fans the landscape with its dewy breath, and helps to raise long prostrate nature from the bosom of her parent—Earth. In November water-fowl

are *poor*, or, in other words, *scraggy*, owing, (if we are to believe what is told us) to the long flights they have performed in their migration. Quail and partridge are the only birds which may be considered worth powder and shot. Hares are also plentiful.

*December.*—The flowery tribe now burst their expanding buds and exhale their sweet essences to the air around, perfuming the very atmosphere on which they float. Many of the trees have yielded up their leafy shade and the last of the *khurreef*\* crops wave in patches to the breeze of an Indian winter. It is quite refreshing to witness the delight with which the European sportsman in India welcomes a fine bracing morning in December—a morning peculiar to the tropics, with the gentle northerly breeze shaking the dew drops momentarily from the shrubs, and bespangling the grass—carpeted under them—as it were with diamonds. The picture that presents itself through the subdued beams of the sun “but newly risen, and as yet partially enveloped in the thin gauze-like mist” so frequent at this time of the year, is a beautiful one, and perhaps tends to renovate and buoy up, for a moment, the spirits of the exile, but then comes the thought of his native land, followed by comparison and blended with many happy recollections associated with the season, and all buoyancy vanishes and sinks like a vapour before the bright rays of a splendid sun.

With regard to shooting December corresponds with January, though the climate of the latter month is—as already noticed—finer, more invigorating, and better adopted for field sports than that of the former.

Perhaps I cannot do better in this place than give a brief description of the principal game-birds that frequent the plains of Hindoostan.

*Bittern.*†—A bird of the crane tribe, the bill somewhat resembles that of the snipe's; the plumage is beautifully variegated, and the legs are of a pale green colour. The feathers of the female are shorter and darker than those of the males. The bittern leads a solitary life, amidst the grass and rushes that grow in *gheels*; it flies heavily, and if not disturbed, has been known to continue whole weeks about the same spot. This bird is naturally timid, but when wounded, often makes a fierce and desperate resistance.

*Bustard*‡ is in shape and appearance very similar to a

\* The autumnal harvest.

† In Hindoostance or Urdu called *charz* or *booz*.

‡ *Chamar-laght* or *sohun*.



turkey. The colour on the back wings and tail is of a fawn tinge, freckled and streaked with dark brown and black, and from the throat down to the thighs the plumage is of a pale yellow or white colour. The Mustard is a shy bird, and when disturbed (like the bittern) "takes wing" very sluggishly. It, in some respects, resembles the ostrich, frequents extensive grass plains, and when pursued, often makes greater use of its legs than wings.

*Coolen*.\*—This bird is not well known, owing, perhaps, to its resorting, during the day, to the most isolated spots in the neighbourhood of rivers. The coolen is found in large flocks, and in its flight resembles the wild-goose. We have some reason to believe that it is of the heron kind; its general plumage is a pale blue or slate colour; the legs are a dusky brown or black. It has a hackles of black, long neck adorned with flowing plumage, stands about twenty-four inches high; subsists chiefly on grain, and by many sportsmen is considered unrivalled,—(by the rest of the feathered game) in flavour and delicacy.

*Floriken*.†—In the *Turai* these birds are abundant, as also along some parts of the Ganges, and in all Katur grounds.

*Partridge*‡ (Black).—Except the peacock—is perhaps the most beautiful of the feathered creation that inhabit the *plains* of Hindoostan. The general colour of the male is jet black mottled here and there with fawn and grey feathers, the back, neck, and throat are richly freckled with large white spots, elegantly mixed with black; the legs are very strong, and furnished with a sharp spur. The black partridge flourishes best in those places where long grass grows plentifully, as also in jungle along the Ganges and other rivers, but as the crops increase, they will be found scattered in them. It is a bird partial to a damp soil and wild scenes. And in a calm January morning or evening, if you happen to be in the vicinity of their haunts, you may hear them ringing with their 'calls.' The *kālā tīlar* has a remarkable and most powerful call, indeed, it is impossible for words to give those who have not heard their cry, an adequate idea of its peculiarity: it resembles, in some degree, the harsh grating blast of a cracked trumpet. This call the Musalmans believe represents the words *Sub hān tēri kudrut*, which signifies, Providence, your glory is great.

*Partridge*§ (Grey).—Where the plough flourishes, the grey partridge best thrives, it lives principally on the labors of the husbandman, and is generally found "gleaning the stubble" or in jungle adjacent to cultivation. They are

\* *Kurkura* or *koolung*.

† *Chāraj*.

‡ *Kālā tīlar*,

§ *Tīlar*.

numerous in the North Western Provinces, but rare in Bengal. The general colour of the plumage is greyish brown. Each feather is streaked down the middle with buff colour; the head is brown, and the back and wings are also brown, barred with a reddish brown and pale yellow; the throat, breast, and belly is beautifully varied with small black streaks, and elegantly mottled with brown and yellow; the legs are red and furnished—like those of the black's—with a sharp spur. The male is a trifle larger, and his plumage is brighter than that of the female. The grey partridge differs from the black in as much as it perches on trees and hedges, and is easily tamed. The natives of the country make a great pet of this bird, they train it up so well, and make it so tractable, that you will often see it following its master like a dog.

According to Tournefort, (says a writer) “they are so tame in the isle of Scio, that they are driven to seek their food in fields like so many sheep, and that each family entrusts its partridges to the common keeper, who brings them back in the evening, and he calls them together by a whistle, even in the day time.”

The grey partridge—like the black—is very active on its legs, and when slightly winged, often manages to escape, being “bagged” by nimbleness of foot. Its flesh has not much flavour, and by some *epicurean* sportsman is considered not worth the appellation of *game*.

*Peacocks*.\*—Many sportsmen assert that the peafowl is not a game bird. Its insatiable gluttony in swallowing reptiles (such as snakes, lizards, &c.) and its natural propensity of always roosting upon trees, justly tends to lower it in the estimation of the sportsman. Peafowl are very plentiful in India, and in some parts of the country are held in great veneration by the natives, and many a scrape and feud is often the result of shooting them; indeed, there have been instances where loss of human life has been the consequence of such brawls. It is asserted that the peafowl's flesh keeps longer unputrified than that of any other bird, and as it certainly is very unpalatable when fresh, it is obvious that your bird should be kept till the ‘scent lies well.’ Peachicks are, however, worth shooting, for they are considered delicate and have a game flavour.

*Quail*.† There are five different species of this bird in Upper India, viz., the corn, bush, bustard, black, and rain, but with the exception of the first and last, they cannot be considered

\* *Moer.*

† *Batbir.*

game, and are utterly unworthy of the attention of the sportsman. The common corn quail (we have confined our remarks to this species only, for the rest, including even the rain quail, are not, in our humble opinion, worth notice,) in general colour of plumage greatly resembles the snipe. The feathers of the head, neck, and back, are a mixture of a rich brown tan colour and black; the breast of the male is speckled with black spots; the belly, thighs, and legs, are of a dirty yellowish tinge. The plumage of the female is less vivid than that of the male, and the neck and breast devoid of black spots.

It is said that quails have been known to perform, with wind and weather, in their favor, a flight of two hundred miles in the course of a night. With respect to this somewhat startling assertion, we have singular facts chronicled, illustrative of their migration. On the Western Coasts of the kingdom of Naples, in the neighbourhood of Nettuno, these birds have appeared, in the course of a few hours, in such prodigious quantities, that they have been described to cover the land like clouds of locusts, and yet the very next day, on going over (it is said) the same ground, or traversing scores of leagues of the country where they appeared the preceding evening, perhaps not even a single bird has been found to mark the direction of their migration.

It has been supposed, but without foundation, that a very plentiful rainy season is the reason why quails are so scarce in some years; this supposition, however, is, no doubt, idle conjecture, for rain naturally produces an exuberant harvest, and a plentiful harvest is generally visited by abundance of game.

The quail, like the game cock, is a bird of undaunted courage, and it is a favorite amusement with the natives to fight them with each other. The Musalmans attribute its courage to the warmth of body!! which is said to be very hot. Among the French, "*Chaud comme un caille*—warm as a quail," is a proverb.

*Snipe*\* arrive in India in flocks in October, but they are very wild and ill-conditioned; about the end of November, however, they lie well, are found more universally dispersed, and afford better amusement than earlier in the season. In India, particularly in those districts which border on the *Tarai*, snipe are so abundant, that an indifferent shot may kill, without much fatigue and difficulty, forty brace in six hours or so. But listen to what Termin says in his account of Surinam:—

"They (snipe) are seen there by thousands on the sea-

shore ; that he must be a bad marksman who does not kill sixty at once with fine shot ; and that he killed eighty-five at a single discharge !” Now we must confess that we are somewhat startled by the elucidation of such wholesale massacre, we will therefore leave the reader to form his own conclusions on the *originality* of such aggregate slaughter !

In general colour, the common snipe, as already observed, greatly resembles the quail, but the plumage of the former is brighter than that of the latter. The haunts of the jack-snipe, or jud-cock, are similar to those of the preceding ; these birds are to be met with in great numbers in some *gheels* : in their flight and walk they are much more sluggish than the common snipe, and sometimes lie so very close, that they will suffer themselves to be almost trodden on before they will spring. Some assert that the snipe is imperceptible when on the ground ; this is not correct, for we are sure, many, besides ourselves, have frequently and distinctly seen dozens of these birds feeding, at early morn, on the margin of *nalas* and *gheels*.

*Wild-Fowl\**—(or rather water-fowl)—Under this head we will class the grey duck, widgeon, and teal, these three being the principal game-birds amongst the great variety of the species which frequent the *gheels* and fenny places in Hindoostan.

These birds—like the snipe—arrive in India in October, but they, too, are scraggy, and until the end of November are not worth the sportsman’s notice.

Wild-fowl shooting is not held in general estimation by sportsmen in England,—it is considered a shivering sort of pastime—but in this country, when it is perfectly impossible to estimate their numbers, the diversion of wild-fowl shooting is generally a source of great amusement and recreation to the sportsman.

The *grey duck* is a very crafty bird, and great display of artifice is necessary to approach it when within the range of the fowling-piece.

*Teal*, like the wild-duck, and common mallard, flock to this country in mighty congregations and several varieties.

The common male teal weighs about fifteen ounces ; the female a trifle less. The bill is a lead colour, tipped with black ; belly white, wings dark, beautifully marked with a large vivid green spot. It begins to visit us in great numbers, in November, and disappears again (as elsewhere mentioned) in March. The whistling teal, however, often remains, in some parts of India, throughout the year ; and a few of the first mentioned

*Murgh-âbi*—includes the whole of the web-footed race.

are occasionally seen swimming alongside their young on large unfrequented *gheels* in the *Tarai*, which substantiates at once that they, too, sometimes brave the hot winds of Hindoostan.

*Widgeon*.—The widgeon in colour of plumage is perhaps the most beautiful bird of the duck tribe. It is soon distinguished from the rest of its species by the two long, black, sharp, pointed quill feathers which grow from the middle of the tail.

This bird is easily domesticated, and with a little trouble, may be rendered as tame as the common farm-yard duck.

The *Brannie* duck\*—So often shot and bagged by infant Nimrods—is the '*rara avis in terris*' of its kind. It is often found devouring carrion on the banks of rivers, and is frequently seen banqueting in company with the vulture, and associating with other such villainous companions.

The Wild Goose.† The *an-as anser* is nothing more than our common domestic goose in its wild state. These birds are often seen in flocks of from five hundred to a thousand on some of the sand banks of the Ganges.

Let him who considers these numbers exaggerated, satisfy himself (with ocular demonstration) by traversing, in the season, the river between Ghazee-poor and Allahabad. Wild geese visit Hindoostan with the wild duck, but they leave the plains earlier in the season than any other migratory game-bird.

(To be continued.)

## A CRICKETER'S COMPLAINT.

"In time to greater buseness you proceed."

"There is a certain frivolous falsehood that people indulge themselves in, which ought to be held in greater detestation than it commonly meets with. What I mean, is a neglect of promises made on small and indifferent occasions, such as parties of pleasure, entertainments, cricket matches, and sometimes meetings out of curiosity, to men of like facilities, to be in each other's company. There are many causes to which one may assign this light infidelity."—*Spectator*.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I hope some of the Lahore Cricket Club will digest what *Mr. Spectator* wrote in 1712, and which is equally applicable to 1854. During the last season at Lahore, no less than five matches were left unfinished, chiefly owing to those Members who thought their promises on such occasions were nothing. Does it ever occur to such non-conformists, that

they near the pleasure of some eighteen or twenty individuals, who have a love of the game? I imagine there are few readers of this *Review* who have not perused with much pleasure and profit OXONIAN's cricketing chapters; alas! now drawn to a close:\* he has well and truthfully pointed out the difficulties of the game in this country: the apathy of young men being the greatest: one would imagine all the Bengal Cadets had been educated in Russia or the Caucasus, and not in a Christian country, where the acquiring of the catchism and the noble game is a *sinu qua non*. You now find Scotch and Irish (I do not wonder at the former) making themselves illustrious in that noble game (as at Lahore last season the Irish and Scotch played the English the united first match, winning by fifty-nine runs, the second they won in one, winning by sixty-four runs!!) and though a Scotch poet has

That bagpipes not lyres the Highland Hill adorn,

cricketers, too, (say I) from Scots are born, and Ireland, whose *praties* were its boast, can now turn out a goodly cricket host, but all this is highly digressive. My object in scribbling is to touch upon a subject OXONIAN could have better treated, and one I wonder that he did not touch on: but as I think it important, and easily rectified, I have taken the liberty of shadowing forth some ideas, crude though they be, and which better heads may mature. Every one must have observed how frequently games have been lost, and consequently won, by the utter ignorance, carelessness, and inefficiency of umpires, who are generally private soldiers when obtainable.

Umpirism in this country is sadly deficient; ignorance of the most common rules of the game is frequently the chief cause; but again how often partiality sways a man's opinion, (deducible from not employing a trustworthy man: and who is generally of the Eleven, who, doubtless, has his little bet on Jim, or Jack, or may be Mr. or Captain, so that his conscience not unfrequently has in view the prospective *dram*, consequently his decision is generally soothed by the sum.) I do not mean to state this is always the case, but I have myself observed it frequently, and, doubtless, many others have, too. You will occasionally find among the European soldiers some good and enthusiastic cricketers, but how seldom will you find one who is well acquainted with the rules; this of course is not to be wondered at, but surely many men can be

\* We hope not. Has "*Wide Ball*" seen our last Number; if not, we recommend him to get it forthwith.—ED.

found in the European Regiments and Artillery, who would take the trouble of acquiring the laws of cricket, in other words, fit themselves for umpires. Such men to be paid so much for each match, or by the season, and at the end of a season, if they have given satisfaction, few cricketers would, I am sure, demur in making up a purse for them (the labourer is worthy of his hire.) I am sure if this plan was adopted, many men would volunteer to undertake the duty, so that, in a short time, we should find good and trustworthy umpires in all stations where Europeans are quartered. I have one more suggestion to make, but I am afraid it is encompassed with difficulties, viz., the want of bowlers—it's a common remark that a fair average batsman in India never improves, simply because he cannot obtain good average bowling. Now, at Lord's you can hardly enter the portals, before you are assailed by men most eager to bowl at your legs, and six pences as long as you possess the bat; the consequence of which is, that by investing six pences you may become a tolerable batsman. Now, why should not soldiers practice bowling and become a sort of professional bowlers; I am well aware many military men will denounce this system, but I can really see no harm in it, either to discipline or any thing else. And I am sure it would tend much more to a man's good bowling, and earning six pences, than loitering about a bazar or canteen. I am happy to say that a cricket ground is now in course of formation, and a year or so will, doubtless, find it a good one. I hear a pavilion is to be erected, so as to induce the fairer portion of the community to attend, and I hope the ladies will give us the light of their eyes.

Yours always,  
WIDE BALL.

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### FILLINGS-UP.

HAVING nothing particular to write about, or rather being unable to fix on any particular subject, I will endeavour to fill a few sheets of this nice note paper with such random thoughts as may come uppermost, which, if your contribution box for the next Number is not too full, may serve to fill up a few blank pages of the Review. What shall it all be about? Here, in the Gangootrec forests, I have been wandering since the breaking up of winter, and it is now the end of June. On a rough calculation, I must have been out near a hundred

times, mostly from day-light till dark, have fired at least a hundred and fifty shots at musk-deer, and a few at burrell, bears, and other animals ; yet, when I come to look back and reflect over all this, though exciting enough to me, both the actual scenes and the recollection, I cannot call to mind one single incident that would be interesting to others. To one like myself, who must depend on the fruits of his work to line his breeches' pockets with those very necessary articles, Company's Rupees. Musk-deer shooting is particularly exciting, and followed with an eagerness and assiduity no other sport could call forth and keep unflagging for such a length of time. Not a day, scarcely an hour, is suffered to pass idly by. From noon till night, every moment is one of excitement. Every mis-spent hour, every bad shot, every little mismanagement in the details of the chase, may lose you a golden guinea, that being the average worth of a male musk-deer, and far from damping your ardour, only make you the more eager, and act as a spur to further efforts. Fatigue, in this unbroken round of excitement, for any thing that is felt of it, might as well be a word without meaning in our language, one almost fancies the nights too long. And then the shots ; their great variety, standing, running, and at all distances, from twenty to two hundred yards. The feeling, perfectly indescribable, after making a bad miss, (which, if you are not as cool as a cucumber, and as steady as a rock, will be an event of alarming frequency,) and that of gratification and self-satisfaction on making a good one, at 100 yards even, when standing broadside on, it is not a bad shot to kill a musk-deer dead, for the mortal part does not cover a great many square inches, and if, as is often the case, it is standing looking at you, or end on, the breadth of the object you must hit to make sure, is little, if any thing more than your wrist. Musk-deer shooting, however, will not bear description with any prospect of interesting others. There is a great deal of sameness about it. To me, perhaps one of its most exciting moments is, when a good shot has knocked one over, and I am making my way to where it may have rolled, or sent my attendant to see whether it be a male or a female ; a male being worth from ten to fifteen Rupees, and a female not a kowrie ; but to the reader what difference could it make ? Now, from this confession, dont brother sportsmen call me a poacher, or say, this fellow is not worthy of being admitted into our fraternity ; his ideas are on *£. s. d.* ; he shoots only from mercenary motives. No ! no ! the thought of the worth of the victim only adds to the excitement of the chase. The real heart-felt, soul-felt, love of sport, is attendant on it just as much as with yourself when, perhaps expending the value of fifty musk-deer on a few days tiger



shooting. If it were not so, why should I not discard the rifle and use slugs or large shot. It would be infinitely more fatal, and consequently more profitable. But it would destroy the great charm musk-deer shooting has for me, and I would not make the exchange for the certainty of killing thrice the number of deer. In some ten years of the work I do not remember ever firing at one with any thing but ball. Or why should I not snare them, which is still more deadly, and attended with little trouble or expense. I do not allow my men to snare, except birds for stuffing, and that not in the musk-deer forests. Acquit me, therefore, of the charges; my defence, I think, is worthily of it. But, alas! alas! my occupation is nearly gone. Musk-deer shooting is now but the ghost of what it was, and will, in these countries at least, soon be amongst the things that have passed away.

A number of men from Kooloo and Chamba, some hundreds of them, come every year, and in parties of five or six spread themselves over the musk-deer grounds, setting snares without intermission, from April to December. While I am writing on this my favourite sport, how sad to reflect, that to put an end to it there are parties of them in almost every valley, from Koonour to Nepal, up the Ropin, the Tonse, the Ganges, at Budrenath, and, I believe, as far as Dharma and Jewar. Here I persuaded the villagers to send a party who came up in April to the right about, and I can truly say, no selfish feeling, no secret wish for monopoly induced me to exert my influence for this. If they used guns, I would not object to them for a moment, but snaring, besides being so poacher-like and fatal, is cruel in the extreme. The poor animal is suspended by one leg, sometimes for days, and in its endeavours to free itself, often struggles so violently, that the flesh of that part of the body becomes one mass of pulp and blood. What torture it must suffer and, worse than all, snaring is carried on long after the females have brought forth their kids, so that when the mothers are caught, the young must die of starvation. One man will easily set ten snares a day, and twenty, if he likes; now, suppose there are but one hundred of these people at work, in six months they will have set something like two hundred thousand snares, what havoc it must make, and without benefit to the inhabitants of the country, for the snarers spend little or nothing, and the proceeds are carried to a distance. The head man of the district, where the snares are set, gets a few pods of musk for his permission, and as he is of course too great a chap to think of setting snares himself, and cares not a pice if every musk-deer in the place was destroyed, so long as he got a share, it is well enough for him; but the villagers, the common people, who,

had they but a grain of sense, would see they are ruining their own forests and depriving themselves and their children of one means of paying their rent, got nothing, and passing strange it is, they do not object to it. Three or four rifles may be at work in one valley year after year, and there will be no sensible diminution in the number of musk-deer, for more young ones are produced than old ones killed, while leopards, bears, polecats, foxes, and others of their enemies being shot whenever met with, the consequent reduction in their numbers favours the increase of musk-deer. Young musk-deer, particularly, being always left concealed by their dam, seldom ever moving, and only visited by her to receive their suck, are very subject to fall a prey to some of these animals, the killing of every one of which may justly be considered the saving of many musk-deer. Of this I have had fair proof in this very place. For some six or seven years, myself and several of my men shot over it every spring and autumn, yet the number of musk-deer, instead of being diminished, actually seemed to increase, while the snarers in two seasons have all but cleared the Ropin and Gungee valleys, formerly splendid grounds, and the one year they were here, has nearly been as fatal to these forests. Oh ! that I could mesmerise, that I could put myself *en rapport* with the powers that rule over these regions, and by that secret sympathetic influence, infuse some of my own feeling. How these bands of wholesale poachers should scamper to their own country, which, from their coming here, I infer, they have swept as clean of musk-deer as the principalities ought to be by this time of the Russian forces. But it may not be ! I must sing the requiem of musk-deer shooting. It is a thing which has been already swept down the current of the mighty past, and the ripple it has left on the beach is all that tells what it once has been. Othello's occupation is indeed gone, and—amongst the children of the West at least—he will have no successor.

Oh ! for the time when at morning's prime  
 I wandered the greenwood through,  
 And brushed the dew which the night wind threw  
 On each frost nipt leaf and bough,  
 When the glistening snow on the mountain's brow,  
 Like a field of rubies glowed,  
 As the sun's first beam, in a golden stream  
 Of light o'er its bosom flowed.

When each leafy shade of the forest glade,  
 Its mantle of gloom withdrawn,  
 Awoke from the night to the radiant light  
 Of a rosy eastern morn.

And bounding there the light musk-deer  
 Sped gracefully away,  
 While the rifles crack gave its echoes back  
 As a welcome to the day.

Oh ! these days have gone by, they belong to the past,  
 O'er their splendour oblivion's dark shadows are cast,  
 But long shall I cherish all memory can save,  
 And I sigh while I sing this, their requiem and grave.

The morning still breaks o'er the hill  
 As radiant as of yore,  
 As clear the dew, as bright the hue  
 Of all that charmed before.  
 But now, alas ! untrod the grass,  
 The sound has died away,  
 Which echoed back the rifle's crack  
 Throughout the live-long day.

With footsteps light each giddy height  
 I clamber now no more,  
 Nor each wild nook, with searching look  
 And eager heart explore.  
 The musk-deer's bound upon the ground  
 As swift for life it fled,  
 No more is heard by startled bird  
 As swifter bullet sped.

Oh, those days have gone by, I shall know them no more,  
 Their remembrance may flourish, their sunshine is o'er,  
 Long, long shall I cherish all memory can save,  
 How I sigh while I sing this, their requiem and grave.

A murderous band from distant land,  
 More fatal far than gun,  
 With treacherous will their paths beguile,  
 The musk-deer's race is run.  
 By night or day no more they may  
 In freedom lightly tread,  
 Nor speed can save, nor cunning brave  
 The toils around them spread.

And thus I mourn and sadly turn  
 To days I can but now  
 See in the light their memory bright,  
 O'er long, long years shall throw.

And ne'er shall fade the glorious shade  
 O'er all the future cast,  
 Till time shall bring upon his wing  
 Oblivion of the past. 'r

Oh ! the days that are gone, may their lustre e'er shine,  
 And still with the future their splendours entwine,  
 Long, long, shall I cherish all memory can save,  
 And I sigh while I sing this, their requiem and grave.

There now, Abel, will that do—too far-fetched is it ?—well,  
 let us try again :—

Oh! for the time, the rare old time,  
 Ere murderous crew intent,  
 On blood and spoil with little toil  
 This way their footsteps bent ;  
 May earthquakes shake and make them quake,  
 Whene'er they set a snare,  
 Confusion seize, and every breeze,  
 Confound them, rain or fair.  
 They 've cleared the land, this poaching band,  
 Of musk-deer high and low,  
 And now I'm left of work bereft,  
 Oh! what shall I do now.  
 My Sam Smith true, I bought it new,  
 At auction I must cry it,  
 Ah! if you knew how well it threw  
 A ball, I'm sure you'd buy it.  
 I tear my shirt, roll in the dirt,  
 But what avails my sorrow,—  
 I'll take to drink—indeed, I think,  
 I'll hang myself to-morrow.  
 If on some tree, my bones should be  
 Found scaring all the cattle,  
 Fore-warned, fore-armed—dost be alarmed  
 Or frightened at their rattle.  
 To hang for grief might bring relief,  
 'Tis well I wear no garters,  
 Hang—faith and no, I'll sport forego,  
 And trade amongst the Tartars.\*

\* Now Abel, like a good fellow, dont let me make a laughing stock of myself. If this my first attempt to make verses should seem to you likely to have that effect, just tear it out and put something in yourself, and I promise I will never, not even in imagination, venture to invoke the Muse again. I can even now see yourself and your readers smile at the idea of a *junglee adme* like myself having the impudence to do so.

Our excellent correspondent need be under no alarm. He seems equally happy, whether handling pen or rifle, and courts the Muse as successfully, as we trust he will in future, stalk musk-deer —Ed.

After that, if you dont say "enough of musk-deer and musk-deer shooting," you would swallow as much as a whale : while talking of them however, I may mention that the musk-deer of Cashmere is slightly different from the one on our side of the hills. It is smaller, has no yellow mark round the eye, the fur is finer, and that on the legs from the knees downward is much longer, the head of an adult is shaped exactly like one of ours when twelve months old ; and the musk does not smell near so strong. The difference, which, on close examination, will be found to be considerable, would probably be unnoticed by any one who was not particularly interested in the animal.

And this brings us at once into the " Happy Valley," the enchanting country where, in Eastern imagination, Paradise was placed. And a paradise it would almost be, if in summer the sun was a *leetle* less warm and the mosquitoes would drown themselves in the lake. But like the first Paradise, it has its Satan in the shape of—mum, I shall be talking treason, so let us see what charms this Paradise may have for the sportsman. Second to no other hill country I have rambled over in the quantity of its wild animals, in their quality it ranks as the foremost. First comes the markhoor, the most magnificent animal of the goat tribe yet discovered in any part of the globe. Then the ibex, the sha, and the stag, with tahr, serow, musk-deer, and last of all, bears so innumerable that, while listening to accounts of what parties have met with, one would imagine the scene to be laid in a country left entirely to them ; so strange does it seem for human habitations, and such a number of ursite quadrupeds to be located in the same neighbourhood. In other places, in the hills, if one sees three or four bears in one day, it is considered a very good day, but there—ten, twelve and fourteen are seen at the same time. On the grassy hills, near the snow in May or June, you go out from your camp in the morning or evening. Half an hour's walk takes you to the top of some little eminence. You look round ;—a succession of green banks and slopes is presented. There they are, one on that, two on that, a third there, a fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and heaven knows how many more. Or not unlikely, you look at all this from your tent door. If you prefer the black ones, for these will be all snow bears, go in the mulberry season to any village where these trees are plentiful. As the sun sets, walk out a little way to some place from whence you may have a tolerably good view. There they are again, every fourth or fifth tree has its occupant, a huge black monster, or possibly two or three. Blaze away—if you like long shots, you may walk within eighty or a hundred

yards, without even trying to stalk, and the least practice in the art will take you almost under the tree. Such were the tales the first sporting visitors to Cashmere had to tell us, but with some two hundred of them every summer, a great number of whom of course could shoot, the ranks of the bruin family must have been considerably thinned. Still there are a vast number, and for some years to come they will afford capital sport. The other animals are more difficult to get at, and, consequently, have suffered comparatively little. How is it Abel, that amongst the many scores who have shot in Cashmere, not one will give us the fruits of his observation and experience. Many have been for two or three entire seasons, and must have become well acquainted with the country, yet I have not seen it mentioned, or even alluded to in a single page of your Review. If the country was quite destitute of game, we might then expect something like this, but when, probably, there has been more killed in it than in all the rest of the hills put together, it is passing strange some one should not have thought of giving you an account of his adventures. I have seen but little of it myself, having made but two very short visits, and ought to be one of the last to offer advice or pretend to give an account of the shooting; but till some one better qualified will do so, the little I can say may be useful to some on their first visit, or amusing to others who may have already been there, while comparing their own ideas with mine. Perhaps, too, it may induce some one who can correct me, to come forward and give us a really good article on the subject, and if it does this, your readers will pardon *my* presumption for the good effect it will have had.

If, as most probably will be the case, you set out in April, do not be in too great a hurry to enter the Valley. Wander about a week or two on the southern side of the high ridge which bounds it. Along this ridge you will find the markhoor, and it is by far the best time in the year to get them. Between the Bimber and Poonch Passes, a number of streams rising in this range form little valleys, at the heads of all which, and on the ridges between them, you will probably find this splendid beast. At this season you must look for it on the steep grassy hills and the rocky parts of the forest. You need not go very high up. To make up a bag you will find lots of bears, tahr and musk-deer. As summer advances, the markhoor ascend the range, and in July and August must be sought for along the crest, above the forest, and on both sides. There are some good markhoor grounds on the western side of the Jhelum, just before you enter the Valley, and a day or two's good shooting may be had at the head of a Valley on the eastern side. I

forget the name of this valley, or the stream that runs through it, but it is the only large one between the Poonch Pass and the Cashmere Valley.

Markhoor, in general habits, assimilate very nearly to tahr, and are found on the same kind of ground. They are perhaps shyer and more wary, and will require more caution on your part while stalking, but the ground is so favourable, that were they ten times more so, a little perseverance and care will insure you shots.

On the hills sloping from the Bimber range to the Cashmere Valley, you will find only bears and musk-deer, and in the Valley itself nothing, so you hasten across, and leaving the city and its lions to be looked at when the shooting is over, you ascend the northern ranges. Here you may choose whether to remain on the lower slopes about the villages and shoot bears only, black and brown, or get near the snow, and to the latter add a few ibex. The latter I should say will be your choice. Warwurn, which is out of Cashmere, being the head of a large river which joins the Chenab at Kishtewar, is the best ground both for bears and ibex. From the city you boat up the river to Islamabad, from whence three days' march over a low pass will take you into Warwurn. The best places are to the east of the river above Meerak and Reekenwas, and at the head of the Valley itself, a day's march beyond the highest village. From Warwurn all along the high hills which enclose the Cashmere Valley on the north, ibex and brown bears are to be found. The hills about Shesanag, above Palgham, and around the cave of Umaruath, may be noticed as likely places, and there are several spots on the range to the north of the Scinde river, which are very good, amongst which the head of the little stream which joins a few miles below Sonanurgh, may be mentioned as one of the best. Ibex shooting in Cashmere may be followed till near the end of June, after that they cross the range and pass the summer on the drier hills of the Ladak side.

Not many years ago, when Cashmere and the other western Hill States belonged to the Seiks, Koonour was the only place where we could go for ibex, and it was a rare thing to hear of one being killed, but now there are scores of places where they are plentifully distributed, in which we can travel with perfect freedom. Yet we rarely hear of a good bag being made; indeed, it is but occasionally we hear a good male being killed; so if you are fortunate, you will at once establish your character as a successful hunter. If you are afraid of hard work and a little of what is generally called "roughing it," better stay

down below and content yourself slaying bears (which you may do in a way the greatest Sybarite could desire, in kid gloves and silk stockings, or reclined in a soft cushioned jampoun) for ibex shooting is attended with both. You must walk to the crests of the highest ridges, on the roughest crags, and sometimes where there is little else but snow, in which you either sink to the knees, or have to punch holes with your toe to get a not very secure footing; with the prospect, in case of a slip, of a rapid descent to the bottom of the hill, without the exertion of walking. You must encamp or bivouac near your ground, and dispense with all but necessaries, so that you may not have a whole army of coolies at your heels. I do not mean to say you will otherwise never get a shot, for you may, early in the season, at times do so, within a few hours' walk of some village; but this will only be a piece of luck, and you cannot often expect it.

In summer, to vary the rather monotonous life you would lead, on your return to the city, a little fishing may be had in the Jhelum. At Islamabad, where it has something of a current, you may have very good sport, albeit amongst the smaller fry; on a favourable evening, landing fifty or sixty, of from half a pound to three. A small greyish coloured fly seems to answer best. If you have not had enough of shooting, by all means go and spend the summer in the Ladak country, in, perhaps, the finest climate in the world. As a likely route for sport, you may take the regular road up the Scinde Valley. Above your first halting ground, after crossing the Buttul pass, are ibex and a few snow bears. Above Kurboo, at the head of a small stream from the east, is some good ibex ground, and from that village to Lamayoura, across a low pass, on the hills on each side of the road, are a good number of shalmar. This is one of the wild sheep, a graceful and active looking animal, a little larger than the burrel. At a distance it has much of an antelope-like appearance. You will find them on the slopes, and not like ibex, amongst the crags or rocky parts. They are not particularly shy or difficult to get near, but when shot at, always go off at once at a very rapid pace, seldom or ever giving the chance of a second shot. Still you may follow and often meet with them again at no great distance, for they stop as suddenly as they start away. On to Ladak you will not find much, if any, shooting, and should go on through that place to Rupshu, for the *ovis ammon*. You will first meet with them on the hills between Gyah and the salt lake, where they are pretty numerous, as well as around the lake. Males and females will be in separate flocks, but on the same hills, which



are also tenanted by burrell and wild horses. From being so very shy and wild, and on such open ground, they are the most difficult to get at of any animal followed by sportsman in perhaps any part of the world, and when you have stalked and killed one without any extraordinary interference of luck, as finding them in a good place, or coming on them suddenly, you may fairly consider you have achieved the highest feat in the art of deer stalking. In general, they avoid the rocky and broken ground, and keep on the broad flats, the slightly undulating slopes, and the rounded summits of the less precipitous hills, where it is often impossible, and almost always very difficult, to get within rifle shot. The least glimpse they get of a person, is sufficient to set them off, and they are very quick sighted, and see you at distances which a person unacquainted with them would scarcely credit. In general, though not always, they start off at full speed, their course pointed out by a cloud of dust, at times wheeling suddenly round and standing for a few seconds to look back, and then as suddenly resuming their rapid career. With all this shyness, they very frequently stop for food before getting out of sight, as if satisfied to be out of the immediate vicinity of danger; and if found in a bad place, where there seems no way of getting near, it will often answer to disturb them and try again at the next place they pull up. In this way a flock may be followed to several different spots for the chance of staying in one where a successful stalk may be effected. To post yourself on one side, and send a man round to show himself on the opposite, is also a good way, particularly if there are two or more guns to command a good range of ground.

The *ovis ammon* is a rather ungainly looking beast, with long legs, long neck, and lank angular body; the legs are slender, but the knees and hoofs large. The immense horns of the male makes its head look as it were a great deal too big for the body. It is very fleet, and would give most exciting chases with good dogs, and a great deal of the ground might be ridden over with safety. Whether a greyhound would pull one down, is of course a mere matter of opinion, as I believe they have never been tried. The sheep, I fancy, would have the advantage in speed at first, but whether it would last any time, remains to be seen. From the absence of any thing by which you could make some comparison, it is difficult to form an idea at what rate a strange object is moving, as when watching the flight of a bird for instance, and I would not venture to make a guess at what rate an *ovis ammon* went when at full speed. They certainly appeared to me to go a great deal

faster than any race horse I ever saw. For half a mile I would back a sheep against Flying Childers at two to one. As yet but few have been killed, and to what size the horns attain, is rather uncertain. In all the countries they inhabit, we find a great number of skulls bleaching on the ground, generally in ravines or water courses, though sometimes on the tops of the hills. There is seldom any other part of the skeleton, however fresh the skull may be, and they are always those of males, I never saw one belonging to a female. From the number of these I have examined, and the few I have killed, I imagine twenty-four inches to be about the maximum thickness measured round the base; eighteen or twenty may be considered as an average and a very fair specimen. The head of one I weighed with flesh and skin just as cut from the body, was fifty-two pounds. One would imagine this would be an inconvenience to the animal and prevent its going very fast, but to see one scour along the hill side, you at once see it is not so in the least.

From the salt lake, if desirous of seeing more of the country, you may go on up the Indus or by the Choomarera lake to Alnee, the border district of Golaub Sing's territories in this direction, where there are lots of *ovis ammon*. Or you may cross the Indus at Neema Muth, and over to the Chooril lake, on the hills round which they are also plentiful. If you can get some five or six marches into Rodokh, you will find the wild yak and Thibetian antelope, but if the Tartars are aware of your advent, you will soon have a visit from them, with a request, polite enough no doubt, but not to be disregarded, that you would at once be pleased to retrace your steps. If you decide to return from the salt lake take the route by Zanskar, into which district five marches will take you. On the road you may meet with *ovis ammon* on the first two, and burrell on all. At the head of the Zanskar river is some splendid ibex ground. It will be well worth your while to halt here a few days for them. You can get supplies from Abrung, the last village in Zanskar, six or eight miles above which you should encamp. You will find ibex on both sides of the river; up either of the little streams that join from the north, you are sure to find some, and this will perhaps be your best ground, as you cannot ford the big river, and to get to the opposite hills you must go round by the glacier at its head. A march further on in Rangdum, is also some very good ground; at the head of the little stream you cross, just before getting to the first village, Tasseetong, is one good place, and a little further down above Julendoo, another. Here, and at the head of the Zanskar

river, you first meet again with the brown bear. From hence there is nothing to induce you to halt, and you go viâ Soroo over the Kajeekhulla pass, into Warwurn, probably just in time to get a Hangul stag, before they cross into Cashmere, which migration takes place about the end of September.

On the route I have here sketched down, it is twelve marches from Cashmere to Ladak. Thence to the salt lake six. From the salt lake to Alnee is four, and to the Chooril lake five. From the salt lake to Zanskar five, Zanskar to Rangdum four, Rangdum to Soroo three, and from Soroo over the Pass to Sookman, the first village in the Warwurn valley, three more. As before mentioned, from this place to Islamabad in Cashmere, is three marches.

Another summer excursion is to Iskardoo, and up the northern branch of the Indus to Nobroo, or viâ Ladak to the latter place; in both these countries I am told are lots of ibex, but I have not myself visited either, so can say nothing about them. Of all, the most interesting trip would be, to go in a north westerly direction from Iskardoo, and endeavour to find the ovis poli, the largest and finest of all the known species of wild sheep. I have not heard of one having been seen by any European since the days of Marco Polo, nor am I certain in what country they are to be found. I think, however, that is the direction in which they should be sought, and very likely the country, of course high table land, drained by the head waters of the Oxus, is where it would be met with. To judge from the maps, twelve or fourteen days from Iskardoo, would take you thus far, and until it has been tried, we have no reason to imagine the route is impracticable. At any rate, if insurmountable obstructions were met with, one could but turn back. It would not be much lost, and if successful, one ovis poli would be well worth all the labour. Should I ever spend another summer in this part of the world, I shall certainly myself make the attempt, and so, if you wish to be first in the field, you had better forestall me. Last year I knocked over, as far as I have yet learnt, the first Thibetian antelope. I believe, too, I killed the first ovis ammon, and I shall crowtarnation loud if I get the first ovis poli.

But let us return to Cashmere. I must tell you though, in these countries, at this season, I am supposing it to be in July, August, or the early part of September, you will find ibex shooting somewhat different to what it was in spring. Then, the higher hills were covered deep with snow, herbage was scanty, and you found them out feeding at almost all hours. Males and females were on the same hill, often intermingled,

and when once in their haunts, you had little difficulty in finding them. Now a vast extent of country, where then only a few sharp or flat faced rocks appeared here and there through the expanse of snow, is entirely free from it, and gives them a wide range of habitation. Vegetation is every where abundant, and they are generally located near its extreme limits, at the heads of vallies and near glaciers. The cravings of appetite easily satisfied, they are only seen out, feeding early and late, retiring in the day to out-of-the-way places amongst the rocks and shingly slopes, often on the highest ridges, far above the limits of vegetable life. Here they sleep or rest, seldom moving till near sunset, when, if they have not been disturbed for some time, they may sometimes be seen in a flock of forty or fifty, coming at full gallop down the hill, to some favourite feeding ground. Males and females are now always in separate flocks, and it is of the former I am now speaking, for many of the females remain throughout the summer much lower down; the males and females, which in winter inhabited the same hill, may now be on quite different ranges. The places where they feed and where they resort in the day, are often many miles apart, and this is one reason, probably, why in summer so few are met with. The sportsman starts from his camp at daylight; after some hours' walk he reaches what looks likely ground, where, perhaps, he finds traces innumerable, some quite fresh, but no ibex are to be seen. His guide assures him this is where they ought to be found, and bewails his *kismat*, upon which the blame is all put. But look round; you see a confused assemblage of crags, shingly slopes, and broken ridges, extending for miles around and perhaps above you. Yes! say you, but there is not a blade of vegetation, and what should they do there? They have not been disturbed, and why should they go such a distance? Why should that flock of wild pigeons feed in these fields and in the evening fly off to yon far off tope, when there are plenty of trees so near at hand? It is their nature, and it is the same with the ibex, only they rest during the day, and the pigeons at night. You may depend, that somewhere or other, on these rocks, there they are. But you look round with a sigh. To what quarter must you direct your steps to try and find them; two days would not suffice to look over all that forbidding ground. It seems a hopeless task! It is, indeed, so, dont attempt it. Sit down quietly on that nice grassy bank, take a book, or pass the day the best way you can, till the lengthened shadows tell you it is nearly sunset. Now look out, but keep very quiet. A white object shows itself on one of the numerous ridges, or perhaps, on some slope, but far away. It

moves across; there, it is an ibex, and followed by others. Down they come and, before long, will be on some of these rich green patches for their evening meal. Now comes your chance; you must either keep still and try to stalk them when they arrive, or creep behind some ridge or knoll, and lie in wait for them as they pass; the nature of the ground must guide your choice in this. You may have a walk home in the dark, but you should try to avoid it, by having your camp as near the ground as you can, without fear of disturbing it. Such is a true picture of what you will often find ibex-shooting in summer, so your best plan is to look first for their feeding grounds, which you will easily discover by the traces, and when you have found one where the fresh marks show ibex have been there in the morning or the night previous, you may rest almost sure of their coming again, and be on the ground at sunset, or early in the morning. Evening is the best, as they are not so watchful then as in the morning. If, in the morning, you should see them leaving the ground, keep quiet and mark them down, and when certain they have fairly settled for their noon-day siesta, you may have a splendid stalk, for they are then in no ways watchful, appearing to rest in perfect security. You must make sure when you do get a shot, for once fired at, and you may bid favourable to that flock; you will not see them again on this ground for a week.

Once more in Cashmere, if you are fortunate enough to have a prolonged leave. The end of September ushers in stag-shooting, and after your summer's ramble in the dry sterile looking table lands of Thibet, the change to the green forest is not unpleasing, and the shooting itself may rank amongst the first of Himalayan field sports. At dawn you start forth, and on reaching your intended ground, listen for the bellow of a stag, which directs you to what quarter of the forest to go. If the bellow is repeated at intervals, you have little or no difficulty in finding the spot, and by waiting and listening occasionally, you get to the very place where the beast is standing. The first part of the work, as may be expected, offers no field for the display of your proficiency in the art of stalking, you have but to take care and keep to leeward, but when drawing near, your success will mainly depend on this. The fewer men with you the better; indeed, unless you put yourself under the guidance of a shikaree, which must take away a great deal of the excitement, I would advise you to take your rifle, and making your attendants sit down, go the last couple of hundred yards alone. There are lots of shikaries ready enough to take service, and they seem to be pretty well acquainted with the best shooting places, and to

a stranger are, undoubtedly, useful auxiliaries, but they are rather conceited, and appear to think it is quite impossible for any one to find or shoot an animal without their assistance. The description of a few days' stag-shooting will perhaps give a better idea of what the sport is like, than a general review of it, so let me borrow a few pages from my journal in Cashmere last autumn:—

Left the city on the 3rd of October, and having heard that several parties had already gone in the Islamabad direction, I chose the Scinde Valley (the Lar Pergunnah) as the next most likely ground. From the bridge a wooded hollow opposite looked so inviting, that I determined to commence my search there, so encamped at a small village, the highest up the little stream. The villagers, in answer to my enquiries, said there might be hangul\* on the hill, but they had not heard any bellow as yet; the Cashmerians though are not more addicted to telling the truth than other Easterns, and I did not lay much stress on what they said. At daylight, next morning, I set out, walking first a mile up the valley, and then up a ridge with a wooded ravine on each side. I had not gone far up, when the bellow of a stag saluted my ears. It was the first I ever heard, as different as possible from the trumpet of a gerow, but could not be for a moment mistaken, even had I not had with me a couple of the villagers. The place it appeared to come from, was about a mile distant, and the bellowing was repeated several times, while I was making my way towards the spot. When I thought we were drawing pretty near, I left the two men and went on alone. The forest was very thick, and I had not much hope of being able to see the beast, before it saw or heard me, it having the advantage of being stationary, while I must keep moving. After going on a hundred yards or so, I sat down and waited patiently for another bellow. This came and, apparently, not more than another hundred yards off, and pulling off my shoes, that I might make less noise, I noted the place down as near as I could judge, and went cautiously forward as far as I then dare. Again I stop't to listen, screening myself behind the trunk of a large tree, and peered scrutinisingly all round. Another bellow, not fifty yards off, points out almost the exact whereabouts of the stag, but a lot of trees and underwood intercept the view. With cat-like tread another ten yards advance is made, and another close scrutiny still reveals nothing: Now comes a bellow almost startling from its close proximity, and advantage is taken of it for another few yards' advance, to

\* The local name for the Cashmere stag, and pretty generally adopted by us.

the trunk of another large pine tree. Looking from behind this, two legs are at last seen, and after a few moments scrutiny, the whole animal is made out, though screened a great deal by the intervening bushes. Still, as it is not more than thirty yards off, it can be seen distinctly enough to render its fate almost a matter of certainty. Bang!—and a bullet has gone through its shoulder, and without moving a step from the spot, the antlered victim sinks to the ground. This was my first stag, indeed, the first one I had ever seen, and eagerly enough I ran to see what it was like. It was one of twelve tines, but the antlers, though very handsome, were not particularly large. I had given the two men directions to come on when they heard me shoot, and they were soon up, and when they saw the stag, I thought they would have gone demented. They jumped and danced, and fairly screeched with ecstasy. They were mere lads and, perhaps, had never seen one killed before. The stag was quite dead, but this did not hinder them from cutting its throat and making it *hullal* in the orthodox Mussulman fashion. I neither saw or heard any thing more of hangul that day, but came across two bears, toying very lovingly with each other in the rocky bed of a little rivulet, and uncourteously put a stop to their endearments by knocking over the largest. It was a tough brute, and took four bullets before it gasped out its last of life.

The next place I tried, was above Sufferow, on the western side of the river. There were a few fresh traces in the forest, but I neither saw or heard any thing of stag or hind, though the place had been pointed out to me from the last village as a favourite resort. A little higher up the valley above Revel, the hills looked tempting, so I went on to that place, and to commence the day's work, up the ridge above it, on the north of the little stream. For some miles I saw no traces nor heard any thing, but at last the expected bellowing of a stag was heard on the opposite hill side. It took us five or six hours to get to the place, the ground was so bad. The bellowing was repeated but once or twice during the time, and when I reached the forest, it had ceased altogether, and I had to wait till near evening ere it came again. Stealing forward and waiting to listen as before, at length I got sight of a hangul, but it was a hind. I had got behind the trunk of a fallen pine tree, and she was not more than twenty yards off, quietly browsing on the bushes, and I could hear now and then a slight rustling behind a very thick bush below her. I lay quiet for at least ten minutes, expecting every moment to see the stag come forward, the hind slowly approaching to where I was ensconced. I

could distinctly hear another behind the thick bush, but could not get the least glimpse of it, and I dare not move a foot from where I was, the hind was so close. Another step or two and I could have touched her with the rifle. Here she is, close up to the fallen trunk, and still no stag. How strange it seemed to have such a timid animal actually within arm's length, unconsciously stretching her graceful neck to crop the bush I could myself have touched. My chance is over; she makes one more step, and as she turns her head round a little, can see over the trunk. What a jump she gave as the unexpected apparition there met her gaze. It is needless to say she at once plunged into the thicket, or that her companion, who had so tantalizingly kept out of sight went off with her. I saw them as they emerged from the wood, some three hundred yards below, two hinds, and a noble stag with antlers, apparently twice the size of those the one I had killed was possessed of. On the road home I came across a snow bear, and despatched her with two bullets. She was very fat, and as I wanted the skin and grease, the next day was employed in abstracting these.

I had then two blank days as far as stags were concerned, but killed one black and two brown bears. The third day in the evening, after killing two more brown bears, I saw a stag walk across a bare hill side, into a patch of pine forest, in which half an hour afterwards I found him in company with four hinds. The forest was almost free from underwood, and I could see the whole lot, so picked him out without much difficulty. It was a rather long shot, but he rolled over dead to the first bullet.

He was a much larger animal than the first, and the antlers were longer and more massive, and altogether a far finer pair, but they had only ten tines. An old buck tahr or an ibex\* smell rather strong, but either of these are perfume itself compared to the flavour which exhales from a stag at this season. The first one I killed had not the least offensive smell, probably from being alone, but this one was something fearful.

Another day's hunt was not so fortunate. Soon after starting in the morning, while walking up an exposed ridge, a stag and five hinds suddenly made their appearance from behind the next, some five hundred yards off. They were coming in a direct line towards us, and but for one unfortunate circumstance, would have walked close by. The wind blew directly towards them, and ere they had made a dozen steps they got the taint, and suddenly tossing up their heads, stood for a few seconds, and then wheeling round set off at full speed down the hill. The view, from the ridge we were



on, embraced the whole hill side, and I marked them down in a thickly wooded corner. For a long while I watched them in this through the glass, and not seeing one move out, I felt certain they had settled there, and would remain till evening, so I made a long round and got to leeward. The two men, with me were left as before, when getting near, and knowing nearly the exact spot where they were, I easily got within shot of it. But here again I was disappointed. I crept to behind a large lump of rock, and looking over could see two hinds, but nothing of the stag. I tried from two or three different places with the same result. These two hinds were all I could see, and I could get no nearer without disturbing them. For hours I waited patiently for some movement that might bring the stag into view, but they would not stir, and there was no chance but to wait on till evening. My patience would probably have been rewarded, but the two villagers hearing or seeing nothing for such a length of time, fancied I must have gone away altogether, and came forward to see. Unfortunately, they let the hinds see them, and this started the whole lot. I ran down the ridge as fast as I could, and was in time to see them cross the open hill side below. I got a snap shot at the stag at about 150 yards, and hit him somewhere, for he left the hinds at once and I tracked him by the drops of blood for near a mile. He was a magnificent fellow, and I sadly regretted losing him. The next day I sought high and low without avail, and it was the more vexing, for I found the five hinds by themselves, which was almost proof the stag was dead or severely wounded.

After this I went up to Sonamurgh, to look for ibex, and did not return till the 24th, when I found the stags had given up bellowing altogether, and were far more difficult to find. The only chance was, while they were out feeding morning and evening. I tried for a week, but only got two shots, killing one, a very old stag, but with stumpy little antlers not worth bringing away, and I believe missing the other altogether, though not more than fifty yards off. How I managed to do this I cannot imagine, nor am I certain I did miss, but I could find not a drop of blood on the couple of hundred yards I followed his track. What kind of a one he was, I could not tell, for it was in thick jungle, and I could not see his head. From not being able to explain myself thoroughly to the Cashmerians, I lost one splendid chance of bagging two stags right and left. I found some fresh foot-prints, which led into a very thick but not large patch of jungle, and in this I felt certain they were laid. One could not see ten yards in it, the underwood was so

thick, so stalking was out of the question, and the best way seemed to try a drive. As well as I could, for they understood little of Hindoostanee, I explained to the two men what to do, and posted myself in what appeared the best position. I intended them to beat across, and some distance apart, but they either misunderstood me, or were afraid, and kept together and commenced beating the lower end of the jungle, and I had the mortification of seeing the stags walk out together at the upper, and go off without giving me the chance of a shot. The last few days I was out, I often put up hinds alone, from which it seems probable the stags separate from them for a while after the rutting season. There were a few musk-deer, but very few, in these forests, and I killed three, two males and a female. Bears were every where plentiful, I seldom went out without seeing one or more. The brown ones are the same in size and every thing else, but the black ones seem much smaller than those found in the Gurwhal hill. All I saw were so, and of those I killed the largest, which the villagers called one of the very biggest, would here be considered as a very ordinary one. I have shot some at least twice the size. I could have killed a great many hinds, but I did not fire at one, and I would earnestly entreat every sportsman to show them the same forbearance. Every hind killed must tend to the gradual extinction of the race, while the death of several stags can make little or no difference.

The hangul stag in Cashmere is found only on the northern range of hills. In summer I was told nearly all the stags cross over into the Warwurn valley, while the hinds remain. This migration is rather strange, as the hills are of the same character, and there is lots of room in the Cashmere ones for the sexes to keep separate. That it is wholly or partially the case however, is proved by the fact of stags alone being found in the Warwurn valley, and that only in summer. They all return to Cashmere when the rutting season commences at the end of September.

The Cashmere stag is a much handsomer animal than the saumber or burra-sing of the Plains, or the gerow of the hills, and the antlers of the latter will not bear comparison. A few years ago the antlers of a gerow were figured and described in the *Sporting Review*, by Mr. Blyth, the Curator of the Asiatic Society's Museum, as a very extraordinary pair, something quite out of the common way, and he must be a very good judge in such matters. The same year I happened to kill one of the finest gerows I ever saw, and its antlers were so much like the ones described by Mr. Blyth, that his description and drawing

might have been copied from them. In length and thickness they were the exact counterpart, and even so in the shape and position of the tines. The largest I got in Cashmere, which I then thought a very fine pair, and on the acquisition of which I rather prided myself, were not so massive, but certainly longer, and they sank into complete insignificance when compared to the antlers of a stag killed by Capt. Campbell, which was indeed the most magnificent trophy of deer stalking I ever saw. They had the usual twelve tines, and this seems to be a perfect head, though the shikaries say some have fourteen and even sixteen, and one old fellow declared he had killed one of nineteen tines.

In what other places, besides Cashmere, these animals are found, I have had no means of ascertaining. Our sportsmen are silent about the new grounds which many must have explored in the far West, but I should think it must extend in a north westerly direction to the Indus and, perhaps, beyond, where possibly other new animals will yet be discovered.

Of winged game Cashmere does not boast a great deal, except in water fowl. There are a few moonalls and cocklas, pheasants and woodcocks; and snipes make their appearance in October, and later are plentiful. The Wuler lake, and the marshy grounds around at this time swarm with ducks and geese, and no doubt during winter the whole valley is perfectly alive with them.

And now I have given you the little information I am possessed of regarding this country. Would it were more, or of better quality, but one can only do his best. Let us hope some one amongst the many better qualified and abler pens, who even now are rambling over the hills, or boating on the waters of the Happy Valley, will come forward and let us all have the pleasure of sharing in his recollections.

Giving a hasty glance over the intervening countries, of the lower hills I know nothing. Above Kishtewar, Padur and Powngee, appertaining to Chamba, contain ibex, musk-deer and snow bears. Lahool, higher up, has the same, with a few burrell, and, perhaps, a greater recommendation, one of the finest summer climates in the world. Spitee has ibex and burrell, and the Penes valley is a noted place for them. In Kooloo, tahr are found, though not in great numbers, and the highest range which separates it from Lahool has ibex. The same may be said of Chamba, where, at the head of the Ravee, in Burra Bungal, they are numerous. Koonour is not a bad shooting country; in the higher part, the Asrung and Ropa valleys are amongst the best of ibex grounds, and at

Nako and the hills around burrell are very numerous. The Buspa valley is good for brown bears, burrell, and musk-deer. Cashmere, however, now draws away almost every hill wanderer, whether tourist or sportsman, and these countries are rarely visited, unless on the way to or from it, so it is not worth while to notice them in detail. And now Abel I must close this rigmarole. For much of it you may thank the maker of this note paper who, certainly, ought to have had an exhibition prize, the ink flows on it so easily. I am afraid you will find many errors in my orthography, these I must beg you or your imps to correct ; I have lived so long in the jungles without books, that I really almost forget how to write my own language. I am often puzzled to decide on the spelling of a very simple word, and the more I think, the more undecided I get ; so while filling these pages, to save time, I have not bothered myself to think at all. To-morrow I make preparations for a start on a little excursion to the Thibetian frontier, and if I meet with any adventure worth recording, which here though is not very likely, you shall before long hear again from

A MOUNTAINEER.

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### MY FIRST BOAR, &c.

AND MOST DECIDEDLY MY LAST.

IN days long gone by, we used often to be favored, in the pages of the good old *Bengal Sporting Magazine*, with articles headed, "My First Tiger," "My First Bear," &c., &c. ; and to such a length was this fashion carried, that I was in full expectation of one day or other seeing "My First Porcupine," or "My Last Bandycoot ;" but in this, however, I was disappointed, for, if my memory serves me right, no one ever ventured below the level of a hyena ! The thoughts of these productions have, at any rate, determined me, for the amusement of some of your readers, and the warning and benefit of others, to make a full confession of my adventures as a pig-sticker, although I shall be a lamentable instance of cockneyism unveiled—a melancholy specimen of misplaced sporting vanity.

To bear with me, kind reader, while I tell you my simple story, and then say, whether in the list of your acquaintances you have not *one* friend, at least, who somewhat resembles me.

I am descended from a sporting family. At least, my mother always called partridges *birds*; and my father was possessed of a venerable weapon on the primitive principle of flint-and-steel. How well I remember the antique curiosity, as it hung in my father's study, with the word "Loaded," in large text and three notices of admiration, on a card immediately above it. I never gazed on that ancient fowling piece, without a feeling of awe and veneration creeping over me.

My father was also a subscriber to one of the *Sporting Magazines*, and the owner of a toothless old pointer. The useless brute made a point—the only point I ever knew him guilty of—of invariably running up and chasing as hard as he could, every covey he, by chance, happened to fall in with.

I rejoice in the name of Bellikins, and as I was the seventh son, I need hardly say, I now figure in the Army List as Septimus Bellikins. My mother declares that the name was formerly "de Bellekense," and that immense estates in Northumberland, granted by the Conqueror, were lost to the family through the rascality of a lawyer. A most woeful change must have come over us, for the present abode of the Bellikins family is a very unpretending cottage in Surrey, dignified by the name of "The Poplars"—on account of two sickly trees which stand on the tiny grass-plot, looking like a couple of ill-dressed dusty sentinels. My parents destined me for the army. I came out as a Cadet in the Madras Infantry, and was soon in orders to do duty with a regiment stationed in the heart of a country, where very tolerable hog-hunting was to be had. And here I was ass enough to set myself up as a sportsman. I never *could* ride; and my sister and I had certainly changed nerves; for I had not the slightest fancy for "bearding the brindled savage in his den"—or "tracking to his tangled lair the striped monarch of the forest"—or performing any other feat equally absurd and ridiculous. I very much preferred a conflict with a snipe. But a pig—a contemptible pig! Ah, thinks I, I can manage a grunter; so in an evil hour I started as a hog-hunter. I had never much of a voice, but I soon began to murder at Mess poor Morris's matchless verses, and to this day do I remember the excruciating tone, in which, after dinner, I occasionally howled.

"The Bo—ar! The mighty Bo—o—ar's my theme!" about a dozen other youngsters joining in the chorus, to the great comfort and satisfaction of all within a koss of us, who were vainly endeavouring to get a little sleep.

I was rather proud of my costume. I fully flattered myself it was *the* thing. My coat was green, and the buttons were

enormous brass ones, with the real European wild boar most savagely conspicuous on them. And what a very eccentrically formed animal he was. His nose was turned up in a most painful way, while his tail very much resembled a piece of a broken corkscrew. My breeches were white cord, and my legs were encased in huge saubur skin bags, which were pronounced by a brother Ensign "Slap-up!" I had no less than nine spears, eight of which were most gaudily painted, red, green, blue, or white. On the favorite ones I had cut several notches, and about these said notches I always preserved a degree of mystery which, of course, led to the supposition that they showed the number of boars that I had already caused to bite the dust. In fact, by hints and winks, and a few unmeaning mysterious remarks, I made my brother officers believe that I had committed fearful havoc among the swine on my way to join, and that my progress Up-country was marked by reckless daring, prodigious slaughter, and bleaching bones. My nag was a sorry one indeed—a caster of course—but I always declared he was cast simply because he ran away when the regiment charged, and that he was dirt cheap at 800 Rupees of any man's money. I have been assured—though, of course, so vile a fabrication is not worth a moment's notice—that he was a three year old at the siege of Seringapatam. In colour—and *only* in colour—he something resembled Lord Eglington's celebrated winner of the Derby, and I accordingly called him *The Flying Dutchman*. He cost me twenty-two rupees. I had early fallen into the Indian habit of drawing the long bow, and in a few months, even the Colonel had'n't a chance with me.

If any one told a wonderful story at Mess, I was sure to beat him—if a stranger came out with a lie, I came out with a bigger; until at last some of the young hands would call out, "That's a regular Bellikins," whenever a startling anecdote trespassed too much on the credulity of the gallant 53rd.

In the cold weather, parties for the country would occasionally be made up, but I invariably managed to escape. At one time my liver was all to wrongs. At another, the *Dutchman* was troubled with a nasty cough. On the third occasion, I was seized with the tooth-ache at the very moment my kit was leaving my compound; and on the fourth, I declared, I had just received a letter from home, announcing the sudden death of my grand-father!

This state of things, however, could not last long—sooner or later, the explosion *must* come—and in a few weeks I was fairly run to ground. It had been whispered long ago, that I was

a humbug. I knew I was considered by all as a second Baron Munchausen; and one day I overheard myself alluded to as "a tinker." I therefore determined by one bold step to retrieve my character, and to take the place I always assured the Officers I was entitled to, viz., the first pig-sticker in the corps.

Well, an expedition was planned—not by *me*, dear reader—to the far famed village of Soorgaum. The very name was enough to give me the palsy, but with the utmost eagerness and joy I expressed my intention of joining the party.

The night before we started, was, I need scarcely say, a grand one at the Mess. How we did talk and boast, and I am afraid, I must add—lie. The fun grew fast and furious—the wine circulated briskly—and the butler was nearly killed by a poke in the stomach, administered by a volatile young gentleman, who declared he took him for a solitary boar! The usual songs—hunting and comic—had been murdered for about the hundredth time, and at last I made an effort to stand, and said I had a toast to propose.

"Gentlemen, pray fill your glasses, as my toast is one to which even Demosthenes himself might fail to do justice. You are all aware of the delights—the maddening delights of the chase—which I trust we are to experience on the morrow. We hope to see the bristly savage starting from his thicket—foam on his tusks—and fire in his eye. (Hear, hear.) With ~~no~~ steeds and flashing spears, we pursue the flying boar, and join in the deadly strife—death or victory. (Cheers.) I, gentlemen, will have the proud satisfaction of being the antagonist of *all* of you. ('Bravo! Go it Belly.') And permit me, with all humility, to say, that he who gains a pair of tushes on the morrow, must be the conqueror of one before whose victorious arm dozens of gigantic boars have been forced to bite the dust. (Loud cheers and, 'You're no tinker.') So now, gentlemen, we will, if you please, drink, 'Success to the morrow—and may we find boars that can *fight* as well as run!' "

I emptied my glass, and felt about as pleasant as Socrates after the hemlock. The cheering was terrific. Wilkins, the junior ensign, in attempting to get on the table, fell back, and cut his head against the arm of his chair. No hunting for *him* on the morrow—so said the doctor at once. I wished with all my heart that I had tumbled down too. I would almost as soon have stood trepanning, as the springing of the fatal mine which was rapidly preparing under my very feet.

How long we should have remained at Mess that night I knew not. It was past twelve before I quitted "the hall of dazzling light;" and my departure was hastened from the fact of my receiving, in my right eye, an immense over-ripe custard apple, while at the same moment, I was gratified by hearing the words, "Take that you 'Cockney!'"

I had a dreadful night. In a fitful and uneasy slumber I dreamt a huge grey boar was chasing me round and round my compound, gaining on me at every stride—his tusks about a foot in length. At last my feet seemed glued to the ground—the brute was upon me—a fearful gash behind caused me to shriek with pain, and I awoke bathed in perspiration. I actually put my hand to the unmentionable part, so vivid was the impression upon me that I had been ripped. All attempts to get to sleep again were out of the question. I rolled about in perfect torture, till the doctor and two or three more entered my compound about an hour before daylight, and bawled out to know if I was ready. I did all I could to delay them, declared all their watches were wrong, and took about twenty minutes to pull on the sambar-skin bags. I insisted on their dismounting and having some coffee, and I had a kind of savage satisfaction, in hearing one of them say that it was so awfully hot, it nearly took the skin off his lips.

The day had dawned before we started, and owing to my almost inexhaustible resources, it took us three hours to do the twelve miles. I altered my curb and stirrup-leathers about five times—drank water at every bowry we came to—declared Captain Smith's horse went lame—was seized with the stitch, and requested every one to look for a small round pebble for me—in short, I put in practice about fourteen different manoeuvres, to detain the party as long as I possibly could, from the dreaded village of Soorgam. On one occasion I took them nearly two miles off the road, and this was as good as an hour to me. But at last our destination was seen "looming in the distance."

"Bravo! there are the tents"—said a repulsive-looking hawk-eyed Lieutenant.

"Thank goodness," said I. "It does one's heart good to know that we are, perhaps, within half a mile of a fighting, first chop boar." As I finished this fearful sentence, I threw my cap in the air, and tried to cry out, "Pig-sticking for ever!"—but the words stuck in my throat, and I could only produce an extraordinary noise, somewhat similar to the discordant croak of a thirsty crow. I was faint, and sick at heart. All



my confidence seemed quite to have deserted me, and I felt as if I were in Newgate, on the point of being led out for execution.

"Well, Howard, what news?" said I, to a jolly looking young man, who stood at the door of the tent, apparently in high glee, and who had ridden on in advance of us.

"Oh! famous. Two solitary boars marked down, *pukha*. Regular whackers they are—old Pundoo has seen them both."

"Glorious!" said I, entering the tent, and feeling as weak as water.

"One," the miserable fellow continued, "is jet black: as big as a buffalo they say, and they call him the Jemadar! The other all grey, charged a bandy and bullocks on Tuesday, and killed a woman on Wednesday!"

"Splendid!" I gasped, as I wiped my forehead, and sank into a chair. It was now evident I was in for it. Escape I felt sure was impossible, and certain exposure awaited me. What *was* to be done?

Breakfast was served with what, I considered, most indecent haste. I was nearly an hour, however, eating a portion of a bantam's egg. I had not the appetite of a fly, and what little I did eat, seemed to find the greatest difficulty in getting down my throat.

"By the bye, Doctor" said I, as we were seated together after the ~~dispiriting~~ repast. "I don't like the idea of that poor young fellow Wilkins being left all by himself. I really don't mind riding back at once, if you will only keep it from the others, for I shouldn't like in any way to break up the party, besides, I have killed so many pigs, I'm almost tired of the fun. I'll willingly sacrifice my own sport to-day."

"Nonsense," replied the Doctor, "a mere scratch, nothing at all. And we are all so anxious to see how you go to work with these enormous brutes. I hear they have tusks like razors, and charge like mad, what horrid ugly customers they must be. You see your toast was the very thing. It kept me awake nearly all night."

"So it did *me*," said I, as with a heavy heart I went to my tent to make preparations for taking the field.

How long I lingered within the canvas walls! How slowly I donned the sporting toggery! Hercules in the poisoned shirt must have felt comfortable, compared to what I endured beneath the green coat and wild-boar buttons! I felt like clown on the point of being shot. As my servant assisted me in my toilet, I considered him as a kind of Calcraft who was preparing me for a public and ignominious death. When I put on my

hunting topee, I felt as if the black cap were already over my eyes.

Hastily swallowing nearly a pint of cherry brandy, I sallied out, after having been repeatedly called, and found the whole party waiting, all eager for the fight, and in the highest possible spirits.

"Now, Bellikins, look sharp. We have been standing here this half hour for you. What spear to-day? green, blue, or what? How well the *Dutchman* looks."

"Boy," said I, "give me the large red spear with the nine notches on it and the mark of a boar's tusk in the blade. You know the one I mean".

"Oh yes, I know," said the sable scoundrel, "one I done buy for eight annas in the bazar for Master; then Master paint and cut notch—plenty rain that day."

"That boy"—said I, as I crept like a snail into the saddle of the *Flying Dutchman*—"that boy is such an awful liar, that I really must discharge him. It's no use; I cannot stand it any longer."

Some one whispered "Walker!" but I affected not to hear the ill-timed vulgarity. Taking my spear and gazing intently on the notches; "Gentlemen," I said, "nine and two make eleven, I presume. We shall have some hot work to-day, depend upon it."

I had no chance of detaining them longer, and the fair procession set forth. It was headed by old Pundoo (the Mess shikaree) followed by some twelve or fourteen beaters—quite as many as were requisite—the boars in question being well known animals, which disdained going far for strong cover in the hills.

Some open fields were crossed, when a small straggling nullah appeared in sight—a few date bushes being dotted about here and there. Suddenly Pundoo stopped, and raising his stick, intimated that the Jemadar was lying under a certain bush, which he very plainly described, and pointed out to us.

I gained ten minutes by persisting in mistaking the bush, but at last this slender "dodge" was exhausted, and I was forced to move on.

"But Pundoo," said I, once more pulling up, "surely such a pig as the Jemadar would not lie under such a little bush as that. Why, there's not cover for a hare there. What do you say, Captain Smith?"

I was favored with no reply; but a grim smile, with a very fair share of contempt in it, passed over the features of the gallant Captain and the swarthy shikaree.

On we moved again. I almost wondered I did not hear the Dead March in Saul! At length we were actually within 300 yards of the accursed animal. As I was nearly dropping from my saddle, I determined to make one last desperate effort to escape. It was indeed forlorn hope, but I resolved to try it.

Reining up the *Flying Dutchman*, was only too happy to obey any signal to stop; "I'll tell you what it is", said I, "there's no use in so many of us going at *one* unfortunate pig. I'll look on and be umpire, so there can be no dispute about the spear then."

"Hollo, Belly! Nine and two make eleven, Oh?"

"You dont funk the Jemadar, do you?"

I replied, "Perfectly delighted to settle the brute. But fair play you know—fair play is everything—and we are *all* sportsmen here. For goodness' sake dont let us mob to death a miserable porker!"

Reader! I gained my point, though it was hard work, I assure you. I fear I lost some of my reputation, but that was better at any rate than losing a gallon of blood. I was indeed overjoyed at my success, but to gain this unlooked-for reprieve, my persuasive powers were fairly exhausted. My heart felt now eased of half its load. Eager for the prey, the party once more moved on, and advanced strait to the Jemadar's lair. I kept about fifty yards in the rear, and fancied I presented ~~rather a patronising~~ appearance, as I sat the *Dutchman* in my most effective manner, and waved to and fro my crimson spear.

All at once there was a pause, and I could make out that large stones were being hurled at the sleeping boar. Presently a tremendous shout was raised, and the mighty Jemadar was on foot. Giving one proud glance at his pursuers, he dashed gallantly off down the nullah, followed at full speed by all the riders shrieking with frantic delight. How thankful I felt I was not one of them, for I had caught a glimpse of the boar, and would not have gone near him for the world. He was, indeed, a monster—a kind of brute I never wish to see, except on a cart or in a menagerie. Meleager himself would have shuddered. On, on went the hunters—their caps bobbing among the date bushes—their spears glancing in the sun—and the hoofs of their horses thundering along—even my own hen-partridge heart was a little excited, and I cantered on in the rear, determined, if possible, to see how so formidable a beast was to be disposed of.

Finding himself hard pressed, the wily swine doubled round

a thick clump of date bushes and long grass, and counter-marched towards the very spot from whence he started. In happy ignorance of this appalling manœuvre, I was cantering on behind the sportsman, yelling out, "Go along, Gentlemen! No craning! Take him behind the shoulder! No funking!"—when the Jemadar was all but upon me! The gallant caster made so sudden a halt, that my cap flew over his head, and it was indeed a mercy I did not follow it. One loud and ominous snort issued from the nostrils of the *Flying Dutchman*, and that intrepid animal wheeled round with unparalleled velocity, and was soon stretching away at racing speed for the peaceful hamlet of Soorgaum!

The unpleasant fact was now evident enough. The Jemadar was in chase of me, and I was flying like a cur before him. My fingers were so busy with reins and pommel, that I had no spare ones for the spear. It dropped ignominiously to the ground—paint, varnish, notches and all.

Away we sped at a pace that I fancied would have won the St. Leger. By a desperate effort I managed to look back, and there was the cursed Jemadar not ten yards behind us, almost flying apparently; his tushes, like two white sickles, I made certain, in a few moments more would be in the very centre of my colon! On we flew, I thinking every moment would be my last. There was no doubt about the *Dutchman* being a *Flying* one now. But as if the ~~reverses of em-~~ dured were not already keen enough, loud peals of laughter were borne onward from behind, and my ears were saluted with cries of "Hollo, Belly! Dont mob to death a miserable porker!"

"Cut another notch, but dont cut your stick!"—"where are you bolting to?"—"Come back you Cockney!" These and many more of a similar kind assailed me, as on and on we flew

"Torrents less rapid and less rash."

I can remember but little more of this agonizing race. Pale, faint, and breathless, I found myself at the door of my tent. The first words my servant favored me with, being, "Master done get first spear?" I had been lying on my cot about half an hour, in a state of indescribable shame and wretchedness, when the party returned. All were in high glee; and the grim carcass of the Jemadar, which filled the largest bandy in the village, brought up the rear. I knew not what to say. I had no lie ready—at least none that would be believed—so I could only declare that the behaviour of the *Flying Dutchman* was

perfectly incomprehensible, and that I had never known him do so before. I had sunk low indeed in the estimation of all present, but my cup of degradation was not yet full.

Tiffin did wonders for me—gave me a valuable half hour, during which I swallowed quantities of Mug, notwithstanding the earnest wish of the whole party to start immediately in quest of the second boar.

We were once more off; and I was praying that the brute might be at least three miles from the village, when old Pundoo announced to me, in a tone of the highest gratification, that the horrid animal was in a dhāl field, only a few hundred yards off.

Flated by the Mug, I was this time determined to do or die.

"This is not such a *very* large pig, is it?" said I to Pundoo, in a tone of the most winning softness.

"Burra dantwallah Sahib—burra huraamzada!" said the hideous low-legged old wretch.

I now laughed—I talked—and was as noisy as any ten men put together. I clung to the hope that the boar would steal quietly away when he heard my shouting come nearer and nearer. Alas! it was a sad delusion—an artillery review would not have stirred the brute, at last the field was reached, and I was certainly twenty minutes in forming one very diminutive line. Once more, too, I tried to gain a short respite. "Gentlemen," said I, "suppose we *all* go at this sulky beast. He might kill another woman you know, so let's make sure of him."

"No, no, Belly! Fair play you know—fair play."

"Ah! but in this case, human life, recollect. Why, if this boar kills another woman, I should consider myself a murderer! Besides, 'the more the merrier' you know."

"Don't want to see a poor porker overmatched, do you?"

"Bellikins," said Captain Smith, the man who had killed the Jemadar—"I shant ride this time. I shall just look on and see how *you* go to work: I want to take a lesson from *your* style of doing the trick."

*My* style of doing the trick! Good heavens! what a mockery. I thought I should have dropped from my saddle, so arrant an imposter did I feel myself at that moment.

The dreaded line moved on: I calling out, "Steady there! not *too* quick," at least thirty times, to put off as long as I could the awful moment. We neared the edge of the field—no pig there. How earnestly I hoped and inwardly prayed, that the beast had stolen away. But one look from old Pundoo was enough, and instantly threw me back into despair. He point-

ed about twenty yards in advance to a small bush that grew close to the edge of the field, and gave a knowing wink and nod, which plainly said. "There he is!"

As ill luck would have it, the bush was right ahead of me. Riding off to Howard, who was on the right of the line. "Howard"—said I, "just change places with me, will you. I can't help fancying he'll break this way, and I really must floor this fellow."

He gladly did so. I kept my eye on the bush, and as the line neared it, I saw it shake to its centre—the dhāl seemed mowed down as if by an eighteen pounder—one simultaneous shout rose instantly from horsemen and beaters—and, as grey as a badger, and as big as a jackass, the bristly savage dashed into the plain!

A renewed yell followed him as he broke from the field into the open. "What an awful stinker"—roared Captain Smith—"You lucky dogs!"

"Tally ho! Now then Belly," bawled Mr. Howard.

"Go it Guts!" said an Irish Ensign, lately captured in a Connaught bog!

"Worse than a tiger—bring a dooly!" the Doctor called out by way of encouragement.

"Tally ho! Tally ho!" I tried to *shriek* out, but I couldn't get beyond a respectable whisper. I must have been suddenly seized with an ulcerated sore throat, or a sharp attack of quipsy.

I gave the *Dutchman* his ugly fiddle head, and we were fairly off. The boar took over a magnificent country—the shouts in the rear urged us on—the Mug, too, was doing wonders. But in an uncultivated strip between two fields, holes were abundant, and to my unspeakable dismay, Howard's horse stumbled and fell.

It was now evident, that if I could not beat the tattoos of the doctor and the others, I had better pull up at once, and confess myself a humbug. Thanks to the invigorating Mug, on I went, and gained rapidly on the boar, whose pace was most suspiciously slow, considering he was fleeing for his very life. But as I neared him, it was evident the *Flying Dutchman* was not over anxious for a particularly close acquaintance, for he kept edging away to the left, and when he was about abreast of the boar, the latter gave a rapid succession of angry grunts, at the same time bearing down upon us with a velocity that made me apprehend the most unpleasant consequences. It was indeed a fearful sight, and I shall never forget it to my

dying day. Whether the *Dutchman's* agony was greater than mine, I cannot say, but I don't think it could have been. The stupified caster reared perpendicularly—and I let fall my spear, to seize the friendly mane, at the very moment the boar was upon us; and man, horse and pig, rolled ingloriously on the ground together.

Half-stunned, and bewildered with terror, I rose quickly to my knees, when something like a stout carving knife ploughed like lightning through a very tender part behind, and left a gash wide enough to let out all the honor I ever possessed at any rate.

The gallant *Dutchman* was now up and off; the boar, I was thankful to see, taking after him as hard as he could go. In a few strides the reins were entangled in the feet of the miserable caster—he staggered—fell—and the glittering tushes were again and again buried deep into his heaving carcass.

The Doctor was soon with me, and uncontrollable were his bursts of laughter as he slowly examined my distressing and anti-sedentary wound. We walked slowly to the village together—my horse-keeper following with my saddle and bridle, and spear; the remains of my “Arab Steed” being left for the Soorgaun vultures.

The exposure had indeed come with a completeness I was hardly prepared for. Nothing could have made it more ~~intensely~~ bitter. I was humiliated, degraded, crest-fallen! I, the mighty hunter—the unrivalled pig-sticker—the crack cross-country rider, was now plainly revealed as a cockney—an imposter—and a cheat! I pass over the hearty congratulations of Captain Smith. He had indeed seen *my* way of going to work, and witnessed me “do the trick!” The grey boar was not long in following us to the tents. Howard had remounted, joined the youngsters, and between them they had disposed of the animal very creditably. But a slight wound was visible on his left shoulder, for which no one could in any way account. I instantly claimed it as mine. I declared that as the boar charged, I inflicted the wound, and that it would have been a mortal one had not the *Dutchman* reared, and thus saved the pig from being slaughtered on the very spot by a single spear. I was indeed utterly dead to all the feelings of a sportsman, or I never could have claimed so paltry a scratch. The “first spear” I insisted was mine, and I demanded the head as a trophy fairly due to me. This was granted, and without shame or compunction, I preserved and sent to England the skull of an animal which had so utterly discomfited me.

It is to be seen to this very day at “The Poplars,” where, in the diminutive hall, above the hat-stand and coal-scuttle, it is

suspended in grim ferocity, with the following label, written in my father's most startling text, attached :—

INDIAN WILD BOAR!!!

(*Sus Aper Indicus Ferox.*)

This sanguinary and ferocious monster  
Was the terror of Soorgaum and the surrounding villages,  
And had destroyed numbers of the native peasantry.  
That reckless and daring sportsman  
(Called by his brother Officers, "*The Modern Meleager*,")  
Septimus Bellikins, of the Madras Army,  
(Seventh son of Peter Bellikins, Esq., of "*The Poplars*," Surrey.)  
After a fearful and bloody struggle,  
In which his valuable life was nearly sacrificed,  
Rid the country of this terrific scourge,  
Thereby restoring confidence and security  
To an immense portion of the Hon'ble Company's territory!

At home I was immediately considered a second Hercules, but in India, the game was up. I was soon in orders for leave of absence, "on urgent private affairs," and I bade adieu to the gallant 53rd with the lion's hide most completely stripped off me, and the long ears fully exposed to view. I tell my friends that my hog-hunting days are over. If ever I talk about my former exploits, I look very solemn and with a sigh that I wish it could speak. From my sad and melancholy tone, people believe a report which I myself circulated, that a favorite brother had been killed by a boar. I am therefore never pressed with questions on the subject, a proceeding which I find most agreeable and convenient.

My other spears have long since been sold. The coat with the head buttons I presented to a sporting drummer, and when thoroughly worn out by him, it became the property of an aspiring cook-boy.

With large game I have done for ever, and I confine myself to attacks on the ferocious florekin and the deadly snipe!

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentle reader! have you been long in this "Land of the Sun?" Have you read in by-gone days the productions of Old Boots, Gunga, Goorkah, Pilgrim, Tally-ho, Robin Hood, Asmodeus, and many others who, in "*auld lang syne*," delighted us with their amusing contributions? Alas! where are they now? If you remember them, you and I may possibly have met before; for penning the above lines has helped to while away a few



weary and tedious hours, and to give employment to the languid head and hand of your old, though long-silent\* friend.

VERDERER.

*Rangoon, August, 1854.*

## SHOWING HOW THREE OF US STUCK THREE PIGS.

“Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend :  
God never made his work for man to mend.”

DRYDEN.

ON a certain night, in the month of May, of the current year, three doughty friends, whom we will distinguish by the letters P., J. and W., having obtained a short leave of absence from their military duties, (for be it known, they respectively represented the Three Arms of the mighty Indian Army) set off on a sporting excursion of forty miles to the northward of a station called Sholapore, situated in the Deccan, and on the borders of the Nizam's country. We are particular in designating the locality of Sholapore, as it is supposed there are many in the vicinity to whom the mention of any such cantonment, as a place of residence for European Ladies and Gentlemen, appears fabulous, and that those sent there are merely expiating their crimes on a bare rock, in the heart of a parching desert, debarred from the lazy comforts of the average Indian cantonment—Not so. For know all ye of the Bombay Army and the Madras Cavalry, that the said Station may be called a moderately good one, *i. e.*, there is no foundation in the commonly received opinion, that it can only boast of one tree; on the contrary, there are many; secondly, the station is not unhealthy, though situated on rocky soil; thirdly, although not a hill is visible, yet such are to be found if looked for within forty miles, and in these hills, the “mighty boar,” with Madame and the “little ones,” roam at ease, only descending to lay waste Cobden's “poor ryot's” sugar-cane and sweet potatoes, or to wallow in the cool streams that issue from the precipitous and rocky ravines.

As a defence of much abused, Sholapore has unwittingly drawn me towards the hills in its neighbourhood, I think I had better remain where I am, for I did not say, mark you! that

\* Silent no longer we hope, now that the spell has been broken.

our station was a Paradise ; so with their tent pitched under a wide-spreading bur-tree, we will imagine the three friends arrived near the foot of the hills.

We do not propose to go into a full account of the chase and slaughter of every member of the happy families above alluded to, who bit the dust ; the runs were not numerous, although the pigs were, for the trio, whose entire stud at first consisted of but a horse and poney a piece, had determined *nem. con.*, that their good steed's feet should be battered about for none of the fat mammas or sleek offspring of the families, but that their spears should drink the blood of the venerable "*dant walla*" only. We will confine our account to three of the runs, two of which ended in a way which we will be bound to say few sportsmen have witnessed, the third terminated in an accident which all sportsmen must be prepared for though none admire. On the third morning, then, information was brought by the shikaree, that he had marked down two boars in the hills, and then ensued the customary questions and answers as to the size of each, thus:—"How big?" "*Bahut burra hai sahib.*" "Is he so big?" "*Hoega sahib.*" "No bigger?" "*Uz se zurra burra hoega sahib.*" "Then he isn't a big boar at all." "*Bahut burra to né sahib.*" (*Quod non erat demonstrandum,*) which having occupied the usual twenty minutes, during which the beaters have been collected and the horses saddled, a drop of "jumping powder" is administered by ~~P., the only~~ the only of spears and instructor of youthful inexperience, now in his glory ; the cheery "*Come along Gentlemen*" of this master of the art, is cheerfully responded to by his two companions, and the three move off for the great line of steps, for such is, properly speaking, the nature of the irregularities we have hitherto called hills. The nature of the country may be briefly designated by a comparison with the confines of the Concan and the Deccan, which are separated by the Western Ghauts, these being no more or less than an immensely broad and steep flight of steps from the highland of the latter province to the lowlands of the former.

The plain, at the summit, is cut up by numerous nullahs, and pretty well studded with bushes and shrubs of many descriptions, but all agreeing in one most unpleasant property, viz., bearing very sharp thorns ; the chain of hills is indented with many a steep ravine, fruitful in plenty of stones, both rolling and stationary, in addition to the bushes above alluded to several nullahs take their rise from the depths of these ravines.

But to return. We left our sporting trio on their way to the retreat of the wild boar : the day is hot, and had it not been for this, the pigs would doubtless have refused to quit their precipi-

tous fastnesses, in which case it would require the steadiest hand, firmest nerves, and an active horse to press them sufficiently hard to induce them to alter their determination. However, arrived at a spur of the main chain, in a small hollow of which, under a bush, was ensconced No. 1 boar, Mr. P. directed Mr. W. to stand in the pathway leading from his bush to the plain, while that gentleman and Mr. J. stood ready for him, in case he should prefer going up the hill *en-route* to the larger range.

Mr. W. is in his place, not for an instant doubting that the very next stone would drive the enemy from his position, and induce him to attempt a charge among his horse's legs on his way to the plain.

But—*Ala ! Ala !* from a score of mouths, succeeded by a deep *eugh-eugh* from a large long one, with a pair of stout sentries on guard—warned Mr. W. that the boar was on the move, and presently out he rushed along the path, but swerved off to the left of the gentleman who was “waiting below,” and commenced his headlong course to the plain, followed by the three. The bushes were very thick in the flat, and soon hid him from sight : there might be the distance of a quarter of a mile between the spur whence he started and the next one, towards which, at a venture all proceeded, but on arrival, lost some time in looking about, when a beater signalled that he having rounded the bottom of the spur, had taken off to the left up the main range of hills ; sure enough there he was, half-a-mile ahead, going up the very steepest part, pursued by a village dog and some stray beaters ; Mr. P. judged that the boar could not continue running at the pace to which he was being urged, for any length of time, and that fatigue would soon induce him to try the plain, where the three, consequently, waited for him ; these surmises proved correct, for he was soon observed to be coming down a ravine to the left front, and following up the course of the nullah in search of water, his mouth so wide open, that day-light could be seen through the jaws at the distance of 800 yards. The trio letting him advance at his jog-trot pace along the bank of the nullah, slowly advanced, followed by the beaters.

Piggy was now standing under the shade of two mangoe trees, which nearly overshadowed a large empty well, with a rough pathway half way down its side ; the lower part of the well (which was about ten feet deep, and fifteen feet broad) was of rough masonry.

As the party advanced, the pig sidled off to the nullah (in the dry bed of which, bye the way, was the well) and he was lost to sight. All steadily advanced, ready for a run back to the

hills, or one further into the plain. P. and W. went into the nullah and looked along, but no pig was to be seen, they crossed over and looked up and down, not a bristle; most miraculous! the idea flashed across their minds that the foul fiend, in the shape of swine had been making fools of them, when "*wah ' wah ' ' knè men pura,*" from a beater, informed them of the fact that the thirsty beast, exhausted with his run, had gone into the well in search of water. The beaters crowded round, and all had a fine opportunity of seeing how a boar looks when nearly dead beat such bellows to mend! and such attempts to charge up the perpendicular sides of the well.

P. took a spear and planted himself like a fly half way down the side, and a little javelin practice with spears and *bullums*, soon made pork of poor exhausted No. 1. Many were the expressions of astonishment and mirth at this peculiar ending, varied by the differences of language and idiom of the by-standers.

The deceased was hauled up and examined under the mango tree, when, after a little more conversation with the shikaree, relative to the apparent size of No 2, whom he had marked down, ending in precisely the same result as the enquiry before mentioned, the sportsmen, followed by the beaters, adjourned to the spur of the hills, whence a good view could be obtained of the bush on the side of the main chain, under which No 2 was reported to be lying. They had not long to yaff (like the public-house pewter) on their *aury post*, for at the first volley of stones, out rushed four pigs in "Indian file," making off at first straight along the side of the hills. The novices J. and W. agreed that the "last, but one" was a heavy piece of good, but although at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the practised glance of P. at once decided that the *last* was the largest pig.

This decision proved correct, for the heat of the day beginning to tell on our heavy friend first, he separated from his three companions, and made off straight for the nullah which ran through the bushy *maidan*.

He was allowed to get well on his course and then away! The great black back was every now and then visible, as the boar came out of the nullah to cut off corners; so having cleared the thickest bushes, and arrived pretty well in his wake, Messrs. P. and W. took up the running; the cunning old rascal continued to bolt along the dry bed of the nullah, which was a narrow one with steep banks, and some bushes on either side, coming out as usual to cut off the corners, so P. and W. each took a side of the nullah; in this state of

affairs it was an even chance to whom "the spear" should fall. At length W., not having his horse well in hand, got too much ahead, when piggy rushing forth, made a side charge out of the nullah at his gallant grey's hind legs: to avoid this a touch of the spur was required while the spear being held out at arm's length to the "right rear," just grazed the brute's cheek; before W. could check his pace, P. had rushed across the nullah and got "the spear" which he left in the brute. W. now came up and gave point 3, which he repeated once only before the boar ran into a sugar baking hut. P. now came up without a spear and on his pressing W. to let him have his to settle the brute, that exhausted worthy handed over the weapon he had scarce strength left to carry. The boar having satisfied himself as to the contents of the hut, came out into the nullah, and stood at bay, in a narrow place, with his rear projected by a small bund of mud and bushes. The worthy Mr. P. promptly faced him, the enemy was not slow to charge, but instead of comfortably spitting himself on the spot, he was foolish enough to receive the spear between the eyes. Not entirely stopped by this, he succeeded in ripping P.'s good horse slightly behind the girth and rather severely in the stifle, but with true Arab pluck he stood a second charge, in which the boar was again hit on the skull, but this time the brains flew out at the aperture, fully proving that that organ is not so strong as the rash and daring as hath been asserted. On this decided stopper, the "flap-eared knave" went up to the top of the small bund and lay down to cogitate on his circumstances in a puddle—meanwhile P. and W. dismounted, and the latter holding both horses, P. went up with a spear and, *no more*, catching the beast's hind leg in one hand, pinned him to the earth with the spear in the other, and so held him, till the poor porker, with a finishing kick spurning his adversary and this troublesome world, groaned his last.

The ripped horse now claimed some attention, the rib wound was stopped by the surcingle, and that in the stifle by pugrecs steeped in water, he was however a long time getting to the tents, and left for camp in a day or two.

After his accident P. rode W.'s poney, a first-rate tattoo, of the Deccan breed; among steep hills and on rocky ground this active little fellow, with a light weight, would match many a horse at this description of sport where of all others the race is not to the swift.

We have now but one more promised tale of slaughter to relate. On the day but one before the limited period of leave expired, the friends determined that the largest boar to be found should reward their final exertions, and by 5 A.M. they

were in the saddle on their way to the famous Yeirsee jungle which, lying at the top of the range of hills, is cut up by innumerable nullahs and ravines and altogether such a very "stiff" piece of country that doubts had been entertained by those in camp who had occasionally "seen the wild boar die," whether his demise would ever be witnessed in this locality. However, the question has been settled, for the heroes of our tale ran three boars in this jungle, two of whom bit the dust, and the other escaped by an accident, as the spears were at his tail. But to our tale.

The tents and baggage were sent off to a village ten miles on the road home, and the plan was to beat along the top of the hills, and select the prey from among the numerous sounders that were constantly met with. To make short of a long piece of work, during the morning of what a Giffin would call "another sunshiny day," we may state, that upwards of fifty pigs were seen during a seven mile ride, but nearly every one of them sows or squeakers, at one time a conclave of fifteen old and young lads was disturbed, and until 1 p. m., not a *dant wala* was visible. After a slight repast of mangoes, and a share of the muddy water, which was the support of the dirty half-starved cattle belonging to equally miserable inhabitants of a village in as picturesque a spot as could be wished, the sportsmen sallied forth once more to a spur of the hills, in search of the beast with scythe-like tooth. Not long had they to wait, for prone under a bush, lay snoring, one of the largest boars that had yet gladdened the eyes of the sportsmen; a laugh at this lazy loon soon roused the sleeping beauty.

"What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

No angel my boy, but those that will hunt thee to the death, and draw thy teeth, and make thee squeak: having evidently settled that the state of the case stood somewhat thus, he of the bristles wheeled about and betook himself straight as an arrow to the steepest part of the main chain of hills, followed closely by the trio. The pig took *his* road up the steep, the pursuers *theirs*, and the horses being perforce led up the last twenty yards or so, on arriving at the summit no boar was to be seen, the three separated in search in the rough and bushy ground, and here much to the disappointment of Messrs P. and W. no less than his own, Mr. J. lost sight of his companions and saw them no more till the end of the day. Thus the run that ensued into the before-mentioned Tiersee jungle, was confined to Mr. W. on his horse, and Mr. P. on Mr. W.'s poney. Mr. P. was the first to spy the chase, and calling to Mr. W., a run of about three miles at a

(to the pig) splitting pace ensued. Our readers will ask in surprise, "What! not kill a pig in a three mile run!" in answer to which, we must remind them, that a fat poney and a jaded horse, who had run on five days out of the last eight, and wanted a lift at every little bush or ditch, were the pursurers, and a fresh strong boar the pursued. Mr. P., on the game little tattoo, kept the hog well in sight, followed by Mr. W.: at length a pull up ensued, as the pig had made good his retreat to a small ravine, whose sides were pretty thickly studded with large shrubs. Now ensued the peculiar part of this run; the pig was so exhausted, that his panting was perfectly audible at a distance of forty or fifty yards, and might have been mistaken for the breathing of the distant railway engine. The two advanced along the bottom of this small ravine abreast of the pig, who continued to move slowly along the side, lying down under every bush, and setting the bellows to work; arrived at the upper end of the ravine, it was thought he might go out at the top and try a run in the plain, no such thing, "bock agin" by the same easy stages. Here was a puzzler; not a beater in sight, and nothing could induce the boar to take to his feet; Mr. W. having gone up to the top of the bank, dismounted and commenced a bombardment of stones at the enemy, directed by Mr. P. from below. This practise began at 2 P. M., the pig continuing to dodge to the next bush, and there lie down again, when a stone, heavier than usual, alighted on his ribs; neither was he to be exasperated by the stones, or insulted by the abuse which was addressed to him. At one time his tormentors stood within a couple of yards of the bush under which he lay panting, and defied him to come and do his worst; this having continued for three quarters of an hour, Mr. W. thoroughly exhausted, went in quest of water, while Mr. P. watched. About a quarter of a mile off two wood-cutters were espied by the thirsty soul, and were followed to a small spring, where they proposed taking their mid-day meal; by dint of promises of heavy pecuniary reward, the wood-cutters were induced to bridle their appetites, and accompany Mr. W. back to the scene of action. The bombardment being recommended by the reinforcement, the same results ensued; the pig could not charge a step. To cut short a long story, these men were sent to the nearest village, the two sportsmen going to drink and bombarding in turn. At length the boar selected, as a comfortable resting place, a hollow scooped out of the side of the hill, probably the country residence of some venerable hyena; four men now

being present, a bright thought shot through the brain of the watchful P., who had determined to have the life of the panting beast, if he waited all night for it. The four men, who were now assisting, were ordered to roll down the largest stones they could find, from above; and in about half an hour, this was done so effectually, that the blockade was complete: so exhausted was the great brute, that he had not strength left to get up and walk out when he might have done so. P. and W. now dismounted, and leaving their horses at the bottom of the ravine, came up with their spears, and removing a stone or two, a glimpse of the broadside of the doomed one was obtained. The rest is soon told: the direction having been ascertained, both spears pinned the poor brute to the earth, but one energetic heave, bringing down some earth above, had not the spears been strong, might have given the spear-men cause to tell a tale of grief.

But the game was up, and with a mighty groan, the breath left the already entombed body.

This happy release took place at 4½ P. M., about two hours and three-quarters since the commencement of the run.

Horses and riders having lovingly quaffed the same puddle, a twelve mile ride to the tents, by way of a refresher, after the day's exertions had to be undertaken; the tents were not reached till 7 P. M., and those who know the temperature of "another fine day" in May, can guess how *fourteen hours' hard* work in the sun will put to shame any number of boxes of the famous "Dinner Pills." The thoughtful Mr. J. had not allowed his own disappointment to damp his feelings of humanity, but had prepared with masterly hand, that wherewith to moisten the parched "clays" of his fagged companions. The tushes of the three boars, whose deaths are above recorded, were 6½, 7½ and 7 inches respectively. None of the boars killed by the party on this trip, were of the great size of those found in dense jungles, owing, probably, to the scanty pasture and rocky and barren nature of the country generally; the largest measured 32½ inches in height, girth 42 inches. The last killed was not measured, as only his head was brought to the tents, but he was remarkably stout and long.

The two remaining days of the leave of absence were occupied in riding into camp, and in some futile attempts to stalk black buck on ground most unfavourable for such sport. Messrs. P., J. and W. returned to their duties, as is usual on similar occasions, invigorated and refreshed.



May the day be not far distant, when for a season the sword shall again be laid aside for the spear, and the book of study closed for a more attentive perusal of the never-ending, ever-changing book of nature.

IGNOTUS.

## THE DECLINE OF SPORTING AND SPORTSMEN IN INDIA.

BY OXONIAN.

Ætas parentum pejor avis, tulit  
Nos ne quiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore

*Hor. Carm. iii. 6*

..... "Nescit equo rudis  
Hæcero ingenuus puer !  
Venarique timet, ludere doctior  
Seu Græco jubeas trocho  
Seu malis vetita legibus alea."

*Hor. Carm. iii. 24*

ALAS, that it should be so written ! yet 'tis true, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," sporting pursuits and sporting men appear to have come to a low ebb indeed in this country. Turn to whatever sport we may, to Racing or Cricket, England's national sports par excellence, or to the whole tribe of the minor sports, and what a falling off do we find in one and all of them. The paucity of those engaging in these sports, and the comparative lack of energy in even those who do still stick to them must be manifest to the meanest capacity. Look at the pages of this *Review*, India's sole sporting work, and see by them how few and far between are the sportsmen among us ; that neither the deeds to chronicle or the men to chronicle them are heard of or found ; nor does the circulation of the *Review* come up to anything like what it should in a vast country like India. Apathy, indolence and sedentary habits reign throughout the land. Yet, how is it possible to show cause for such a

decadence? Has the Old English character changed? God forbid! Has the old saying, so oft and aptly quoted, "*cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," to be refuted only as regards the denizens of the plains of Hindoostan?

"The English are essentially a sporting nation," has been written time out of mind by authors of every rank and clime, but it would appear to have been written in vain for the present generation, if we are to take it as a fact, that all sporting ideas are knocked out of a man's head when he has put 10,000 miles of land and sea betwixt his native sporting home and his present abiding place. Hear what one of the first writers of the present or any age says on the subject of the English sporting character and its antithesis.

"It is just the same as when you hear a man say soberly that he does not like shooting, or hunting, or fishing, that he cannot ride, nor drive, nor swim, that he cannot abide the country, and that he prefers a constant residence in town. Such a man is not only a useless, he is positively a noxious member of society, he is an excrescence, a deformity, a nuisance, and the sooner his company is avoided, the better."

This expresses in forcible, though true language, the appreciation of such a nuisance as here mentioned by a true English sportsman, and in sooth, who in England is not a sportsman at heart, save such excrescences as above referred to, who certainly do not abound in respectable society, nor in the ranks of the "yeomanry of Old England;" however, they may do in such a contemptible class as "the Gents," comprehensive, yet expressive terms unfit to own the very name of Briton.

Whether we regard the Peer, the princely owner of a noble stud of hunters whose thorough-bred blood produces the pluck that carries him over Leicestershire in the foremost flight, who, when the bright days of summer come and his hunters are taking their well-earned repose in loose box and straw yard, may be seen on the "aristocratic turf" of "Lord's," or the princely stand at Goodwood; or whether we turn to the Old English Squire living the year round at "the Old House at Home," save for a couple of months devoted to the annual visit to the great Metropolis, to see the Derby, Kent and England, the Opera, and give his lady wife and daughters their run of the balls, drawing-rooms and concerts of the season; at home the staunch preserver of foxes, the keen sportsman over his stubbles and turnips, the ornament of the covert side, honoured by his inferiors, beloved by his equals. Then, descending a step lower we come to the sturdy yeoman, the champion of the County Eleven at the wicket, at whose

homestead "my lord's hounds" find ever a welcome and a fox, whose greyhounds "run up" at Ashdown and Altcar,—ever do we recognize the same hearty, honest, sporting feeling among all classes. Do we glance at the church—where indeed shall we find more truc-winded sportsmen than exist among the clergymen of England? In the hunting field are the hounds running their fox with a burning scent over grassy vale or stiff plough, in stone wall or ox-fence country, the greater part of the field beaten off, and half a dozen of the elite only remaining in the foremost flight? Lombard-street to a China orange that one of the gallant six is a black coat. Is the County Eleven of Gentlemen to be chosen to contend against the Professionals? Three "Reverends" forthwith come to the front, and bear the brunt of the "terrific bowling of Brown," or subdue the "scientific batting of Smith," with an equanimity of mind indicative of calm superiority and success. Indeed, could an Eleven of Clergymen be induced to appear at Lord's against the Gentlemen of all England, I should be inclined to back the former at odds. Why, even in days of yore, as we find from old ballads and records, the parson was always the last appeal on all disputes on sporting events for the humbler classes, who,

"With their tankards on the table and then lurchers at their feet,  
Each night around the ingle in the Hall they took their seat;  
If erst on earths, hare-forms or hounds that led the van,  
They differed for an umpire—the *Chaplain* was the man."

Come we lastly to the "mainstay of England's supremacy," the stuff that her gallant soldiers and sailors are drawn from, the peasantry. Here, too, is the spirit of sporting widely spread and encouraged by the good example of their superiors. Dearly in truth does the hard working labourer enjoy his bit of sport. Who so eager and excited outside the gorse covert, that the hounds are drawing, who so anxious for good sport, whether as a beater at the Squire's shooting party or an enthusiastic and dripping follower of the staunch otter hounds? Nor is the ardour for other sports wanting, for

Who would linger by the fire, nor from toil an hour snatch,  
When villages play foot-ball in a merry monster match;  
Even a mere ale-drinking Saxon feels some fervor in his soul,  
As he watches and bets glasses on a drop-kick at the goal.

At all our great schools, at both our Universities the same great English sporting feeling is kept up, and well it is so, for were it not, what a set of green-horns and milk-sops might be expected to be sent forth from these venerable institutions and royal foundations. Why, nearly every boy at a public school is a sportsman in embryo, and in after life keeps up the sporting impressions and predilections here imbibed. In a word, sporting habits and sporting tastes are the characteristic trait throughout the length and breadth of the land. Why then should India show such a falling off, peopled as it is with the Anglo Saxon family? Notwithstanding the remarkable facilities and the economy attendant on horse-keeping in the country, together with the amusement and excitement produced by a Race Meeting, how is it that we find year by year the number of men owning horses on the Turf falling off, fewer Meetings and few caring much whether there are Meetings or not? We see now the Calcutta and Sonapore Meetings at an end and many others tottering to their fall. We see at other places liberal Prospectuses issued, Cups offered for competition, yet the Entries for the different Stakes few and far between. At other Meetings the public money amounts to so paltry a sum that Purses cannot be given of sufficient amount to attract even the few stables there are dispersed over the country. There is certainly (I am almost ashamed to mention it) a report abroad, that the decline of the sports of the turf is attributable partly to the fact of the high authorities of the Government of the country having set their faces against it, and that a great number of their under-strappers have given in to this prejudice. This may seem extraordinary enough to a person new to the country and its ways, but to the man acquainted with the "manners and customs of ye English in India," it is unfortunately but too apparent what a vast amount of toadying, cringing, and fawning, what a want of independence and manliness there is among a large class in the land. These remarks were more immediately suggested to me by having lately seen a letter in one of the Mofussil papers, in which an individual, writing from Mussooree, remarks with reference to the approaching Deyrah Races, that "all people attending the races from here (Mussooree) will go *incog.*, for they say, 'what will head quarters say?'"!!! Now, after I had got over the first sensation of sickness after reading this and came to reflect calmly over it, I set it down as by far the most contemptibly silly and miserably servile sort of proceeding that ever came to my notice. Could the people who made such an asinine remark

have had one drop of good English blood in their veins? Are we a parcel of school-boys that such sentiments should pass current among us? Only fancy the effect of an announcement being circulated at home that "the Prime Minister of England being deeply impressed with the immorality of racing trusted that all liege subjects would refrain from countenancing such wicked pursuits in future!" Imagine (if you can) the popular demonstration at the next Derby to follow this piece of humbug!

But another anti-racing man will tell you "Oh! every body is saving now-a-days, no one can afford to keep a stable of racers, and but few to subscribe to the Fund even;" and I allow a good deal of weight to the influence such a system no doubt has, as well on racing as on all other amusements. But what a system it is! Instead of all uniting and subscribing liberally to all the amusements going forward, instead of taking enjoyment whilst a man can, and whilst he has youth health and strength to enjoy himself in a rational manner, he goes on the saving system all his life and finds out poor devil too late that by the time his long desired and anxiously acquired wealth is realized, that the means to enjoy it are gone, and that had he instead of shutting himself up, and leading a sedentary useless existence, enjoyed in due season the sports of "the Turf, the Chase and the Rod," he would have led a far happier life and have secured to himself in his latter days a stock of health far more valuable than his hoarded money bags already coveted by his heir (who, perhaps he has never seen). Away then with such miserly and sordid feelings

..... "dumloquimur, fugerit invida  
*Ætas; carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.*"

But there is another militating cause against India producing its fair quota of sportsmen, namely, the fact of the extreme viridity and juvenility of a large proportion of those who come out to the country as Cadets, and who never having been at a large school in England possibly some even coming as it were from the nursery to the parade, have had little or no opportunity of acquiring a taste for sport or games of any kind. Looking at an Indian Cricket field, one is more especially reminded of this, knowing that the game is the national and now universal one of England, that not a nook or corner of the Island but has its Cricket Club, it does strike one as strange that so very few of the "young chaps" are players. The

cause is, as I have stated, and, unfortunately it is one that cannot be remedied for it becomes a matter of consideration to "Governors," that their sons of sixteen and seventeen should be out here at that age drawing their own allowances instead of making away with the paternal coin at an expensive school. But to those Governors who *can* afford it there is no question that the extra two or three years at home after sixteen are worth anything to "young hopeful," and tell most materially in his after life. These remarks apply of course, to the military branch of Honorable John only. Look at the Civil Service and you will see at once what a gain their few extra years in England are to them. Why the Civil Service (Bengal side) small as is the proportion in numbers to the Military could whop the latter at every species of sport, amusement or game, name what you will. These things are not acquired in India without a groundwork being laid for them in England. No man in this country could ever attain A. 1 excellence as a cricketer, a shot, an oar, a foot-ball-player, a billiard-player, a rider either across country or on the flat, or as a trainer of race horses, unless he had seen a good deal of these pursuits before coming out. Here there are no professional bowlers to coach the aspirant at cricket, no keeper to teach the young idea to shoot, no crack-markers to direct his hand over the board of green cloth, no Scott or Day to give him a wrinkle or two in that deepest of sporting sciences, the training the thorough-bred race horse. Thus it is that the Civil Service and the Public School and University men have a vast advantage in all sporting pursuits in India, over the great majority of the brethren in the Service of Honorable John. As regards the Regiments of H. M.'s Army, I must say they *ought* to produce many more sportsmen than they *do*, at least those on our side of India. Different regiments of course vary considerably in this respect; most are very sporting on their first coming out and some keep up the character throughout their sojourn in the land, while others get very "shady" after a few years. But the decidedly least sporting portion of the Indian world are my friends the Staff, (who, I will never cease teasing, till they follow Augustus Howard's advice, "*and Subscribe to the Races.*") I don't mean Regimental Staff, but those Lights of the service who are made managers of horse studs, because they don't know a horse from a mule; set down to make roads because they have not the faintest notion of any thing in that line from a high road to a towing path; or elevated to the conduct of the legal technicalities of the criminal law of the army:

innocents guiltless of Coke or Blackstone, to whom law is a hidden mystery and equity even as the thing that is yet unborn. These are the men who in a race would be distanced for everything, who could never survive the first "over" at Cricket, or the first "shin" at Foot ball, who would be the first to cut a crab in an outrigger eight, and the last to join in or contribute to any imaginable sport, diversion or amusement.

Lastly, in our fling at the "slow lot" come we to the "Married Men," and let me ask you, oh Benedicts! why do you think it necessary on relinquishing Bachelor life to relinquish also all manly and sporting pursuits, as most of you do? Do you in this follow the example of the Benedicts of England? Hardly! Vide score of Cricket Match played between the Married and Single of All England in 1844:—

Married ... 134 101=235

Single ..... 82 144=226

Married winning by 9 runs !

But you married fellows in India think it necessary to give up all your former pursuits, get fat and lazy, cut the mess, be of no sort of use to any one, except the doctor, burn your cricket bats, make your boar spears into meat spits, your racing saddles into pads for your children, sell your fleet steeds, and invest in a couple of casters for your family vehicle, and, in fact vegetate into a set of humdrum old fogies. So much for the non-sporting community and the anti-sporting influences which, under the present system of things, must always be destructive to the existence of *general* sporting feelings in India: exceptions there of course are in this as in every other rule, and if some of the muffs I have "hit under the bar" (to use a coaching expression) would take a lesson from a friend of mine I have in my "mind's eye," it would be more conducive to their own happiness and the interest of their neighbours. He, though in the victualling line (Staff of the army) and a married man to wit, is as good a specimen of a hearty English cricketer as you will meet in a long summer day, and if any one meeting him in a match, and setting him down as one of the usual run of the above class, should go in to his bowling *without pads*, I think he would speedily change his mind. But then, certainly "Jack W" is a Wykehamite.

In conclusion, I would feign hope that these remarks may be taken in the spirit in which they are penned, and that men of all classes taking seriously to heart the existing state of things

in the Indian Sporting circles, may rouse themselves and show that they have some blood worthy of the land of their birth. There is surely no want of the "raw material" and no reason why votaries should not be found to support every sport: enough to keep up the glorious sports of the turf, cricketers enough to play two good matches every week in the cold weather in every station, hog-hunters enough to exterminate the unclean animal, foot-ball players to emulate Rugby, and racket-players to vie with a Mitchell or a Munday. Lastly, not least enough of the "tribe of Brix," to chronicle all these mighty events in the pages of this our sole record of Indian sport.

OXONIAN.

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SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

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# SELECTIONS

AND

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### "A WORD FOR THE LADIES."

BY GREYBEARD.

"A LIGHT hand and a lively heel," say all the old authorities on the art of horsemanship, are the two qualifications most indispensable to the equestrian, and most satisfactory to the noble animal, whose mettle, more than that of any other quadruped, frets and chafes under bad usage. The former of these gifts, at least, is enjoyed by that fairer portion of the creation for whom we now put in our humble voice. That they have "light hands" at all events on their horses no one, we think, will deny. The "lively heels," perhaps, are more in requisition about two o'clock in the morning, when mammas and *chaperones* are "dying to go to bed," and when roomy floors and thrilling strains from some heavenly waltz of Paradise make it impossible to resist the pleading appeal of "Just one more dance, and then order the carriage." But with Terpsichore and her enchantments we have nought to do. Diana, free goddess of the fresh pastures and the waving woods, is more in our line. And fie upon his manhood! say we, who grudges the presence of the fair sex in the hunting-field, and who talks of gentle women as crusty old bachelors do of pet dogs—that, forsooth, "he likes them in their proper places." For our own part, we rejoice to see them—aye, in the very van; always premising that they shall run no unnecessary risks, for a fall is indeed in their case a serious matter. And we are not ashamed to confess that no sight gladdens our old eyes so much as a beautiful woman on a beautiful horse, gliding easily along in that true "poetry of motion" to which the *valse à deux temps* itself is but a graceless jig.

In the good old times, when carriages existed but rarely, and roads according to our modern ideas not at all, woman was perforce compelled to perform most of her journeys on horseback. And, without going so far back as the days when there is every reason to suppose it was customary for her to mount *en cavalier*—a masculine custom some antiquarians hold to have been the mode as lately as the date of the Spanish Armada—we may picture to ourselves the beauties of King Charles's court, the graceful forms that inspired Sir Peter Lely, careering over the meadows and upland of Merry England in those

picturesque times when hunting and hawking formed the daily amusements of the morning, and dancing, revelry—shall we say a little flirting?—filled up those hours of twilight which are now devoted to tea and gossip in female dormitories, and yawned through by listless and lonely male admirers, waiting wearily for the protracted hour of our absurdly late dinners. Conceive a glorious May morning in one of the midland counties of England; not then, as now, portioned off and subdivided into farms and enclosures, but one wide expanse of ever-varying beauty—waving woods and sunny pastures, open moorland and darkling copse; here the old baronial castle cutting clear and sharp against the summer sky; there the wide lake gleaming like burnished gold in the morning sun, and promising rare sport for the day from its sedge-clothed borders, haunts of the mallard and the bittern—nay, more, the stronghold of the noble heron, king of the inhabitants of air, himself the prime cause and origin of the whole gentle science of falconry. At the postern-gate are collected yeomen and retainers, many of whom perchance held those very walls against “Noll” and his Ironsides; yonder old falconer bears the marks of Edge Hill and Marston Moor on his weather-beaten brow—scars flushed by many a cup since, emptied in honour of the Restoration. A brace of noble deer-hounds lie gaunt and grim at the tall forester’s feet; hawks, jessed and hooded, sit still as statues on their moveable perch, hung round some stalwart pair of shoulders that can only belong to a bluff son of Britain; steeds snort and stamp, and bit and bridle ring, whilst one beautiful white palfrey glances ever and anon with restless eye and quivering ear for the well-known voice and hand; while around all, the fresh morning breeze steals and whispers, and scatters on its balmy wing the perfumes and the blossoms of those pink-lawthorns just bursting into their spring luxuriance.

And now there is a stir at the castle gate: the white palfrey paws and whinnies; satin and brocade rustle faintly from within; a curled gallant steps jauntily out, humming the old refrain that has cheered many a toilsome march and hungry bivouac—

“A man may drink and not get drunk;  
A man may fight, and not be slain;  
A bonnie lass may change her mind,  
And the king shall enjoy his own again.”

A troop of England’s aristocracy follow in his wake: light forms are lifted by lordly hands upon their steeds; girths and stirrup-leathers are arranged with much unnecessary caution and busy delay (then, as now, we question not, it took a long time to put a lady on her horse, providing she *was the lady*); the white palfrey receives his welcome burden, and arches his neck to meet the expected caress from her gentle hand; the deer-hounds yawn and stretch their sinewy frames and lick their red-lined lips; the hawks turn their hooded heads toward the sun, and the tiny bells upon their jesses ring faint

and silvery as music from Fairy Land ; the falconer stalks erect and solemn, in eager important conclave with his lord ; gallants press closer to ladies' bridle-reins, to whisper doubtless of the coming sport ; and so the cavalcade moves on, winding down the sunny slopes, to the fresh, level meadows that skirt the gleaming lake. Anon the scene changes : a speck far off in the blue sky is wheeling higher and higher into the realms of day ; another speck in its gyrations seems to imitate the every-movement of its companion. It is the heron and the hawk engaged in the varied manœuvres of their aerial war. All eyes are fixed upon them, as the long-drawn pageant fleets over the vale below—the deer-hounds strain in the leash ; foresters and falconers run, and shout, and strive, all agaze upon the heavens ; steeds are urged to their mettle over the level unenclosed expanse below ; stalwart forms bend to their coursers, and white plumes mingle with dark flowing manes ; yet at every stride eyes glance anxiously upward, for the flight is still at its noblest. Soft cheeks glow like the peach, with the excitement of the gallop ; graceful diaperies and long fair curls float upon the breeze ; the white palfrey leans upon his rein ; and still the hawk and the heron wage their combat in the sky.

We have tried to paint a picture in sober pen-and-ink ; but what would our sketch be, without the white palfrey and its gentle burden ? A fountain without water—a June without strawberries—Epsom divested of the Derby—nay, it must out, a landscape without a sun ! Now, reigning in the flight of our Pegasus, truly, like other nags at the close of the hunting season, somewhat leg-weary and jaded, let us consider in sober earnest the best method of obtaining horses such as shall do justice to our fair companions' ideas of pace and action (no illiberal ones it must be confessed), and, at the same time, carry them with that degree of safety, docility and good temper, which is indispensable both to their comfort and appearance : the latter, perhaps, is to them an object of as great importance as the former.

We select the " merry month of May " for the time of our imaginary hawking scene in the reign of the Merry Monarch ; and truly in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the same pleasant month seems to bring the side-saddle more into request than any other period of the year. Stroll into the Ride in Hyde Park any afternoon in May, about five o'clock, and count, if you can, the ladies that pass you by at every pace—walk, trot, canter, and gallop—the latter indulgence being sought on every available opportunity. But, amongst all the graceful bery, how seldom will you see one *mounted* as she ought to be ! Hat, gloves, habit, and appointments—all these may be, and generally are, perfect and in good taste ; they are of her own choosing ; and trust *her* to avoid the vulgar and the unbecoming ! But her horse is the selection of her papa, her brother, or her husband ; and to the shame of the male sex be it said, he is, in nine cases out of ten, an animal such as they would have small pleasure in riding themselves—destitute of pace, action, and symmetry, with the

sole qualifications of a quiet temperament, consequent upon physical powerlessness, and a long tail, which, in default of other beauties, his mistress is fain to prize and admire.

Now we hold that, even in London, a lady should ride nothing but a *hunter*. It sounds a startling proposition to lay down; and we are not to be misunderstood to say that a bony, angular, game-looking quadruped, fired all round, with a long, lean head, and a rat-tail, is a fit mount for a graceful girl in the Park, albeit he may have carried the hardest rider in England through the best forty minutes of the preceding season, without making a mistake. What we mean is this, a lady's horse should be a hunter, *at the worst*, and a great deal besides. What do we look for in the animal that is to carry us to hounds? *Action*—or rather, what the racing men term *form*. We must have a horse whose hind-legs come under him at every stride, with a power and *lash* that shoot him along over every description of ground; and this particular style of going is no more indispensable to the enthusiastic sportsman screwing through stiff-holding clays, or working across deep ridge-and-furrow, than it is to the lady cantering leisurely over a well-kept sward, if she would fain look well herself, and display to advantage the merits of her favourite. The chances are, that a horse with the action we have described will have a good mouth; and it is needless to observe how utterly valueless he will be, for a woman, without this quality. Should he possess an over-sensitive organ, she will now show her superiority to the so-called lord of the creation in that delicate touch which is termed “hand,” and which makes the same horse a delightful conveyance to one person, and a dangerous runaway brute to another. Ladies who ride are generally endowed with this inexplicable advantage; and it is an every-day remark that horses will go quietly under a woman, that servants, and very often their masters, find it quite impossible to control. Old Cælebs may grin in his cynical way, and growl out, “Ah! it's all very well to talk of ‘hand,’ but you generally see a lady riding half-a-length in front of her cavalier, so that her horse don't *want* to pull; besides, she invariably goes as fast as she *can*, so that he couldn't if he would:” but we must not allow these two reasons, albeit sufficiently plausible, to have more than their due weight. If a horse is seen to go at his ease, and pleasantly to his rider, depending upon it, the understanding between his mouth and its controlling power is on a right principle; and we would ask any gentleman who has ever put a side saddle to its legitimate use, whether he has not found the greatest difficulty in establishing this understanding to his own satisfaction and that of his quadruped? We have ridden many a mile in lady-like position; and we *know* the various inconveniences of the attitude, as regards handling a difficult mouth. If a horse gets his head up his rider's knee makes it almost impossible for her to get her hands down: we say “almost,” for we do recollect one or two rare instances of fair performers who could part their reins and lower their hands like the veriest jockey that ever

steered a two-year-old. If he should wish to bore, and get his head between his knees, her natural seat is so much farther back than a man's, that he must pull her right out of the saddle, unless she lets the bridle slip through her fingers. If he hangs to the left, she has no leg and spur on the off side, to bring his quarters round with a jerk, and remind him that he is not out of the stable solely for his own amusement. If he wishes to retain himself, or stop dead short, she is totally destitute of that compressing power of legs and thigh which all horsemen know so well, and which, the animal is inclined to refuse at fences or other difficulties, sportsmen term "*forcing a horse*." She has no offensive weapons save a light whip, generally powerless as a spider's web; and she must, consequently, rule her horse as she rules her husband—by that persuasive power which makes him do all she bids him, morally convinced the whole time that he is having his own way. Mouth, then, is indispensable for the ladies' horse; and no less necessary is it that he should have shoulders. We have known many a game, stout animal, that could make a good fight over a country, with a moderate forehand; but we think the most partial owner would scarcely call such a horse a hunter. We have even seen a fastish race-horse or two, whose shape was faulty in this particular, though, truth to tell, the Derby winner of his year has generally a famous lengthy pair of shoulders; but a ladies' horse who is short before the saddle, should be a ladies' horse no longer. He destroys the whole appearance of his mistress's seat, by making her look as if she was leaning forward towards his ears—the most ungraceful possible attitude for a woman. He makes her *wobble* in his trot, and jerk in his canter: lucky if he do not disfigure her pretty face—nay, break her precious neck altogether, by tumbling end-over-end on the first available opportunity. Then he must have a good middle piece, to say nothing of appearance (and what can look worse than a riding-habit on a *weed*?), substance is absolutely essential for the work he is called upon to perform. Few men are aware, unless they have the good fortune to be continually lifting them over stiles, in and out of awkward carriages, or across treacherous stepping-stones, of the specific gravity of their female friends. Women are vastly heavier than men, in proportion to their height; and the dressmaker's art makes it quite impossible to arrive at any degree of certainty as to their actual weight, without recourse to the steelyard. We believe eleven and twelve stone to be no uncommon score amongst ladies of average height and proportions; and when to the latter figure you add something extra for hat and habit, with the mud carried by the skirt, and then consider that a side-saddle, at the lowest computation, weighs from eighteen to twenty pounds you get but little change out of fourteen stone. Yet how many fourteen-stone horses do we see carrying ladies, in the Park or elsewhere?

Legs and feet are, of course, a *sine quâ non*. Who would venture his treasure on a pair of infirm understandings, or a soft hoof that,

treading on a stone, might give way from sheer agony, and bring the whole graceful fabric to the ground? He must be sound in his *limbs*; and should his *wind* be at all faulty, the pace he will be asked to go is pretty sure to let out the secret.

On a docile, manageable temper it is useless to enlarge. Who would wish his wife, daughter, or sister to make a *scene* in the Park, to be the topic of conversation over fifty dinner-tables that very day, and the origin of at least as many impertinent allusions and bad jokes, in the narrow way at the Opera, where dandy meets dandy in listless inanity? We do recollect witnessing an extraordinary instance of courage and patience displayed in Rotten Row by a foreign-looking damsel, on as unamiable a nag to all appearance as we ever saw in that locality. He had a wicked, sullen eye, a bull neck, and a heavy, square head, put on at such an acute angle with his jawl as made it quite impossible he should have the slightest pretension to a mouth. The brute had become restive and was sulking against the rails, quite satisfied if he might stand perfectly still, but agog for open rebellion the instant coercive measures should be applied to make him move on. The lady was quite alone, with neither acquaintance nor servant. At least a dozen times she gave her rebel a quiet indication that she did not wish to stay in the Park for the remainder of the week; and at least as often the sulky brute rubbed his side against the rails and tucked his ugly head in with a lowering glance in his half-shut eye, that expressed the most dogged obstinacy and unmistakable vice. Patiently she sat, neither angry nor nervous, and watched her opportunity. A gay group came cantering by, the very way she wished to go—themselves talking and laughing, their horses full of life and spirits—they almost touched her as they passed. The equine nature was aroused in her refractory brute. For an instant he made a half-turn, as though to follow his kindred in their gallop. She seized the occasion; and pulling his head sharply round in the opposite direction, struck him with her light riding whip as hard as she could over his ears. His temper was immediately in a blaze, and taking the bit between his teeth, he bore her resolutely homewards, exactly the way he had been fighting for half-an-hour to avoid. We saw her safe out of the Park, and we trust she never rode him again; but as we walked leisurely along, we could not help reflecting on the knowledge of *contradiction* displayed by our fair equestrian! At that game she seemed perfectly at home, and won, as she deserved, the triumph of her intellectual devilry over sheer sullen obstinacy and brute force.

Colour is a matter of taste. "A good horse," says Mr. Jorrocks, "cannot be of a bad colour;" at the same time we opine that a piebald is perhaps the least slightly conveyance we can think of for a riding habit; and a mealy bay or chesnut, with a great deal of white about him, requires a singularly-pretty woman to carry off his own native hideousness.

Let the lady consult her own taste as to beauty, we may be sure



she will not be far wrong. It is our business to see that no mistakes are made in the important items of shape and action ; but a horse may possess both these qualities in an eminent degree, and yet be wanting in a certain sightliness all over, which makes the whole difference between a *clever* and *perfect* one. Without this symmetry we may be sure he will not please the female eye ; but if, like his mistress, he should be *good* as well as *good-looking*, we may congratulate ourselves on having obtained a treasure in a horse's skin.

We have now enumerated the different qualities we deem essential to a lady's horse—size, shape, power, action, soundness, good temper, courage (for he *must* go up to his bit) and beauty ; and would not all these united to a good hardy constitution (and this too is a *sine quâ non*, for he will be expected to come out pretty often), constitute something very like a *hunter* ? All we can say is, that even now, in our "sere and yellow," we should like to ride such an one some soft cloudy morning, from "John-o'-Gaunt" or "The Coplow;" and with a good start, one or two hand-gates till our old blood got warm, and a lucky turn, why we fondly think we could still go a field or two alongside the streaming pack—still feel our flesh creep with ecstasy, our blood boil with excitement, as it used to do in youth's morning tide and manhood's glowing noon.

But the cob and the ash-stick are more in our line now, than the swan-necks urging a five year-old to race with Rattler and Rantipole. We prefer the tempting lane to the forbidding "oxer;" and the huntsman gratefully acknowledges our "view-holloa" in the woodland, instead of consigning us to perdition from our rear in the pastures. So be it. We are contented with the present and thankful for the past; at least no future disappointments can soil the *gathered* blossoms, can rob us of the joy—"quod fugiens semel libra rexit"—so we still hunt when we can, nay, more, we do not grudge to see the young ones ride.

Now, the animal we have described more particularly, if actually in the possession of some doting mistress, is not to be procured for money ; and we should think (only this is a topic with which we have nothing to do) scarcely for love. Fortunately, however, there are many more good horses in the world than is generally supposed by fastidious people who give long prices ; and young ones are apt to improve wonderfully when put into a gentleman's stable at four or five years old. Were we blessed with a niece or daughter, for whom it was our wish to provide a safe and pleasant *mount*, we should act much as we have done for many years when purchasing horses for ourselves. We should not go into Piccadilly or Oxford-street, with our cheque-book in our pocket, and say—"I want a lady's horse, quite perfect, quite beautiful, quite quiet, and the best thing of the kind in London;" inasmuch as we should expect the cheque-book to suffer frightfully in the concluding arrangements, and to be ourselves somewhat disappointed with the high-priced paragon when he made his appearance in our stables. No, we

should do nothing of the kind. On the contrary, we should take our time and look about us. We should endeavour to prevail on our gentle niece or daughter to moderate her impatience—and here, I apprehend, would lie our chief difficulty—and to gave us a little breathing-time for our negotiations. We never buy anything in a hurry except an umbrella; so we should go and look carefully over two or three young ones we wot of, and selecting the one with the best set-on head and lengthiest shoulders, we should get him as cheap as we could, and put him into our own stable as soon as we had ascertained he was perfectly sound.

Here it would be our first business to make him forget there was such a thing as *severity* in any part of the equine education. We should endeavour to erase from his mind all he had previously been taught; and we should commence lunging and handling him afresh, as if he were a newly-captured colt. Whenever he was wrong we should make him repeat the lesson until he did what we desired, but always without a harsh word or action; nor should we ever fail to reward his efforts with a handful of corn, a bit of bread, or an apple, whether he succeeded in meeting our wishes the first or the twentieth time. By such means we should obtain the animal's affection and confidence. A prodigious stride has been made in tuition when the pupil neighs every time his master enters the stable. Ere we got upon our young one's back he should follow us about like a dog; and then would begin the most important part of all, the "mouthing" him. Here we should not forget that he is destined for a light and gentle hand, so should it be our study to put such a bridle in his mouth as should never tempt him to *lean* for an instant. The bit should be strong, nay, *severe*; but used with the utmost patience, caution, and good temper: one unguarded "*job*," particularly if inflicted angrily, may throw you back for weeks with a high-couraged, generous young horse. We should ride him exactly as we mean him to be ridden by his future proprietress. Having got his head into a right place, we should gradually get our own hands up till he carried it there without regard to their position; and it is surprising how soon a horse with a good mouth comes into this arrangement, at first sight so contrary to the very rudiments of horsemanship. We should make him trot slowly, well on his haunches, and never let him go a single yard in an *uncollected* form. All this is doubtless fatiguing enough; therefore should the lessons be very short, but constantly repeated. When tolerably handy in his slowor paces, and accustomed to go freely at a walk or a trot with his head in and a loose rein, we should teach him to *canter*; and this is easily accomplished by continually riding in small circles. As he is to be a ladies'-horse, the bend must be always to the *right*, in order that he may lead with the off-leg—a habit which, with a little attention, soon becomes second nature. By gradually decreasing the circle, the horse not only acquires this method of going, but obtains extraordinary suppleness of shoulders, and balance, from

being obliged to keep his hind-legs so much under him which are of incalculable advantage amongst rough and irregular ground. Recollect, safety more than speed is what will hereafter be required of him. When tolerably perfect by himself, all these lessons must be repeated in company; and now we should endeavour to introduce our pupil into all sorts of noisy and riotous scenes—market-days, village fairs, meets of hounds; if possible a review, with all its alarming accessories of flying colours, beating drums, and blank cartridges. He may be little troublesome at first; but these varieties of life sober a horse wonderfully, and he had better see them for the first time with us than with *her*.

He is now nearly ready for the side-saddle. Let him stand in the stable with a rug hanging about his quarters, getting under his tail, and in every uncomfortable position. We will then ride him ourselves, with a shepherd's plaid round our waist, on a windy day. We will cock our right leg over the pommel, and so be far more helpless than a woman; we will give him a good sobering canter, and then bring him round to the door for his mistress to make acquaintance with. Let her feed, pat, and make much of him; and in a very few weeks from the time of our first purchasing him, we will answer for her riding the quiet, docile, five-year-old with perfect ease and confidence in the sharpest skurry that ever was seen over Leicestershire with a scent, or down Rotten-row in a thunderstorm. And as her cheek flushes, and her eye sparkles with the healthy excitement of the gallop, we shall feel that we too have our reward.—*London Sporting Magazine for May.*

## THE WHALE.\*

### CHAPTER XVI.—THE SHIP.

IN bed we concocted our plans for the morrow. But to my surprise and no small concern, Queequeg now gave me to understand, that he had been diligently consulting Yojo—the name of his black little god—and Yojo had told him two or three times over, and strongly insisted upon it every way, that instead of our going together among the whaling-fleet in harbour, and in concert selecting our craft—instead of this, I say, Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me, inasmuch as Yojo proposed befriending us; and, in order to do so, had already pitched upon a vessel, which, if left to myself, I, Ishmael, should infallibly light upon, for all the world as though it had turned out by chance; and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself, for the present irrespective of Queequeg.

\* Continued from No. XXXVIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

I have forgotten to mention that, in many things Queequeg placed great confidence in the excellence of Yojo's judgment and surprising forecast of things; and cherished Yojo with considerable esteem, as a rather good sort of god, who perhaps meant well enough upon the whole, but in all cases did not succeed in his benevolent designs.

Now, this plan of Queequeg's, or rather Yojo's, touching the selection of our craft—I did not like that plan at all. I had not a little relied upon Queequeg's sagacity to point out the whaler best fitted to carry us and our fortunes securely; but as all my remonstrances produce no effect upon Queequeg, I was obliged to acquiesce; and accordingly prepared to set about this business with a determined, rushing sort of energy and vigour, that should quickly settle that trifling little affair.

Next morning early, leaving Queequeg shut up with Yojo in our little bedroom—for it seemed that it was some sort of Lent or Ramadan, or day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, with Queequeg and Yojo that day—*how* it was I never could find out, for, though I applied myself to it several times, I never could master his religion—leaving Queequeg, then, fasting on his tomahawk pipe, and Yojo warming himself at his sacrificial fire of shavings, I sallied out among the shipping. After much prolonged sauntering and many random inquiries, I learnt that there were three ships up for three years' voyages; the *Devil-dam*, the *Tit-bit*, and *Pequod*. Devil-dam, I do not know the origin of; Tit-bit is obvious? Pequod, you will no doubt remember, was the name of a celebrated tribe of Massachusetts Indians, now extinct as the ancient Medes. I peered and pryed about the *Devil-dam*; from her, hopped over to *Tit-bit*; and finally, going on board the *Pequod*, looked around her for a moment, and then decided that this was the very ship for us.

You may have seen many a quaint craft in your day, for aught I know: square-toed luggers, mountainous Japanese junks, butter-box galliots, and what not; but take my word for it, you never saw such a rare old craft as this same rare old *Pequod*. She was a ship of the old school, rather small, if anything; with an old fashioned, claw-footed look about her. Long-seasoned and weather-stained in the typhoons and calms of all our oceans, her old hull's complexion was darkened like a French grenadier's, who has alike fought in Egypt and Siberia. Her venerable bows looked bearded. Her masts—cut somewhere on the coast of Japan, where her original ones were lost over-board in a gale—her masts stood stiffly up like the spines of the three old kings of Cologne. Her ancient decks were worn and wrinkled, like the pilgrim-worshipped flagstone in Canterbury Cathedral, where Becket bled. But to all these her old antiquities, were added new and marvellous features, pertaining to the wild business that, for more than half a century, she had followed. Old Captain Peleg, many years her chief-mate before he commanded another vessel of his own, and now a retired seaman, and one of the

principal owners of the *Pequod*,—this old Peleg, during the term of his chief-mateship, had built upon her original grotesqueness, and inlaid it, all over, with a quaintness, both of material and device, unmatched by anything, except it be Thorkhill-Hake's carved buckler or bedstead. She was appættled like any barbaric Ethiopian Emperor, his neck heavy with pendants of polished ivory. She was a thing of trophies—a cannibal of a craft, tricking herself forth in the chased bones of her enemies. All round, her unpannelled, open bulwarks, were garnished like one continuous jaw, with the long, sharp teeth of the sperm whale, inserted there for pins, to fasten her old hempen thews and tendons to. Those thews ran not through base blocks of land wood, but deftly travelled through sheaves of sea-ivory. Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm, she sported there a tiller; and that tiller was in one mass, curiously carved from the long, narrow lower jaw of her hereditary foe. The helmsman who steered by that tiller in a tempest, felt like the Tartar, when he holds back his fiery steed by clutching his jaw. A noble craft, but somehow a most melancholy! All noble things are touched with that.

Now, when I looked about the quarter-deck for some one having authority, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage, at first I saw nobody; but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent, or rather wigwam, pitched a little behind the main mast. It seemed only a temporary erection, used in port. It was of a conical shape, some ten feet high; consisting of the long, huge slabs of limber black bone, taken from the middle and highest part of the jaws of the rightwhale. Planted with their broad ends on the deck, a circle of these slabs laced together, mutually sloped towards each other, and at the apex united in a tufted point, where the loose hairy fibres waved to and fro like the top-knot on some old Pottowottamie Sachem's head. A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship, so that the insider commanded a complete view forward.

And half concealed in this queer tenement, I at length found one who, by his aspect, seemed to have authority, and who, it being noon, and the ship's work suspended, was now enjoying respite from the burden of command. He was seated on an old-fashioned oaken chair, wriggling all over with curious carving, and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same elastic stuff of which the wigwam was constructed.

There was nothing so very particular, perhaps, about the appearance of the elderly man I saw. He was brown and brawny, like most old seamen, and heavily rolled up in blue pilot-cloth, out in the Quaker style; only there was a fine and almost microscopic network of the minutest wrinkles interlacing round his eyes, which must have arisen from his continual sailings in many hard gales, and always looking to windward;—for this causes the muscles about the eyes to become pursed together. Such eye-wrinkles are very effectual in a scowl.

"Is this the Captain of the *Pequod*," said I, advancing to the door of the tent.

"Supposing it be the Captain of the *Pequod*, what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer—ever been in a stove boat?"

"No, sir; I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say—eh?"

"Nothing, sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that—"

"Marchant service be d—d. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg?—I'll take that leg away from thy stern, if ever thou talkest of the marchant service to me again. Marchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those marchant ships. But, flukes! man, what makes the want to go a-whaling, eh?—it looks a little suspicious, don't it, eh!—Hast not been a pirate, hast thou!—Didst not rob thy last Captain, didst thou?—Dost not think of murdering the officers when thou gettest to sea!"

I protested my innocence of these things. I saw that, under the mask of these half-humorous inuendoes, this old seaman, as an insulated Quakerish Nantucketer, was full of his insular prejudices, and rather distrustful of all aliens, unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a-whaling? I want to know that before I think of shipping ye."

"Well, sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."

"Want to see what whaling is, eh? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Aye, aye, I thought so. Captain Ahab is the Captain of this ship."

"I am mistaken, then. I thought I was speaking to the Captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg—that's who ye are speaking to, young man. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the *Pequod* fitted out for the voyage, and supplied with all her needs, including crew. We are part owners and agents. But as I was going to say, if thou wantest to know what whaling is, as thou tellest ye do, I can put ye in a way of finding it out before ye bind yourself to it past backing out. Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat!—ah—ah!"

I was a little alarmed at his energy, perhaps also a little

touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation, but said as calmly as I could, "What you say is no doubt true enough sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident?"

"Look ye now, young man; thy lungs are a sort of soft, d'ye see; thou dost not talk shark a bit. *Sure* ye've been to sea before now; sure of that?"

"Sir," said I "I thought I told you that I had been four voyages in the merchant——"

"Hard down out of that! Mind what I said about the merchant service—don't aggravate me—I won't have it. But let us understand each other. I have given thee a hint about what whaling is: do ye yet feel inclined for it?"

"I do, sir."

"Very good. Now, art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer, quick!"

"I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so: not to be got rid of, that is; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Good again. Now then, thou not only wantest to go a-whaling, to find out by experience what whaling is, but ye also want to go in order to see the world? Was not that what ye said? I thought so. Well then, just step forward there, and take a peep over the weather-bow, and then back to me and tell me what ye see there."

For a moment I stood a little puzzled by this curious request, not knowing exactly how to take it, whether humorously or in earnest. But concentrating all his crow's feet into one scowl, Captain Peleg started me on the errand.

Going forward and glancing over the weather bow, I perceived that the ship, swinging to her anchor with the flood-tide, was now obliquely pointing towards the open ocean. The prospect was unlimited, but exceedingly inonotonous and forbidding—not the slightest variety that I could see.

"Well, what's the report?" said Peleg, when I came back; "what did ye see?"

"Not much," I replied—"nothing but water: considerable horizon though, and there's a squall coming up, I think."

"Well, what dost thou think, then, of seeing the world? Do ye wish to go round Cape Horn to see any more of it, eh? Can't ye see the world where you stand!"

I was a little staggered; but go a-whaling I must, and I would; and the *Pequod* was as good a ship as any—I thought the best—and all this I now repeated to Peleg. Seeing me so determined he expressed his willingness to ship me.

"And thou mayest as well sign the papers right off," he added—"come alohg with ye." And so saying, he led the way below deck into the cabin.

Seated on the transom was what seemed to me a most uncommon

and surprising figure. It turned out to be Captain Bildad, who, along with Captain Peleg, was one of the largest owners of the vessel; the other shares, as is sometimes the case in these ports, being held by a crowd of old annuitants; widows, fatherless children, and chancery wards; each owning about the value of a timber head, or a foot of plank, or a nail or two in the ship. People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels, the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest.

Now, Bildad, like Peleg, and indeed many other Nantucketers, was a Quaker, the island having been originally settled by that sect; and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker, only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous. For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whale-hunters. They are fighting Quakers; they are Quakers with a vengeance.

So that there are instances among them of men, who, named with Scripture names—a singularly common fashion on the island—and in childhood naturally imbibing the stately dramatic *thou* and *thou* of the Quaker idiom—still, from the audacious, daring, and boundless adventure of their subsequent lives, strangely blend with these un-outgrown peculiarities, a thousand bold dashes of character, not unworthy a Scandinavian sea-king, or a poetical pagan Roman. And when these things unite in a man of greatly superior natural force, with a globular brain and a ponderous heart; who has also by the stillness and seclusion of many long night-watches in the remotest waters, and beneath constellations never seen here at the north, been led to think untraditionally independently; receiving all nature's sweet or savage impressions fresh from her own virgin, voluntary, and confiding breast; and thereby chiefly, but with some help from accidental advantages, to learn a bold and nervous, lofty language—that man makes one in a whole nation's census—a mighty pageant creature, formed for noble tragedies. Nor will it at all detract from him, dramatically regarded, if either by birth, or other circumstances, he has what seems a half wilful over-ruling morbidness at the bottom of his nature. For all men, tragically great, are made so through a certain morbidness. But sure of this, O young ambition; all mortal greatness is but disease. But, as yet we have not to do with such an one, but with quite another; and still a man who, if indeed peculiar, it only results again from another phase of the Quaker, modified by individual circumstances.

Like Captain Peleg, Captain Bildad was a well-to-do, retired whaler. But unlike Captain Peleg—who cared not a rush for what are called serious things, and, indeed, deemed these self-same serious things the veriest of all trifles—Captain Bildad had not only been originally educated according to the strictest sect of Nantucket Quakerism, but all his subsequent ocean life, and the sight of many an old, lovely island creatures round the Horn—all that had not



moved this native born Quaker one single jot, had not so much as altered one angle of his vest. Still, for all this immutableness, was there some lack of common consistency about worthy Captain Bildad. Though refusing, from conscientious scruples, to bear arms against land invaders, yet himself had illimitably invaded the Atlantic and Pacific, and though a sworn foe to human bloodshed, yet had he in his straight bodied coat, spilled tuns upon tuns of leviathan gore. How now in the contemplative evening of his days, the pious Bildad reconciled these things in the reminiscence, I do not know; but it did not seem to concern him much, and very probably he had long since come to the sage and sensible conclusion that a man's religion is one thing, and this practical world quite another. This world pays dividends. Rising from a little cabin boy in short clothes of the drabdest drab, to a harpooner in a broad shad bellied waistcoat; from that becoming boat-header, chief mate, and Captain, and finally a ship-owner, Bildad, as I hinted before, had conoluded his adventurous career by wholly retiring from active life at the goodly age of sixty, and dedicating his remaining days to the quiet receiving of his well earned income.

Now Bildad, I am sorry to say, had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunks, and in his ~~se~~going days a bitter, hard task-master. They told me in Nantucket—though it certainly seems a curious story—that when he sailed the old Categut whaleman, his crew, upon arriving home, were mostly all carred ashore to the hospital, sore exhausted and worn out. For a pious man, especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard-hearted, to say the least. He never used to swear, though, at his men, they said, but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel, unmitigated hard work out of them. When Bildad was a chief-mate, to have his drab-coloured eye intently looking at you, made you feel completely nervous, till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marling-spike, and go to work like mad at something or other—never mind what. Indolence and idleness perished from before him. His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character. On his long, gaunt body he carried no spare flesh, no superfluous beard, his chin having a soft, economical nap to it, like the worn nap of his broad-brimmed hat.

Such, then, was the person that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin. The space between the decks was small, and there, bolt-upright, sat old Bildad, who always sat so, and never leaned, and this to save his coat-tails. His broad-brim was placed beside him; his legs were stiffly crossed; his drab vesture was buttoned up to his chin; and spectacles on nose, he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume.

"Bildad," cried Captain Peleg; "at it again, Bildad, eh? Ye have been studying those Scriptures, now, for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge. How far ye got, Bildad?"

As if long habituated to such profane talk from his old shipmate,

Bildad, without noticing his present irreverence, quietly looked up and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Peleg; "he wants to ship."

"Dost thee?" said Bildad, in a hollow tone, and turning round to me.

"I dost," said I, unconsciously—he was so intense a Quaker.

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad, eyeing me, and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone, quite audible.

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw, especially as Peleg, his friend and old shipmate, seemed such a blusterer. But I said nothing, only looking round me sharply. Peleg now threw open a chest, and drawing forth the ship's articles, placed pen and ink before him, and seated himself at a little table. I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage. I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages; but all hands, including the Captain, received certain shares of the profits, called *lays*, and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company. I was also aware that, being a green hand at whaling, my own lay would not be very large; but considering that I was used to the sea, could steer a ship, splice a rope, and all that, I made no doubt that, from all I had heard, I should be offered at least the 275th lay—that is, the 275th part of the clear net proceeds of the voyage, whatever that might eventually amount to. And though the 275th lay was what they call a rather *long lay*, yet it was better than nothing; and if we had a lucky voyage, might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it, not to speak of my three years' beef and board, for which I would not have to pay one stiver.

It might be thought that this was a poor way to accumulate a princely fortune—and so it was, a very poor way indeed. But I am one of those that never take on about princely fortunes, and am quite content if the world is ready to board and lodge me, while I am putting up at this grim sign of the Thunder-Cloud. Upon the whole, I thought that the 275th lay would be about the fair thing, but would not have been surprised had I been offered the 200th, considering I was of a broad-shouldered make.

But one thing, nevertheless, that made me a little distrustful about receiving a generous share of the profits was this: ashore, I had heard something of both Captain Peleg and his unaccountable old crony, Bildad; how that they, being the principal proprietors of the *Pequod*, therefore the other and more inconsiderable and scattered owners, left nearly the whole management of the ship's affairs to these two. And I did not know but that the stingy old Bildad might have a deal to say about shipping hands, especially as I now found him on board the *Pequod*, quite at home there in the

cabin, and reading his Bible, as if at his own fireside. Now while Peleg was vainly trying to mend a pen with his jack-knife, old Bildad, to my no small surprise, considering that he was such an interested party in these proceedings—Bildad never heeded us, but went on mumbling to himself out of his book, "*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth—*"

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what d'ye say,—what lay shall we give this young man?"

"Thou knowest best," was the sepulchral reply; "the seven hundred and seventy-seventh wouldn't be too much, would it?—'where moth and rust do corrupt, but *lay*—"

*Lay*, indeed, thought I, and such a lay! the seven hundred and seventy-seventh! Well, old Bildad, you are determined that I, for one, shall not *lay* up many *lays* here below, where moth and rust do corrupt. It was an exceedingly *long lay* that, indeed; and though from the magnitude of the figure it might at first deceive a landsman, yet the slightest consideration will show that though seven hundred and seventy-seven is a pretty large number, yet, when you come to make a *teenth* of it, you will then see, I say that the seven hundred and seventy-seventh part of a farthing is a good deal less than seven hundred and seventy-seven gold doubloons; and so I thought at the time.

"Why, b—t your eyes, Bildad," cried Peleg, "thou dost not want to swindle this young man! he must have more than that."

"Seven hundred and seventy-seventh," again said Bildad, without lifting his eyes; and then went on mumbling—"for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"I am going to put him down for the three hundredth," said Peleg; "do ye hear that Bildad? The three hundredth lay, I say."

Bildad laid down his book, and turning solemnly towards him, said: "Captain Peleg, thou hast a generous heart; but thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship—widows and orphans, many of them—and that if we too abundantly reward the labours of this young man, we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans. The seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay, Captain Peleg."

"Thou Bildad!" roared Peleg, starting up, and clattering about the cabin. "B—t ye, Captain Bildad; if I had followed thy advice in these matters, I would afore now had a conscience to lug about, that would be heavy enough to founder the largest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn."

"Captain Peleg," said Bildad steadily, "thy conscience may be drawing ten inches of water, or ten fathoms—I can't tell; but as thou art still an impenitent man, Captain Peleg, I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one, and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit, Captain Peleg."

"Fiery pit! fiery pit! ye insult me, man: past all natural

bearing, ye insult me. It's an all-fired outrage to tell any human creature that he's bound to hell. Flukes and flames ! Bildad, say that again to me, and start my soul-boults, but I'll—I'll—yes, I'll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on. Out of the cabin, ye canting, drab-coloured son of a wooden gun—a straight wake with ye !”

As he thundered out this, he made a rush at Bildad ; but with a marvellous oblique, sliding celerity, Bildad for that time eluded him.

Alarmed at this terrible outburst between the two principal and responsible owners of the ship, and feeling half a mind to give up all idea of sailing in a vessel so questionably owned and temporarily commanded, I stepped aside from the door to give egress to Bildad, who I made no doubt, was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg. But, to my astonishment, he sat down again on the transom very quietly, and seemed to have not the slightest intention of withdrawing. He seemed quite used to impenitent Peleg and his ways. As for Peleg, after letting off his rage as he had, there seemed no more left in him, and he, too, sat down like a lamb, though he twitched a little, as if still nervously agitated. “ Whew !” he whistled at last—“ the squall's gone off to leeward, I think. Bildad, thou used to be good at sharpening a lanco, mend that pen, will ye. My jack-knife here needs the grindstone. That's he ; thank ye, Bildad. Now then, my young man : Ishmael's thy name, didn't ye say ? Well then, down ye go here, Ishmael, for the there hundredth lay.”

“ Captain Peleg,” said I, “ I have a friend with me who wants a ship too—shall I bring him down to-morrow ?”

“ To be sure,” said Peleg. “ Fetch him along, and we'll look at him.”

“ What lay does *he* want ?” groaned Bildad, glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself.

“ Oh ! never thee mind about that, Bildad,” said Peleg. “ Has he ever whaled it any ?” turning to me.

“ Killed more whales than I can count, Captain Peleg.”

“ Well, bring him along then.”

And, after signing the papers, off I went ; nothing doubting but that I had done a good morning's work, and that the *Pequod* was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me round the Cape.

But I had not proceeded far, when I began to bethink me that the Captain with whom I was to sail yet remained unseen by me ; though, indeed, in many cases, a whale-ship will be completely fitted out, and receive all her crew on board, ere the Captain makes himself visible by arriving to take command. For sometimes these voyages are so prolonged, and the short intervals at home so exceedingly brief, that if the Captain has a family, or any absorbing concernment of that sort, he does not trouble himself much about

his ship in port, but leaves her to the owners till all is ready for sea. However, it is always as well to have a look at him before irrevocably committing yourself into his hands. Turning back I accosted Captain Peleg, inquiring where Captain Ahab was to be found.

"And what dost thou want of Captain Ahab? It's all right enough: thou art shipped."

"Yes, but I should like to see him."

"But I don't think thou wilt be able to at present. I don't know exactly what's the matter with him; but he keeps close inside the house—a sort of sick, and yet he don't look so. In fact, he ain't sick; but no, he isn't well either. Any how, young man, he won't always see me, so I don't suppose he will thee. He's a queer man, Captain Ahab—so some think—but a good one. Oh, thou'lt like him well enough: no fear, no fear. He's a grand, ungodly, god-like man, Captain Ahab; doesn't speak much; but when he does speak, then you may well listen. Mark ye; be forewarned. Ahab's above the common; Ahab's been in colleges, as well as 'mong the cannibals; been used to deeper wonders than the waves; fixed his fiery lance in mightier, stranger foes than whales. His lance! aye, the keenest and the surest that, out of all our isle! Oh! he ain't Captain Bildad: no, and he ain't Captain Peleg: *he's Ahab* boy; and Ahab of old, thou knowest, was a crowned king!"

"And a very vile one. When that wicked king was slain, the dogs—did they not lick his blood?"

"Come hither to me—hither, hither," said Peleg, with a significance in his eye that almost startled me. "Look ye, lad; never say that on board the *Pequod*. Never say it anywhere. Captain Ahab did not name himself. 'Twas a foolish, ignorant whim of his crazy, widowed mother, who died when he was only a twelve-month old. And yet the old squaw Tistig, at Gayhead, said that the name would somehow prove prophetic. And, perhaps, other fools like her may tell thee the same. I wish to warn thee. It's a lie. I know Captain Ahab well: I've sailed with him as mate years ago: I know what he is—a good man;—not a pious, good man, like Bildad, but a swearing good man—something like me—only there's a good deal more of him. Aye, aye, I know, that he was never very jolly; and I know that on the passage home, he was a little out of his mind for a spell; but it was the sharp shooting pains in his bleeding stump that brought that about, as any one might see. I know, too, that ever since he lost his leg last voyage by that accursed whale, he's been a kind of moody—desperate moody, and savage sometimes; but that will all pass off. And once for all, let me tell thee young man;—it's better to sail with a moody good Captain than a laughing bad one. So good-bye to thee—and wrong not Captain Ahab, because he happens to have a wicked name. Besides, my boy, he has a wife—not three voyages wedded—a sweet, resigned girl. Think of that: by that sweet girl that old man has a child."

hold ye then there can be any utter, hopeless harm in Ahab ? No, no, my lad ; stricken, blasted, if he be, Ahab has his humanities !”

As I walked away, I was full of thoughtfulness. What had been incidentally revealed to me of Captain Ahab, filled me with a certain wild vagueness of painfulness concerning him. And somehow, at the time, I felt a sympathy and a sorrow for him, but for I don't know what, unless it was the cruel loss of his leg. And yet I also felt a strange awe of him ; but that sort of awe, which I cannot at all describe, was not exactly awe—I do not know what it was. But I felt ; and it did not disincline me towards him, so impatience at what seemed like mystery in him, so imperfectly as he was known to me then. However, my thoughts were at length carried in other directions, so that for the present dark Ahab slipped my mind.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE RAMADAN.

As Queequeg's Ramadan was to continue all day, I did not choose to disturb him till towards nightfall ; for I cherish the greatest respect towards everybody's religious obligations, never mind how comical, and could not find it in my heart to undervalue even a congregation of ants worshipping a toad-stool ; or those other creatures in certain parts of our earth, who, with a degree of footmanism quite unprecedented in other planets, bow down before the torso of a deceased landed proprietor merely on account of the inordinate possessions yet owned and rented in his name.

I say, we good Presbyterian Christians should be charitable in these things, and not fancy ourselves so vastly superior to other mortals, pagans and what not, because of their half crazy conceits of these subjects. There was Queequeg, now, certainly entertaining the most absurd notions about Yojo and his Ramadan ; but what of that ? Queequeg thought he knew what he was about, I suppose : he seemed to be content—and there let him rest. All our arguing with him would not avail ; let him be, I say, and Heaven have mercy on us all—Presbyterians and Pagans alike—for we are all somehow dreadfully cracked about the head, and sadly need mending.

Towards evening, when I felt assured that all his performances and rituals must be over, I went up to his room and knocked at the door—but no answer. I tried to open it, but it was fastened inside. “ Queequeg,” said I, softly through the key-hole : all silent. “ I say, Queequeg ! why don't you speak ? It's I—Ishmael.” But all remained still as before. I began to grow alarmed. I had allowed him such abundant time, I thought he might have had an apoplectic fit. I looked through the key-hole ; but the door opening into an odd corner of the room, the key-hole prospect was but a crooked and sinister one. I could only see part of the foot-board of the bed and a line of the wall, but nothing more. I was surprised to behold, resting against the wall, the wooden shaft of Queequeg's harpoon,

which the landlady the evening previous had taken from him, before our mounting to the chamber. That's strange, thought I; but at any rate, since the harpoon stands yonder, and he seldom or never goes abroad without it, therefore, he must be inside here, and no possible mistake.

"Queequeg! Queequeg!"—al? still. Something must have happened. Apoplexy! I tried to burst open the door; but it stubbornly resisted. Running down stairs, I quickly stated my suspicions to the first person I met—the chambermaid. "La! La!" she cried, "I thought something must be the matter. I went to make the bed after breakfast, and the door was locked, and not a mouse to be heard; and it's been just so silent ever since. But I thought, may be, you had both gone off and locked your baggage in for safe keeping. La! La, ma'am—mistress! murder! Mrs. Hussey! apoplexy!" and with these cries, she ran towards the kitchen, I following.

Mrs. Hussey soon appeared, with a mustard-pot in one hand and a vinegar-cruet in the other, having just broken away from the occupation of attending to the castors, and scolding her little black boy meantime.

"Woodhouse!" cried I, "which way to it? Rum, for God's sake, and fetch something to pry open the door—the axe!—the axe!—he's had a stroke; depend upon it!" and so saying, I was unmethodically rushing up-stairs again empty handed, when Mrs. Hussey interposed the mustard-pot and vinegar-cruet, and the entire castor of her countenance.

"What's the matter with you, young man?"

"Get the axe! For God's sake, run for the doctor, some one, while I pry it open!"

"Look here," said the landlady, quickly putting down the vinegar-cruet, so to have one hand free; "look here; are you talking about prying open any of my doors?" and with that she seized my arm. "What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you, shipmate?"

In as calm, but rapid a manner as possible, I gave her to understand the whole case. Unconsciously clapping the vinegar-cruet to one side of her nose, she ruminated for an instant; then exclaimed—"No I haven't seen it since I put it there." Running to a little closet under the landing of the stairs, she glanced in, and returning, told me that Queequeg's harpoon was missing. "He's killed himself," she cried. "It's unfort'nate Stiggs done over again—there goes another counterpane—God pity his poor mother!—it will be the ruin of my house. Has the poor lad a sister? Where's that girl? there, Betty, go to Snarles the painter, and tell him to paint me a sign, with—'no suicides permitted here, and no smoking in the parlour;'—might as well kill both birds at once. Kill? The Lord be merciful to his ghost! What's that noise there? You, young man, avast there!"

And running up after me, she caught me, as I was again trying to force open the door.

"I won't allow it; I won't have my premises spoiled. Go for the locksmith; there's one about a mile from here. But, avast!" putting her hand in her side pocket, "here's a key that'll fit, I guess; let's see." And with that, she turned it in the lock; but, alas! Queequeg's supplemental bolt remained unwithdrawn within.

"Have to burst it open," said I, and was running down the entry a little, for a good start, when the landlady caught at me, again vowing I should not break down her premises; but I tore from her, and with a sudden bodily rush dashed myself full against the mark.

With a prodigious noise the door flew open, and the knob slamming against the wall, sent the plaster to the ceiling; and there—good heavens! there sat Queequeg, altogether cool and self-collected; right in the middle of the room; squatting on his hams, and holding Yojo on the top of his head. He looked neither one way nor the other way, but sat like a carved image with scarce a sign of active life.

"Queequeg," said I, going up to him; "Queequeg, what's the matter with you?"

"He hain't been a sittin' so all day, has he?" said the landlady.

But all we said—not a word could we drag out of him. I almost felt like pushing him over, so as to change his position, for it was almost intolerable, it seemed so painfully and unnaturally constrained; especially, as in all probability, he had been sitting so for upwards of eight or ten hours, going too without his regular meals.

"Mrs. Hussey," said I, "he's *alive* at all events; so leave us, if you please, and I will see to this strange affair myself."

Closing the door upon the landlady, I endeavoured to prevail upon Queequeg to take a chair, but in vain. There he sat; and all I could do—for all my polite arts and blandishments—he would not move a peg, nor say a single word, nor even look at me, nor notice my presence in any, the slightest way.

I wonder, thought I, if this can possibly be a part of his Ramadan. Do they fast on their hams that way in his native island? It must be so: yes, it's part of his creed, I suppose. Well, then, let him rest: he'll get up sooner or later, no doubt. It can't last for ever, thank God, and his Ramadan only comes once a year; and I don't believe it's very punctual then.

I went down to supper. After sitting a long time listening to the long stories of some sailors who had just come from a plum-pudding voyage, as they called it (that is, a short whaling-voyage in a schooner or brig confined to the north of the Line, in the Atlantic Ocean only); after listening to these plum-puddingers till nearly eleven o'clock, I went up stairs to go to bed, feeling quite sure by this time Queequeg must certainly have brought his Ramadan to a termination. But



no; there he was just where I had left him—he had not stirred an inch. I began to grow vexed with him: it seemed so downright senseless and insane to be sitting there all day and half the night on his hams in a cold room, holding a piece of wood on his head.

“For heaven’s sake, Queequeg, get up and shake yourself! get up and have some supper. You’ll starve; you’ll kill yourself, Queequeg,” But not a word did he reply.

Despairing of him, therefore, I determined to go to bed and to sleep; and no doubt, before a great while he would follow me. But previous to turning in, I took my heavy bearskin jacket, and threw it over him, as it promised to be a very cold night; and he had nothing but his ordinary round jacket on. For some time, do all I would, I could not get into the faintest doze. I had blown out the candle; and the mere thought of Queequeg—not four feet off—sitting there in that uneasy position, stark alone in the cold and dark—this made me really wretched. Think of it! sleeping all night in the same room with a wide awake pagan on his hams, in this dreary, unaccountable Ramadan!

But somehow I dropped off at last, and knew nothing more till break of day; when, looking over the bedside, there squatted Queequeg as if he had been screwed down to the floor. But as soon as the first glimpse of sun entered the window, up he got, with stiff and grating joints, but with a cheerful look; limped towards me where I lay; pressed his forehead again against mine; and said his Ramadan was over.

Now, as I before hinted, I have no objection to any person’s religion, be it what it may, so long as that person does not kill or insult any other person, because that other person don’t believe it also. But when a man’s religion becomes really frantic; when it is positive torment to him; and, in fine, makes this earth of ours an uncomfortable inn to lodge in; then I think it high time to take that individual aside and argue the point with him.

And just so I now did with Queequeg. “Queequeg,” said I, “get into bed now, and lie and listen to me.” I then went on, beginning with the rise and progress of the primitive religions, and coming down to the various religions of the present time, during which time I laboured to show Queequeg that all fasts, voluntary or otherwise, were excessively bad for the digestion.

I then asked Queequeg whether he himself was ever troubled with dyspepsia; expressing the idea very plainly, so that he could take it in. He said no; only upon one memorable occasion. It was after a great feast given by his father the king, on the gaining of a great battle, wherein fifty of the enemy had been killed by about two o’clock in the afternoon, and all cooked and eaten that very evening.

“No more, Queequeg,” said I, shuddering; “that will do,” for I knew the inferences without his further hinting them. I had

seen a sailor who had visited that very island, and he told me that it was the custom, when a great battle had been gained there, to barbecue all the slain in the yard or garden of the victor; and then, one by one, they were placed in great wooden trenchers, and garnished round like a pilau, with bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts; and with some parsley in their mouths, were sent round with the victor's compliments to all his friends, just as though these presents were so many Christmas turkeys.

After all, I do not think that my remarks about religion made much impression upon Queequeg. Because, in the first place, he somehow seemed dull of hearing on that important subject, unless considered from his own point of view; and, in the second place, he did not more than one-third understand me, couch my ideas simply as I would; and, finally, he no doubt thought he knew a good deal more about the true religion than I did. He looked at me with a sort of condescending concern and compassion, as though he thought it a great pity that such a sensible young man should be so hopelessly lost to evangelical pagan piety.

At last we rose and dressed; and Queequeg, taking a prodigiously hearty breakfast of chowders of all sorts, so that the landlady should not make much profit by reason of his Ramadan, we sallied out to board the *Pegoud*, sauntering along, and picking our teeth with thalibut bones.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—HIS MARK.

As we were walking down the end of the wharf towards the ship, Queequeg carrying his harpoon, Captain Peleg in his gruff voice loudly hailed us from his wigwam, saying he had not suspected my friend was a cannibal, and furthermore announcing that he let no cannibals on board that craft, unless they previously produced their papers.

"What do you mean by that, Captain Peleg?" said I, now jumping on the bulworks, and leaving my comrade standing on the wharf.

"I mean," he replied, "he must show his papers."

"Yea," said Captain Bildad in his hollow voice, sticking his head from behind Peleg's, out of the wigwam. "He must show that he's converted. Son of darkness," he added, turning to Queequeg, "art thou at present in communion with any Christian church?"

"Why," said I, "he's a member of the First Congregational Church;" and I entered upon a long rigmarole story, touching the conversion of Queequeg, and concluded by saying that in the grand belief we all joined hands.

"Splice, thou mean'st *splice* hands," cried Peleg, drawing nearer. "Young man, you'd better ship for missionary, instead of a foremost hand; I never heard a better sermon. Deacon Deuteronomy; —why, Father Mapple himself couldn't beat it and he's reckoned

something. Come aboard, come aboard; never mind about the papers. I say, tell Quohog there—what's that you call him?—tell Quohog to step along. By the great anchor, what a harpoon he's got there! looks like good stuff that; and he handles it about right. I say, Quohog, or whatever your name is, did you ever stand in the head of a whaleboat? did you ever strike a fish?"

Without saying a word, Queequeg, in his wild sort of way, jumped upon the bulwarks, from thence into the bows of one of the whaleboats hanging to the side; and then bracing his left knee, and poising the harpoon, cried out in some such way as this:—

"Cap'tain, you see him small drop tar on water dere? You see him? well, spose him one whale eye; well den!" and taking sharp aim at it, he darted the iron right over old Bildad's broad brim, clean across the ship's decks, and struck the glistening tar spot out of sight.

"Now," said Queequeg, quietly hauling in the line, "spose him whale eeye; why, dad whale dead."

"Quick, Bildad," said Peleg, his partner, who, aghast at the close vicinity of the flying harpoon, had retreated towards the cabin gangway. "Quick, I say, you Bildad, and get the ship's papers. We must have Hedgehog there—I mean (l. shog—in one of our boats. Look ye, Quohog: we'll givo ye the ninetieth lay, and that's more than ever was given a harpooneer yet out of Nantucket."

So down we went into the cabin, and to my great joy Queequeg was soon enrolled among the same ship's company to which I myself belonged.

When all preliminaries were over, and Peleg had got everything ready for signing, he turned to me and said, "I guess Quohog there don't know how to write, does he? I say Quohog, b—t ye! dost thou sign thy name, or make thy mark?"

But at this question, Queequeg, who had twice or thrice before taken part in similar ceremonies, looked no ways abashed; but taking the offered pen, copied upon the paper, in the proper place, an exact counterpart of a queer round figure which was tattooed upon his arm; so that, through Captain Peleg's obstinate mistake touching his appellative, it stood something like this:—

Quohog,

his  mark.

Meanwhile, Captain Bildad sat earnestly and steadfastly eyeing Queequeg, and at last rising solemnly, and fumbling in the huge pockets of his broad-skirted drab-coat, took out a bundle of tracts, and selecting one entitled, "The Latter Day Coming; or No Time to Lose," placed it in Queequeg's hands, and then grasping them and the book with both his, looked earnestly into his eyes, and said, "Son of darkness, I must do my duty by thee; I am part owner of this ship, and feel concerned for the souls of all its crew: if thou still clingest to thy Pagan ways, which I sadly fear, I beseech

thee, remain not for aye a Belial bondsman. Spurn the idol Bel, and the hideous dragon ; turn from the wrath to come ; mind thine eye, I say ; oh ! goodness gracious ! steer clear of the fiery pit ! ”

Something of the salt sea yet lingered in old Bildad's language, heterogeneously mixed with Scriptural and domestic phrases.

“ Avast there, avast there, Bildad ; avast now spoiling our harpooneer,” cried Peleg. “ Pious harpooneers never make good voyagers—it takes the shark out of ‘em : no harpooneer is worth a straw who aint pretty sharkish. There was young Nat Swaine, once the bravest boat header out of all Nantucket and the Vineyard : he joined the Meeting, and never came to good. He got so frightened about his plaguy soul, that he shrinked and sheered away from whales, for fear of afterclaps, in case he got stove and went to Davy Jones.”

“ Peleg ! Peleg ! ” said Bildad, lifting his eyes and hands, “ thou thyself, as I myself hast seen many a perilous time : thou knowest, Peleg, what it is no have the fear of death ; how, then, canst thou prate in this ungodly guise ? Thou beliest thine own heart, Peleg. Tell me, when this same Pequod hore had her three masts overboard in that typhoon on Japan, the same voyage when thou went mate with Captain Ahab, didst thou not think of Death and the Judgment then ? ”

“ Hear him, hear him now,” cried Peleg, marching across the cabin, and thrusting his hands far down into his pockets,—“ hear him, all of ye. Think of that ! When every moment we thought the ship would sink ! Death and the Judgment then ! What ? With all three masts making such an everlasting thundering against the side, and every sea breaking over us, fore and aft. Think of Death and the Judgment then ? No ! no time to think about Death then. Life was what Captain Ahab and I was thinking of ; and how to save all hands—how to rig jury-masts—how to get into the nearest port—that was what I was thinking of.”

Bildad said no more, but buttoning up his coat, stalked on deck where we followed him. There he stood, very quietly overlooking some sail-makers who were mending a top-sail in the waist. Now and then he stooped to pick up a patch, or save an end of the tarred twine, which otherwise might have been wasted.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE PROPHET.

“ SHIPMATES, have ye shipped in that ship ? ”

Queequeg and I had just left the *Pequod*, and were sauntering away from the water, for the moment each occupied with his own thoughts, when the above words were put to us by a stranger, who pausing before us, levelled his massive forefinger at the vessel in question. He was but shabbily appparelled in faded jacket and patched trowsers, a rag of a black handkerchief investing his neck. A confluent small-pox had in all directions flowed over his face, and

left it like the complicated ribbed bed of a torrent, when the rushing waters have been dried up.

"Have ye shipped in her?" he repeated.

"You mean the ship *Pequod*, I suppose," said I, trying to gain a little more time for an uninterrupted look at him.

"Aye, the *Pequod*—that ship 'there,'" he said, drawing back his whole arm, and then rapidly shoving it straight out from him, with the fixed bayonet of his pointed finger darted full at the object.

"Yes," said I, "we have just signed the articles."

"Anything down there about your souls?"

"About what?"

"Oh, perhaps you hav'n't got any," he said quickly. "No matter though; I know many chaps that hav'n't got any,—good luck to 'em; and they are all the better off for it. A soul's a sort of a fifth wheel to a wagon."

"What are you jabbering about, shipmate?" said I.

"He's got enough, though, to make up for all deficiencies of that sort in other chaps," abruptly said the stranger, placing a nervous emphasis upon the word *he*.

"Queequeg," said I, "let's go: this fellow has broken loose from somewhere: he's talking about something and somebody we don't know."

"Stop!" cried the stranger, "Ye said true—ye hav'n't seen Old Thunder yet, have ye?"

"Who's Old Thunder?" said I, again riveted with the insane earnestness of his manner.

"Captain Ahab."

"What! the captain of our ship, the *Pequod*?"

"Aye, among some of us old sailor chaps, he goes by that name. Ye hav'n't seen him yet, have ye?"

"No, we hav'n't. He's sick they say, but is getting better, and will be all right again before long."

"All right again before long!" laughed the stranger, with a solemnly derisive sort of laugh. "Look ye; when Captain Ahab is all right, then this left arm of mine will be all right—not before."

"What do you know about him?"

"What did they tell you about him? Say that!"

"They didn't tell much of any thing about him; only I've heard that he's a good whale-hunter, and a good Captain to his crew."

"That's true, that's true—yes, both true enough. But you must jump when he gives an order. Step and growl; growl and go—that's the word with Captain Ahab. But nothing about that thing that happened to him off Cape Horn, long ago, when he lay like dead for three days and nights—nothing about that deadly skirmish with the Spaniard afore the altar in Santa?—heard nothing about that, eh? Nothing about the silver calabash he spat into? And nothing about his losing his leg last voyage, according to the

prophecy? Didn't ye hear a word about them matters and something more, eh? No, I don't think ye did: how could ye? Who knows it? Not all Nantucket, I guess. But hows'ever, mayhap, ye've heard tell about the leg, and how he lost it; aye, ye have heard of that, I dare say. Oh, yes, *that* every one knows a'most,—I mean they know he's only one leg; and that a parmacetti took the other off."

"My friend," said I, "what all this gibberish of yours is about I don't know, and I don't much care; for it seems to me that you must be a little damaged in the head. But if you are speaking of Captain Ahab, of that ship there, the *Pequod*, then let me tell you, that I know all about the loss of his leg."

"All about it, eh—sure you do?—all?"

"Pretty sure."

With finger pointed and eye levelled at the *Pequod*, the beggar-like stranger stood a moment, as if in a troubled reverie; then starting a little, turned and said:—"Ye've shipped, have ye? Names down on the papers? Well, well, what's signed, is signed; and what's to be, will be; and then again, perhaps it won't be, after all. Any how, it's all fixed and arranged a'ready; and some sailors or other must go with him, I suppose, as well these as any other men, God pity 'em! Morning to ye, shipmates—morning; the ineffable heavens bless ye; I'm sorry I stopped ye."

"Look here, friend," said I; "if you have anything important to tell us, out with it; but if you are only trying to bamboozle us, you are mistaken in your game; that's all I have to say."

"And it's said very well, and I like to hear a chap talk up that way: you are just the man for him—the likes of ye. Morning to ye, shipmates—morning! Oh! when ye get there, tell'em I've concluded not to make one of 'em."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you can't fool us that way—you can't fool us. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to look as if he had a great secret in him."

"Morning to ye, shipmates—morning."

"Morning it is," said I. "Come along, Queequeg; let's leave this crazy man. But stop! tell me your name, will you?"

"Elijah."

Elijah! thought I, and we walked away, both commenting, after each other's fashion, upon this ragged old sailor; and agreed that he was nothing but a humbug, trying to be a bugbear. But we had not gone perhaps above a hundred yards, when chancing to turn a corner, and looking back as I did so, who should be seen but Elijah following us, though at a distance. Somehow, the sight of him struck me so, that I said nothing to Queequeg of his being behind, but passed on with my comrade, anxious to see whether the stranger would turn the same corner that we did. He did: and then it seemed to me that he was dogging us, but with what intent I could not for the life of me imagine. This circumstance, coupled with his ambiguous,

half-hinting, half-revealing shrouded sort of talk, now begat in me all kinds of vague wonderments and half-apprehensions, and all connected with the *Pequod*; and Captain Ahab; and the leg he had lost; and the Cape Horn fit; and the silver calabash; and what Captain Peleg had said of him, when I left the ship the day previous; and the prediction of the squaw Tistig; and the voyage we had bound ourselves to sail—and a hundred other shadowy things.

I was resolved to satisfy myself whether this ragged Elijah was really dogging us or not, and with that intent crossed the way with Queequeg, and on that side of it retraced our steps. But Elijah passed on, without seeming to notice us. This relieved me; and once more—and finally as it seemed to me—I pronounced him in my heart, a humbug.

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CHAPTER XX.—ALI, ASTIR.

A day or two passed, and there was great activity aboard the *Pequod*. Not only were the old sails being mended, but new sails were coming on board, and bolts of canvas, and coils of rigging; in short, everything betokened that the ship's preparations were hurrying to a close. Captain Peleg seldom or never went ashore, but sat in his wigwag keeping a sharp look out upon the hands; Bildad did all the purchasing and providing at the stores; and the men employed in the hold and on the rigging were working till long after nightfall.

On the day following Queequeg's signing the articles, word was given at all the inns where the ship's company were stopping, that their chests must be on board before night, for there was no telling how soon the vessel might be sailing. So Queequeg and I got down our traps, resolving, however, to sleep ashore till the last. But it seems they always give very long notice in these cases, and the ship did not sail for several days. But no wonder: there was good deal to be done, and there is no telling how many things to be thought of, before the *Pequod* was fully equipped.

Every one knows what a multitude of things—beds, saucepans, knives and forks, shovels and tongs, napkins, nut crackers, and what not—are indispensable to the business of house-keeping. Just so with whaling, which necessitates a three-years' house-keeping upon the wide ocean, far from all grocers, costermongers, doctors, bakers, and bankers. And though this also holds true of merchant vessels, yet not by any means to the same extent as with whalemen. For, besides the great length of the whaling voyage, the numerous articles peculiar to the prosecution of the fishery, and the impossibility of replacing them at the remote harbours usually frequented, it must be remembered, that of all ships, whaling vessels are the most exposed to accidents of all kinds, and especially to the destruction and loss of the very things upon which the success of the voyage most depends. Hence, the spare boats, spare spars, and spare lines and harpoons and spare everythings, almost, but a spare Captain and duplicate ship.

At the period of our arrival at the island, the heaviest stowage of the *Pequod* had been almost completed ; comprising her beef, bread, water, fuel, and iron hoops and staves. But, as before hinted, for some time there was a continual fetching and carrying on board of divers odds and ends of things, both large and small.

Chief among those who did this fetching and carrying was Captain Bildad's sister, a lean old lady of most determined and indefatigable spirit, but withal very kind-hearted ; who seemed resolved that, if she could help it, nothing should be found wanting in the *Pequod*, after once fairly getting to sea. At one time she would come on board with a jar of pickles for the steward's pantry ; another time with a bunch of quills for the chief mate's desk, where he kept his log ; a third time with a roll of flannel for the small of some one's rheumatic back. Never did any woman better deserve her name, which was Charity—Aunt Charity, as everybody called her. And like a sister of charity did this charitable Aunt Charity bustle about hither and thither, ready to turn her hand and heart to any thing that promised to yield safety, comfort and consolation to all on board a ship in which her beloved brother Bildad was concerned, and in which she herself owned a score or two of well-saved dollars.

But it was startling to see this excellent hearted Quakeress coming on board, as she did the last day, with a long oil-ladle in one hand, and a still longer whaling-lance in the other. Nor was Bildad himself, nor Captain Peleg, at all backward. As for Bildad, he carried about with him a long list of the articles needed, and at every fresh arrival, down went his mark opposite that article upon the paper. Every once and a while Peleg came running out of his whalebone den, roaring at the men down the hatchways, roaring up to the riggers at the mast-head, and then concluded by roaring back into his wigwam.

During these days of preparation, Queequeg and I often visited the craft, and as often I asked about Captain Ahab, and how he was, and when he was going to come on board his ship. To these questions they would answer, that he was getting better and better, and was expected aboard every day : meantime the two captains, Peleg and Bildad, could attend to everything necessary to fit the vessel for the voyage. If I had been downright honest with myself, I would have seen very plainly in my heart that I did but half fancy being committed this way to so long a voyage, without once laying my eyes on the man who was to be the absolute dictator of it, so soon as the ship sailed out upon the open sea. But when a man suspects any wrong, it sometimes happens that if he be already involved in the matter, he insensibly strives to cover up his suspicions even from himself. And much this way it was with me. I said nothing, and tried to think nothing.

At last it was given out that some time next day the ship would certainly sail. So next morning Queequeg and I took a very early start.



## CHAPTER XXI.—GOING ABOARD.

It was nearly six o'clock—but only grey imperfect misty dawn—when we drew nigh the wharf.

"There are some sailors running ahead there, if I see right," said I to Queequeg. "It can't be shadows. She's off by sunrise, I guess; come on!"

"Avast!" cried a voice, whose owner at the same time coming close behind us, laid a hand upon both our shoulders, and then insinuating himself between us, stood stooping forward a little, in the uncertain twilight, strangely peering from Queequeg to me. It was Elijah.

"Going aboard?"

"Hands off, will you?" said I.

"Lookee here," said Queequeg, shaking himself, "go 'way!"

"Aint going aboard, then?"

"Yes, we are," said I. But what business is that of yours? Do you know, Mr. Elijah, that I consider you a little impertinent?"

"No, no, no; I wans't aware of that," said Elijah, slowly, and wonderingly looking from me to Queequeg, with the most unaccountable glances.

"Elijah," said I, "you will oblige my friend and me by withdrawing. We are going to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and would prefer not to be detained."

"Ye be, be ye? Coming back afore breakfast?"

"He's cracked, Queequeg," said I; "come on."

"Holloa!" cried stationary Elijah, hailing us when he had removed a few paces.

"Never mind him," said I, "Queequeg; 'come on,'"

But he stole up to us again, and suddenly clapping his hand on my shoulder, said—"Did ye see anything looking like men going towards that ship a while ago?"

Struck by this plain matter-of-fact question, I answered, saying, "Yes, I thought I did see four or five men; but it was too dim to be sure."

"Very dim," said Elijah. "Morning to ye."

Once more we quitted him; but once more he came softly after us; and touching my shoulder again, said, "See if you can find 'em now; will ye?"

"Find who?"

"Morning to ye! morning to ye!" he rejoined, again moving off. "Oh! I was going to warn ye against—but never mind, never mind—it's all one fall in the family too;—sharp frost this morning, aint it? Good bye to ye. Shan't see ye again very soon, I guess; unless it's bef' re the Grand Jury." And with these cracked words he finally departed, leaving me, for the moment, in no small wonderment at his frantic impudence.

At last, stepping on board the *Pequod*, we found everything in profound quiet—not a soul moving. The cabin entrance was locked.

within; the hatches were all on, and lumbered with coils of rigging. Going forward to the forecastle, we found the slide of the scuttle open. Seeing a light, we went down, and found only an old rigger there, wrapped in a tattered pea jacket. He was thrown at whole length upon two chests, his face downward and inclosed in his folded arms. The profoundest slumber was upon him.

"Those sailors we saw, Queequeg, where can they have gone to?" said I, looking dubiously at the sleeper. But it seemed that, when on the wharf, Queequeg had not at all noticed what I now alluded to: hence I should have thought myself to have been optically deceived in that matter, were it not for Elijah's otherwise inexplicable question. But I beat the thing down; and again marking the sleeper, jocularly hinted to Queequeg that perhaps we had best sit up with the body; telling him to establish himself accordingly. He put his hand upon the sleeper's rear, as though feeling if it was soft enough; and then, without more ado, sat quietly down there.

"Gracious! Queequeg, don't sit there," said I.

"Oh! perry dood seat," said Queequeg, "my country way: won't hurt him face."

"Face!" said I, "call that his face? very benevolent countenance then. But how hard he breathes; he's heaving himself. Get off, Queequeg; you are heavy; it's grinding the face of the poor. Get off, Queequeg! Look, he'll twitch you off soon. I wonder he don't wake."

Queequeg removed himself to just beyond the head of the sleeper, and lighted his tomahawk pipe. I sat at the feet. We kept the pipe passing over the sleeper, from one to the other. Meanwhile, upon questioning him, in his broken fashion, Queequeg gave me to understand that, in his land, owing to the absence of settees and sofas of all sort, the king, chiefs, and great people generally, were in the custom of fattening some of the lower orders for ottomans; and to furnish a house comfortably in that respect, you had only to buy up eight or ten lazy fellows, and lay them round in the piers and alcoves. Besides, it was very convenient on an excursion—much better than those garden-chairs which are convertible into walking-sticks; upon occasion, a chief calling his attendant, and desiring him to make a settee of himself under a spreading tree, perhaps in some damp marshy place.

While narrating these things, every time Queequeg received the tomahawk from me, he flourished the hatchet-side of it over the sleeper's head.

"What's that for, Queequeg?"

"Perry easy, kill-e; oh! perry easy!"

He was going on with some wild reminiscences about his tomahawk-pipe, which, it seemed, had in its two uses both brained his foes and soothed his soul, when we were directly attracted to the sleeping rigger. The strong vapour now completely filling the contracted hole, it began to tell upon him. He breathed with a sort of

muffledness ; then seemed troubled in the nose ; then revolved over once or twice ; then sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Holloa!" he breathed at last, "who be ye smokers?"

"Shipped men," answered I; "when does she sail?"

"Aye, aye, ye are going in her, be ye? She sails to-day. The Captain came aboard last night."

"What Captain?—Ahab?"

"Who but him indeed?"

I was going to ask him some further questions concerning Ahab, when we heard a noise on deck.

"Holloa, Starbuck's astir," said the rigger. "He's a lively chief mate, that; good man, and a pious; but all alive now. I must turn to." And so saying, he went on deck, and we followed.

It was now clear sunrise. Soon the crew came on board in twos and threes; the riggers bestirred themselves; the mates were actively engaged; and several of the shore people were busy in bringing various last things on board. Meanwhile, Captain Ahab remained invisibly enshrined within his cabin.—*The Whale*.

## YACHTING.

BY A MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.

THIS day twelvemonth there appeared "Yarn the First" of our subject,

WHAT IS "YACHTING"?

To-day the Second "Yarn" proposes to show, illustratively,

WHAT "YACHTING IS."

"As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us, at least, look forward to merry ones."—BYRON.

Such was the practical philosophy of the great poet of this age; and who shall gainsay its policy? The unexampled atmospheric beauty—the celestial springtide of the past month—needs no record here. It was to the matter made, of that sweet Idyl of Meleager, whose metre sounds like an anticipated accompaniment.....

❧ Cold winter now hath left the sky,  
The storms have taken wing;  
And blithely smile the purple hours  
Of flower-producing Spring.  
And birds are piping loud and long,  
To cheer the toiling bees—  
O! how can bard withhold from Spring  
His mirthful melodies!"

The Easter holidays I spent in the Isle of Wight. Not least among the pleasant appliances of railway travelling is the choice of miscellaneous reading, which the stations furnish. Newspapers, daily and weekly; familiar little serials, and cheap editions of popular literature, abound; and their circulation among the wayfarers, as they rattle along, helps to melt that "confounded ice," which has been attributed to Albion, as a social characteristic. All in the carriage which I occupied were provided with something or other—"chacun à son goût." I had selected a verdant transplantation from Paris, printed in Belfast, and published in Paternoster-row; and my *vis à-vis*—a ruby-visaged rural all over—

"A fine old English gentleman,  
One of the olden time"—

had laid in the previous week's edition of *Bell's Life*. After the customary comments on the weather, arranging the position of legs, and so forth, my neighbour and I found ourselves on cordial terms.

"Would you like to look at *Bell*?"

"Thank you, when you are quite done with it, and you shall have my book then. Exchange, you know, is no robbery!"

Whereat he chuckled heartily; put his finger alongside his nose, and rated me "a jolly good fellow."

By the time that Esher was reached, everybody was intent upon his or her particular study. My random reference to the two-shilling volume—which constituted my staple—was singularly *apropos*, so much so that I cannot refrain from quoting it.....

"On that immense lake which extends from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles, and from Tunis to Venice, a light yacht was gliding, amid the first haze of evening. Its motion resembled that of a swan, which opens its wings to the wind, and that seems to glide on the bosom of the waves. It advanced at the same time swiftly and gracefully, leaving in its wake a long glittering track. By degrees the sun disappeared behind the western horizon; but, as if to countenance the brilliant dreams of heathen mythology, its indiscreet rays reappearing on the summit of each wave, seemed to reveal that the god of fire had just concealed himself in the bosom of Amphitrite, who in vain endeavoured to hide her lover beneath her azure mantle. The yacht glided rapidly on, though there did not appear to be sufficient wind to raise the curling ringlets which shadow a young maiden's forehead."

I closed the little book, and felt—if I did not by my manner manifest—the charm of the *tableau*. Observing the action, my opposite neighbour said, "It's all right—here's *the Life*!" and appropriated the  *tome*  on which my thoughts were occupied. Mechanically I took it from him, but wholly without design of looking into its columns. Thus musing, and gazing on the pastoral region through which we sped "as darts the dolphin from the shark"—

"Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis."

my eye fell upon a paragraph, headed, "The Royal Thames Yacht Club." Why I perused it, passes my recollection—if, indeed, there was any reason at all for my doing so. But as it is said extremes meet, perhaps it was a bias for similarity of subject. Leaving, then, the waters of Gibraltar for those of Gravesend, we will proceed with the present at issue... "The monthly meeting of this influential club was held on Wednesday, at the Society's splendid rooms—the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden..... It was proposed and carried that the opening trip of the season should take place on Saturday, May 13, and that the vessels should assemble at Blackwall, and sail in company to Gravesend. The Commodore—Lord Alfred Paget, Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal to her Majesty—having now taken the chair, the report of the Sailing Committee was read by Mr. Birch. It recommended a great many alterations in the rules, but most of them are merely verbal and unimportant. The one which caused considerable discussion was the proposed alteration in the mode of measurement, by which the tonnage of all the clippers will be materially increased. The Old Rule of measurement was as follows:—

"TONNAGE.—That the maximum tonnage of yachts, eligible to sail in matches for prizes given by the Club, be triennially regulated by the Sailing Committee, and approved by the Club, as follows:—First class, exceeding thirty tons; Second class, exceeding twenty-five tons, and not exceeding thirty; Third class, ten tons, and not exceeding fifteen; and that the measurement for the purpose of ascertaining such tonnage shall be taken in the manner *prescribed* by the Act of the 3rd and 4th Gul. IV., cap. 55—provided always, that in taking such measurement, the length shall be taken from the fore-part of the stem, including all *false work*; and with reference to the breadth, the word '*exclusive*' in the said Act shall be expunged, and the word '*inclusive*' substituted instead thereof."

The proposed alteration runs thus:—

"NEW RULE.—That the rule for admeasurement be as follows:—The length shall be taken on a straight line on deck, from the fore part of the stem to the after part of the stern-post, from which, deducting the breadth, the remainder shall be *esteemed* the just length to find the tonnage; and the breadth shall be taken from the outside of the outside plank in the broadest part of the yacht; then, multiplying the length by the breadth so taken, and the product by half the breadth, and dividing the whole by 94, the quotient shall be *deemed* the true contents of the tonnage—provided always, that if any part of the stem or stern-post project beyond the length taken as above mentioned, such projections shall, for the purposes of finding the tonnage, be added to the length taken, as before-mentioned."

Given: If this process of admeasurement is to be executed upon ten-ton boats, how many generations will it exhaust to get at the dimensions of a line-of-battle ship of three thousand tons?

When the Sailing Committee submitted the proposed alteration, it capsized the patience of Mr. F. T. Biddle... "I say, by this superficial measurement you give the deep boat" (the deep file!) "two chances to one against the small one; because, being measured superficially—that is, on deck—the measurement is the same ap-

parently, while in reality one is half as big again as the other. Take, for instance, the *Volante*, *Mosquito*, and *Phantom*. Will any one say, if *either* of those boats was cut off at or even two or three feet below the water-line, *they* would go as *they* do now, or even stand up under *their* canvas. Why, even *their* present spars would topple *them* over without the enormous weight and leverage which *their* depth enables *them* to attain; and yet, by your law of measurement, either of those boats, cut off horizontally at the water-line, would nominally measure as much as she did before. The fact is, our plan was originally copied from the Legislature, which, to induce people to build deeper and sharper vessels, passed an Act that they should be measured in that very measurement now known as the old measurement. - At first this was found to answer; but Government very soon found out that, to cheat the tonnage dues, vessels were built narrow, deep, and at the same time as flat as before, whereby great wall-sided, kettle-bottomed things were produced, infinitely worse than the beamy shallow vessels by which they were preceded."

" HINT " IN REFERENCE TO THE VEXED QUESTION OF  
MEASUREMENT.

" As uniformity is most desirable in this, as well as in many other points, would it not be possible for the leading clubs to take the matter up, and revise our yachting code? A congress! might be held in London for that purpose. A uniform classification should also be obtained, and then we could have a 'Grand National Regatta' on a large scale. Too much encouragement has been given hitherto, to over-sparred, deep-drawing yachts, and too little to good models only. This vice of our rigging might be corrected by specifying the number of *square yards*?—each class might carry, permitting the owner of each craft to set *that* canvas?...the best advantage? All pulling down of bulk-heads, and all shifting of ballast, to be strictly forbidden".....

If to those pleasant projections and social passages of aquatic convention and conviviality be added that the *mise en scène* of the metropolitan holiday marine is the Great Sewer and Cesspool of London and Westminster, some idea may be formed in relation to the British Capital as to

" WHAT YACHTING IS."

*" I think the Yachting Spirit is not quite so strong in many of our ports as it used to be."*

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

*Cowes: Saturday, April the Fifteenth.*

YACHT INTELLIGENCE.

" The R. Y. S. schooner *Titania*, R. Stephenson, Esq., arrived in Cowes Roadstead, on Sunday evening, from the Mediterranean.  
" The *Druid* returned on Monday from her cruise in the Mediterranean, and proceeded to the eastward."

On the lovely day that I cruized the familiar round of Cowes river and roads, The *Titania* was moored off the mouth of the Medina; but soon after, she ascended the stream to the berth of yachts "in ordinary." Higher up than where The *Titania* was at first lying, and within a cable's length of the Queen's landing pier, was Sir Hyde Parker's fine schooner, The *May Fly*, recently purchased by Mr. Bedder. On Joseph White's ship reclined Lord Wilton's second edition of The *Xarifa*, to be lengthened—a process which The *May Fly* has happily accomplished. That the Commodore's flag ship will hoist the burgee of the R. Y. S. this season—as perspicuous logicians say—"remains to be seen." The next floating feature was the clipper cutter, The *Julia*, built by Ratsey to beat The *America*, which she did. Here ends my catalogue of the Wight's flying squadron. I would the moral finished with the material at issue; but faith would fail me did I not instance the events, already come, which have cast their shadows on once-brilliant prospects. "For one yacht now to be found in these waters," said an old Cowes skipper, "five years ago there were twenty."...According to the promises of one of the most popular of the island's house-agents, the visits of its aristocratic company have fallen off at the rate of compound interest. "Business," cries the *vow populi*, "is at a dead lock;" and, if you are to believe what you hear, "there will be no Regatta here this season."... "*Sic transit gloria—maris!*...on the shores of silver Solent. Let us analyze its economy on the banks of turbid Thames; beginning as by right of precedence, with

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES'S YACHT CLUB.

"The usual monthly meeting of this flourishing club was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lincoln's Inn Field," (?) "Commodore Berncastle in the chair, presiding, and was attended by about one hundred members. The twelve gentlemen on the list for ballot having been duly elected, the laws as revised by the Committee were submitted to the Club for their approval, and unanimously adopted.

"A vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to Messrs. Robinson, Greaves, Abbot, and Lilley, for the prizes presented by each of these gentlemen to the Club at the Match Meeting. The two first are to be sailed for next year by yachts of fifteen tons and under. Mr. Abbott's Gold Cup and Mr. Lilley's Cup were produced; and the Gold Cup—manufactured by Young, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, is quite remarkable for its elegance and chasteness of design. The Club may well be proud of such men."

Seeing the uncertainty of a marine gala at Cowes, the subjoined resolution of The Royal Western Yacht Club came, as it were, from

"One whose eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum."

"In consequence of the uncertainty of the supply of seamen that will be required for the service of the fleet"—(the race is not always to the

fleet!)"—"the question of appointing a day for the Regatta of the present year is adjourned to Thursday, the 6th of June."

In the reference to "The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club," it was inadvertently omitted to state that, "at the *conversazioni* on the 21st inst." (now ult.), "Mr. Ditchburn will lecture on the prevention of shipwreck. .... "Gang doon the burn, Davie!"..... Burn is *Scot-tice*, ditch, rendered poetically....It is pleasant, in times of liberal policy, to read such announcements as these; the original emanated from The Royal Southern Yacht Club; "A report having got abroad that the *officers* of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Companies would not be allowed to become members, we have only to state, as the best contradiction to it, that several *officers* are already members of the Club.".....This announcement, however, like everything else of mortal management, while it offers courtesy in one direction implies contumely in another. Are not "browns" "browns"? and is not "tin" legal tender, come from where it may? Then why or wherefore limit the *entrée* of The Royal Southern Yacht Club to the *officers* of the Royal Steam Packet Companies? To give so gracious a boon the true philosophic flavour, let the saloons of the club be thrown open to the Royal Steam Packets Companies' ship-companies. What is to hinder an able seaman from becoming an admiral? Did Nelson come upon the earth with a coronet on his head? Why does The Royal Thames Yacht Club occupy its business in the great waters, with yards and measures, as if its *officers* were tailors? Why does The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club paragraph its "GOLD Cup"?—a jewel such as not one man in a million ever set eyes on. Why does The Royal Western Yacht Club trouble itself about the service of the fleet? Does The Royal Yacht Squadron, or The Royal Victoria Yacht Club—with the Sovereign for its patroness—keep a hand to blow its trumpet?.....

Cease rude Bore Us—blust'ring railer !

List not landsmen chaunts like his :

Messmates, hear a brother sailor

Sing to you "WHAT YACHTING IS!"

#### A SONG FOR THE SEA,

For the life so free

The merry mariner leads :

For the bark's white wings, and the gale that sings,

As o'er the surf she speeds.

O ! the joy to feel the gallant keel

Through the bright wave cleave its way—

To sail in pride on the waters wide,

And bound o'er the surges gay !

Morn comes o'er the waves, from the coral caves,

Her soft breath stirring the seas ;

And glittering bright, in the golden light,

Are the ripples that dance to the breeze ;



When the waters glow, and the glad winds blow,  
 And the good boat gathers way—  
 Hurrah ! to ride on the sparkling tide,  
 And bound o'er the surges gay !

Bends the mast like a reed, as she breasts, in her speed,  
 The foam she dashes aside—  
 Like a bird, or a steed from rider freed,  
 Exulting in grace and pride,  
 When the thunder is out, and the fierce storms shout,  
 And the wild sheet-lightnings play—  
 For a bark that can ride on the roaring tide,  
 And bound o'er the surges gay !

A SONG FOR THE SEA ! the wild, the free,  
 And the merry mariner's life—  
 In storm or shine, there's bliss on the brine,  
 And ocean with joy is rife.  
 Let the hushed wind sleep : o'er the startled deep  
 Let the voice of the tempest cry—  
 O ! still be our home on the billows foam,  
 Its chorus our minstrelsy !

*London Sporting Review, for May.]*

## BIRD MISCELLANIES.\*

### CHAPTER IX.—LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

By the term *language*, in reference to birds, we mean sounds which can be mutually understood, excluding the words and phrases which parrots and starlings may be taught by imitation, but to which the birds that repeat them can attach no meaning. An example will best illustrate this, and we do not recollect one more apposite than a circumstance mentioned by Wilson, when speaking of the richel bird. "I lately," he says, "visited those parts of the beach on Cape May, where this little bird breeds. During my whole stay, these birds flew in crowds around me, and often within a few yards of my head, squeaking like many young pigs, which noise their voice strikingly resembles. A humming-bird, that had accidentally strayed to the place, appeared suddenly among this outrageous troop, several of whom started angrily at him ; but he shot like an arrow from them, directing his flight straight towards the ocean. I have no doubt but the distressing cries of the terns had drawn this little creature

\* Continued from No. XXXVIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

to the scene, having frequently witnessed his anxious curiosity on similar occasions in the woods." The humming-bird indeed is not alone in the exhibition of curiosity to see what is going forward when other birds are vociferous. We recollect having our attention once drawn to the loud scolding of a pair of chaffinches in a copse, a circumstance of very frequent occurrence during summer, but rendered peculiar in the instance in question by the birds darting down almost to the roots of the bushes at some distance from where we stood, from which we concluded their scolding was not directed to us. The loud *pink, pink*, of the chaffinches soon attracted to the spot a crowd of their woodland neighbours, among whom a redbreast took the lead, followed by a green-bird, a song-thrush, and about a dozen of the small summer birds, all brought together by curiosity to learn what the chaffinches were scolding about. From all of these curiosity-hunters giving vent to the same expression of feeling, we concluded that some common enemy had made his appearance among them; and upon looking narrowly into the bushes, we perceived a pine-martin stealing along, occasionally throwing a sly, or rather contemptuous, look at his vociferous railers, but otherwise continuing a careful prying search into every hole and bush for a nest of eggs & young, of which he might make a breakfast.

It appears, however, to be a shrewd and correct observation of Mr. Knapp, that the voice of one species of birds, except in particular cases, is not attended to by another species; and he instances the peculiar call of the female cuckoo, which assembles so many contending rivals, but excites no attention generally, inasmuch as the dialect seems to be unknown to all but its own species. He adds, "I know but one note which animals make use of that seems of universal comprehension, and this is the signal of danger; the instant it is uttered, we hear the whole flock, though composed of various species, repeat a separate moan, and away they all scuttle into the bushes for safety."

The latter circumstance, however, is contrary to all that we have ever observed; for, instead of flying or hiding from danger, the alarm-call seems to embolden even the most timid to run every hazard; and accordingly, it is matter of common observation that, whenever a hawk makes his appearance, the first swallow which descries him sounds the tocsin, when not only all the swallows in the vicinity muster their forces, but many other small birds hurry to the spot, and, so far from skulking away out of danger, they boldly face their powerful foe, attacking him fearlessly with beak and wing, till some individual pays the penalty of his temerity. With this exception we can bear testimony to the description of Mr. Knapp being minutely correct. "Some," he adds, "give the maternal hush to their young, and mount to inquire into the jeopardy announced. The wren, that tells of perils from the hedge, soon collects about her all the various inquisitive species within hearing to

survey and ascertain the object and add their separate fears. The swallow, that shrieking darts in devious flight through the air when a hawk appears, not only calls up all the hirundines of the village, but is instantly understood by every finch and sparrow, and its warning attended to."

Those who have attended minutely to the language of fear, alarm, or defiance among birds, cannot fail to have remarked the considerable variety both of notes and intonation in the same species. Thus, as White of Selborne remarks, "When the hen turkey leads forth her young brood, she keeps a watchful eye, and, if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled." In the instance of a cock bird expressing fear or giving an alarm to the hen of the approach of danger near the nest, the tones seem to be varied so as to give her due notice either to keep close and still, or to make her escape with as much caution as she can. "This note," observes Mr. Syme, "is only comprehended by birds of the same species, though we have certainly seen birds of different genera appear as if alarmed by this note of fear sounded by a bird of a different species or genus; but whether it was the note that alarmed them, or our presence, we cannot say. But we are pretty sure the notes of parent birds and the chirp of their young are only understood by birds of the same species, or rather we should say same family, for it appears to be a family language, understood reciprocally by parent birds and their young: for the young know the notes of the parents, and the parents those of their own brood, amongst all the young broods of other birds of the same species in the neighbourhood; and this they do as distinctly as the ewe knows the bleat of her own lamb, or the lamb the cry of its own mother, amongst large flocks. With regard to the note of alarm birds send forth on the approach of their natural enemies, whether a hawk, an owl, or a cat, we consider it to be a general language perfectly understood by all small birds, though each species has a note peculiar to itself. This note differs in sound from the note of fear or alarm given by them when man approaches near their nest. This last seems confined to particular species; but this general alarm-note (which is understood by all small birds) we should call their war-whoop or gathering cry, for it is a true natural slogan." It is probable, as M. Temminck plausibly conjectures, that some unexamined peculiarity of construction in the vocal organs of the African crowned pigeon enables it to produce the loud cooing, or rather bellowing, which so much alarmed M. Bougainville's sailors, when they landed on a wild and unfrequented spot in some of the New Guinea islands, that they supposed it to proceed from the cries of hostile and concealed natives. Temminck compares the sound to the gobbling ventriloquism of the turkey."

The noisy cackle of jays, the cawing of rooks, and the incessant

yelp of sparrows, appear, so far as we can judge, to be partly so many social signals for congregating in a particular place, and to be continued after the flock has assembled, either to warn stragglers to what point they ought to wing their way, or, in the spirit of rivalry, which prevails so extensively amongst birds, with the object of outvying each other in loudness of tone. It is remarkable, indeed, that most, if not all, gregarious birds are thus noisy, and differ much in this respect from solitary or sub-solitary birds. If a rook or a sea-gull, therefore, is by accident separated from its companions, it will keep up an incessant vociferous call till a response is returned either from some other straggler or from the colony to which it belongs. The necessity of such a habit as this is still more obvious in the case of those birds which migrate together at night. "Aquatic and gregarious birds," says White, "especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious—as cranes, wild geese, wild ducks, and the like; their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions," and accordingly, when residing near the sea or a large river, we have often heard the scream of these night-fliers "startle the dull ear of night."

There appears, however, to be a decided and well understood distinction between the call of such stragglers as we have just alluded to, and the gathering-cry when an individual has discovered abundance of food. A sea-mew, or, what is more common, a pair of sea-mews, may thus be seen far inland, whither they have probably been driven by blowing weather, courting about high in the air, sometimes flying in one direction and sometimes tacking about, and all the while uttering at intervals a peculiar call-note; but even should this occur near the beach, no other sea-mew would think of coming at the signal. But, on the other hand, the note of intimation proceeding from an individual who has discovered a good fishing-station over a sand-bank is so well understood and so quickly obeyed, that we have repeatedly seen some hundreds of birds hurry to the place in a few minutes, though none were previously observable.

There are instances, however, of birds thus calling when on the wing, which it does not seem so natural to account for on either of these suppositions. We may mention the shrill harsh scream of the king-fisher and of the dipper, which, so far as our observation goes, is repeated every time these birds take wing. It may, perhaps, as they are almost always seen in pairs, be meant as a signal-note to the mate,—an explanation rendered more probable by the rapidity of their flight, which carries them in an instant to a great distance along a stream, so that without some such watch-call they might soon be separated. This call is not unlike the sound of a stick drawn rapidly across the uprights of an iron railing, and comes on the ear so quick and transient, that it is impossible to watch a view of the bird by trying to follow the sound.

It is ingeniously, and, as we think, correctly, remarked by Mr.

Knapp, that "as Nature, in all her ordinations, had a fixed design and fore-knowledge, it may be that each species had a separate voice assigned it, that each might continue as created, distinct and unmixed; and the very few deviations and admixtures that have taken place, considering the lapse of time, association, and opportunity, united with the prohibition of continuing accidental deviations, are very remarkable, and indicate a cause and original motive. That some of the notes of birds are a language designed to convey a meaning; is obvious from the very different sounds uttered by these creatures at particular periods; the spring voices become changed as summer advances, and the requirements of the early season have ceased: the summer excitements, monitions, informations, are not needed in autumn, and the notes conveying such intelligence are no longer heard. The periodical calls of animals, croaking of frogs, &c., afford the same reason for concluding that the sound of their voices, by elevation, depression, or modulation, conveys intelligence equivalent to an uttered sentence. The voices of birds seem applicable, in most instances, to the immediate necessities of their condition; such as the sexual call, the invitation to unite when dispersed, the moan of danger, the shriek of alarm, the notice of food."

It was, no doubt, from such views as these that the notion originated of birds being possessed of a language, and of a knowledge of it having been obtained by certain individuals. It were to be wished that all fables in Natural History were as obvious to an ordinary reader as this; for we meet with others in books wearing the air of well-ascertained facts, which could only originate in the fancy of the writers. This is exemplified in the story told of the butcher-bird, which is said, to imitate the voices of other birds, by way of decoying them within his reach, that he may devour them; "excepting this," it is added, "his natural note is the same throughout all seasons: when kept in a cage, even when he seems perfectly contented, he is always mute." We venture to say, however, that nobody will ever be able to authenticate this statement, for the organs of the bird, were there no other obstacles, seems altogether incapable of the variety of modulation which the habit imputed to it would require, though, like most, if not all other birds, this species can express more than one sort of feeling.

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#### CHAPTER X.—SONGS OF BIRDS.

The songs of birds have given rise to several curious inquiries of no small interest to naturalists, some of which it may prove both amusing and instructive to detail. We may, however, begin by stating that, after investigating the subject with considerable attention for many years, we have come to the conclusion that the notes of birds which are denominated singing, may all be referred to hilarity and joy, or to rivalry and defiance, rather than to imitation or to love, as has

been maintained by some naturalists of celebrity. Mr. Pennant gives the following view of the matter :—

"It may be worthy," he says, "of observation, that the female of no species of birds ever sings : with birds it is the reverse of what occurs in human kind ; among the feathered tribe, all the cares of life fall to the lot of the tender sex ; theirs is the fatigue of incubation, and the principal share in nursing the helpless brood : to alleviate these fatigues, and to support her under them, nature hath given to the male the song, with all the little blandishments and soothing arts ; these he fondly exerts (even after courtship) on some spray contiguous to the nest during the time his mate is performing her parental duties. To these we may add a few particulars, that fell within our notice during our inquiries among the bird catchers, such as that they immediately kill the hens of every species of birds they take, being incapable of singing."

Buffon makes the qualified statement that "the females are much more silent than the males, song being generally withheld from them ;" probably resting on the authority of Lord Bacon, who says that "cock birds, among singing birds, are ever the better singers." The latter again most likely followed Aristotle, who says, "Some males sing like their females, as appears among nightingales, but the female gives over song when she hatches." Daines Barrington, assuming it as a fact that females never sing, proceeds to divine the reason thereof, inferring it to be because it might betray their nest should they sing while sitting on their eggs. But before drawing such a conclusion, it would have been well to make sure of the fact. It is certainly true as a general position, that female birds do not sing ; yet many exceptions have been recorded. We possess, at present, in the same aviary with two green-birds and an aberdevine, a female canary who sings a great deal. Her notes indeed are harsh and unmusical, but are both loud and uttered in a full and sustained tone of voice, though altogether unlike the notes either of the male canary or of any other bird with which we are acquainted. It is no less worthy of remark that this female canary is never excited to rivalry by the songs of a number of other birds in the same apartment, as the cock of every species commonly are ; for she usually remains silent during the attempts of the others to sing each other down, and prefers singing at night when the others are for the most part silent. We have also remarked in birds reared from the nest that the females will *record*, as it is termed, the first rehearsal warbling in the low preluding manner peculiar to all birds some time before coming into full song. This was particularly the case with the green-birds just mentioned, and one female green-bird will at present record in a similar manner, while her brother of the same age begins to sing in good earnest.

Mr. Sweet, the well-known botanical writer, and author of the '*British Warblers*,' says that "females *seldom* sing : I had a female

red-start, which sang a little : and female bull-finches sing as frequently as the males." Again, Mr. Sweet says, " I have had several female birds, which never attempted to sing ; but now I have two that sing frequently ; one is a female black cap ; she sings a note peculiar to herself, and not the least like the male, or any other bird with which I am acquainted. I kept her several years before she began to sing. I have also a female willow-wren, that sings nearly as much as the cock ; this bird was bred up from the nest, and did not sing at all the first year. Her note is quite different from that of the male, but resembles it sufficiently to indicate that it belongs to the same species." " In nightingales," says M. Montbeillard, " as in other species, there are females which enjoy some prerogatives of the male, and particularly participate of his song. I saw a female of that sort which was tame ; her warble resembled that of the male, yet neither so full nor so varied ; she retained it until spring, when, resuming the character of the sex, she exchanged it for the occupation of building her nest and laying her eggs, though she had no mate. It would seem that in warm countries, as in Greece, such females are pretty common, both in this species and many others ; at least this is implied in a passage of ' Aristotle.' Aldrovand, in deducing lessons of morality from this bird, thinks the female ought to be initiated in her silence by women, who " in his time," on the contrary, " were loquacious, babbling, verbose, garrulous, talkative, tonguey, and never kept secrets."

With respect, again, to Mr. Barrington's inference that the want of song in the female is for the purpose of concealing the eggs, Mr. Sweet further says, " I certainly have never heard a thrush sing when sitting, perhaps for want of attending to it ; but I have frequently heard and seen the male black-cap sing while sitting on the eggs, and have found its nest by it more than once ; the male of this species sitting nearly as much as the female." These well-authenticated facts, as well as more that we could adduce, are fatal to the theory.

St. Ambrose, on the other hand, asserts that " the nightingale, by the sweetness of her song, solaces herself during the long nights in which she is hatching her eggs, watchful and sleepless."

Another hypothesis advocated, by several naturalists, and adopted by poets, is, that the singing of birds is the language of courtship and affection. " The song of male birds," says Buffon, " springs from the emotion of love : the canary in his cage, the green-bird in the fields, the cuckoo in the woods, chant their notes with a fond sonorous voice, and their mates reply in more feeble strains." He adds, what is by no means the fact, that " the nightingale, when he first arrives in spring, is silent, begins with faltering in frequent airs, and it is not till the dam sits on her eggs that he pours out the warm melody of his heart ; then he relieves and soothes her tedious incubation ; then he redoubles his caresses, and warbles with deeper pathos." On the contrary, we uniformly observe, among the innu-

merable nightingales which annually arrive in our neighbourhood in spring, that the males sing out in as full clear notes on their first appearance (usually many days before the arrival of the females) as they ever do afterwards. Buffon concludes that his opinion derives additional support from the circumstance of song birds becoming silent, or their notes being less sweet, after the breeding season is over.

Another naturalist of eminence, Colonel Montagu, is more circumstantial in his arguments for the same opinion; and though we do not agree altogether with his explanations, the greater number of his facts are unquestionable. "The males of song birds," he says, "and many others, do not in general search for the female, but on the contrary, their business in the spring is to perch on some conspicuous spot, breathing out their full notes, which by instinct the female knows, and repairs to the spot to choose her mate. This is particularly verified with respect to the summer-birds of passage. The nightingale, and most of its genus, although timid and shy to a great degree, mount aloft, and incessantly pour forth their strains, each seemingly vying in its love-laboured song before the females arrive. No sooner do they make their appearance than dreadful battles ensue, and their notes are considerably changed, sometimes their song is hurried through without the usual grace and elegance; at other times modulated into a soothing melody. The first we conceive to be a provocation to battle on the sight of another male, the last an amorous cadence, or courting address. This variety of song lasts no longer than till the female is fixed in her choice, which is, in general, in a few days after her arrival and if the season is favourable, she soon begins the task allotted to her sex

"The male now no more exposes himself to sing as before, nor are his songs heard so frequently or so loud; but while she is searching for a secure place to build her nest in, he is no less assiduous in attending her with ridiculous gestures, accompanied with notes peculiarly soft. When the female has chosen a spot for nidification, the male constantly attends her flight to and from the place, and sits upon some branch near, while his mate instinctively places the small portion of material she each time brings to rear a commodious fabric for her intended brood. When the building is complete, and she has laid her portion of eggs, incubation immediately takes place. The male is now heard loud again, but not near so frequently as at first; he never rambles from her hearing, and seldom from her sight; if she leaves her nest, he soon perceives it; and pursues her, sometimes accompanied with soft notes of love. When the callow brood appears, he is instantly apprized of it, either by instinct, or by the female carrying away the fragment shells to some distant place. The male is now no more heard in tuneful glee, unless a second brood should force the amorous song again; his whole attention is now taken up in satisfying the nutrimental calls of his tender infant race, which he does with no less assiduity than his mate,



carrying them food, and returning frequently with the muting of the young in his beak, which is dropped at a distance from the nest."

Plausible as this reasoning seems to be, it will not be difficult to adduce numerous facts with which it will not accord. It is not indeed a correct statement of the fact, to say that birds sing only during the seasons to pairing and breeding, as Buffon and Montagu assume. This is the case with the greater number of the seed-eating song-birds, both wild and tame; but not with the soft-billed birds. We have not many of these resident with us during winter, the greater number migrating to more southern latitudes, where they can find an abundant supply of insects and fruits; but all of those which do winter with us continue more or less in song after having moulted. The most conspicuous and best known of these autumnal and winter song-birds is the red-breast. Both Montagu and White are in error when they say this bird "sings throughout the winter except in severe weather" or "during frost;" for though continued frost or snow, by depriving it of a due supply of food, may render it silent, we can answer for the fact of having, not once, but frequently, heard the red-breast singing as merrily during sharp frost as in the heyday of summer or in the mild sunshine of autumn. A much smaller and more delicate bird, the wren, also sings in all weathers during the autumn and winter, as well as the little dunnock; and they are frequently accompanied by the thrush and the black-bird. Though the latter do not sing so long and so frequently as in summer, this appears to be more on account of the physical languor arising from a precarious supply of food than from its not being the pairing season. That what has been stated is not peculiar to the milder weather of the southern countries is proved by the same thing occurring in the north. In notes of observations made at Muskeburgh in 1818, we find the following: "On the 26th October heard a thrush in the morning singing in an orchard in as sprightly a manner as if it had been in April; and again in the evening of the same day heard another thrush singing on the banks of the Esk at some miles distant from the orchard."—"On the 8th December observed a wren singing in the same orchard at day break, and it was answered by a hedge-sparrow." While writing this paragraph (Jan. 18, 1832) a song-thrush is singing in a hedge opposite our window as finely as if it were May.

"We have one little bird," says Mr. Knapp, "the woodlark, that in the early parts of the autumnal months delights us with its harmony; and its carols may be heard in the air commonly during the calm sunny mornings of this season. They have a softness and quietness perfectly in unison with the sober, almost melancholy, stillness of the hour. The skylark also sings now, and its song is very sweet, full of harmony, cheerful as the blue sky and gladdening beam in which it circles and sports, and known and admired by all; but the voice of the woodlark is local, not so generally heard from its softness must almost be listened for to be distinguished, and has not any

pretensions to the hilarity of the former This little bird sings likewise in the spring."

In addition, we have not a doubt that all our little summer visitants, from the white-throat to the nightingale, continue in song during the winter in the countries to which they migrate. M Savigny, who observed the white-throat in Egypt, mentions its singing on the wing, as it does with us during summer M Sonnini indeed says that nightingales, which "live during the winter in the verdant and smiling plains of Lower Egypt, and perhaps also on the coasts of Syria and Barbary, during their passage and their stay on these foreign shores, do not warble those melodious songs, those varied and brilliant modulations, with which they night and day make our woods resound, in as much as they do not busy themselves with pairing and breeding they are silent, because they require not to sing of love" Yet we cannot help thinking that his observations were partly biassed by the theory with which he follows them up, more particularly as we have the testimony of M. Le Marie to the fact of the nightingale singing in Africa

When these birds, again, are kept in cages or aviaries in Europe during the winter, they sing as well as the red-breast and the wrens out of doors, another strong proof of the incorrectness of M. Sonnini's remark. We have for two winters possessed a male black-cap, which begins to warble in autumn about the time the red-breasts come into our gardens and perch upon houses to sing Towards Christmas it comes into full song piping so shrilly at times as to be rather too much for our ears to bear with pleasure. This, however, is at least three or four months before the usual time of pairing, and hence it is fair to conclude that the pairing is not the cause of its singing, no more than the same circumstance will account for the winter songs of the red-breast and other soft-billed birds, which are continued in the fields as well as by those which are tamed.

Mr Sweet, who has successfully kept most of our summer visitants for several years, finds that they uniformly sing during the winter. Of the white throat he says, "One that I at present possess will sing for hours together against a nightingale, now in the beginning of January, and it will not suffer itself to be outdone." Of the wheatear he says, "A pair that I possess at present were caught in September last; began to sing in a few days, and have continued in song ever since; and now, while writing this, the 22nd day of December, they are in full song." Of the nightingale, he says, "It will begin singing at the commencement of December, and continue till June. I had a very fine one that only left off singing the latter end of June, it began again a little in September, and by the 1st of December it was in full song."

Pennant was of opinion that it is chiefly the young male red-breasts of the preceding summer which sing during autumn and winter. This opinion, if true, would certainly be adverse to the theory of Buffon and Colonel Montagu; but the thrushes above

stated to have been heard singing in October were not young ones, these being readily distinguishable, when they first attempt to sing.

The *recording* of young birds is indeed always very different from their song, as is also the warble of old birds after moulting, as M. Bechstein has justly remarked. "It is," he says, "a very striking circumstance, that birds which continue in song nearly the whole year, such as the red-breast, the siskin, and the goldfinch, are obliged, after their moulting is over, to *record* as if they had forgot their song. I am convinced, however, that this exercise is less a study than an endeavour to bring the organs of voice into proper flexibility, what they utter being properly only a sort of warble of which the notes have almost no resemblance to the perfect song; and, by a little attention, we may perceive how the throat is gradually brought to emit the notes of the usual song. This view, then, leads us to ascribe the circumstance not to defect of memory, but rather to a roughness in the vocal organs, arising from disuse. It is in this way that the chaffinch makes endeavours during several successive weeks before attaining to its former perfection and that the nightingale tries, for a long time, to model the strophes of its superb song, before it can produce the full extent of compass and brilliance."

It might be alleged, indeed, that the old birds who sing in autumn are influenced by association, in as much as this season resembles the spring; for though spring is all youth and verdure, while autumn wears the aspect of decline, and woods and fields, instead of lively green, display nothing but sombre tints of yellow and brown, yet the temperature of the air has much the same mildness, and food is equally if not more abundant. This, however, is a very partial view, with which the continuance of these autumnal songs during winter is altogether inconsistent. Colonel Montagu endeavours to obviate the objection by some ingenious arguments; and in support of the general theory, he brings forward experiments tried by himself for that express purpose.

"The continuation of song," he says, "in caged birds, by no means proves it is not occasioned by a stimulus to love; indeed it is likely the redundancy of animal matter, from plenty of food and artificial heat, may produce it; and this is sufficient for continuing their song longer than birds in their natural wild state, because they have a constant stimulus; whereas wild birds have it abated by a commerce with the other sex, by which, and other causes, it is prevented. It is true wild birds are heard to sing sometimes in the middle of winter, when the air is mild, animated by the genial warmth of the sun, which acts as a stimulus. But we shall now proceed to show, by experiments, that birds in their natural state may be forced to continue their song much longer than usual. A male redstart made its appearance near my house early in the spring, and soon commenced his love-tuned song. In two days after, a female arrived, which for several days the male was continually chasing, emitting soft interrupted notes, accompanied by a chattering noise. This sort

of courting lasted for several days, soon after which the female took possession of a hole in a wall close to my house, where it prepared a nest and deposited six eggs. The male kept at a distance from the nest, and sometimes sang, but not so loud or so frequently as at first, and never when he approached nearer his mate. When the eggs had been sat on a few days, I endeavoured to catch the female on the nest, but she escaped through my hand. However she soon returned, and I caught her. The male did not immediately miss his mate; but on the next day he renewed his vociferous calls, and his song became incessant for a week, when I discovered a second female; his note immediately changed, and all his actions as before returned. This experiment has been repeated with the nightingale with the same success; and a golden-crested wren, who never found another mate, continued his song from the month of May till the latter end of August. On the contrary, another of the same species who took possession of a fir-tree in my garden, ceased its notes as soon as the young were hatched."

To us, however, this explanation of the facts appears too partial and contracted, the song of the birds being more naturally accounted for, as we think, from the state of their spirits than by the supposition of its having been meant as the language of courtship; and accordingly, it does not consist with our observation that the state of the weather has much influence upon them, except in so far as it may affect their supply of food; and hence it is that caged birds remain much longer in song than if they were at large in the fields. We have further remarked, and it agrees with the experience of Mr. Sweet and others who keep tame birds, that the male will sing better and for a longer period, when there is a female of his own species in the same cage, than when he is alone; whereas, according to Colonel Montagu's explanation of his experiments, namely, that the song is uttered chiefly to attract the female to the vicinity, this circumstance ought not to take place.

The theory in question has been opposed by another, which maintains the peculiar notes of various song-birds to be derived from imitation. The Hon. Daines Barrington tried a number of experiments for the purpose of supporting this latter notion, which it may prove interesting to give in his own words:—

"I have educated nestling linnets," says he, "under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

"When the note of the titlark linnet was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark linnet, however, did not borrow any passage from the linnet's song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

"I had some curiosity to find out whether a European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird; I therefore edu-

eated a young linnet under a Vengolina, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet's song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

"This Vengolina linnet was absolutely perfect without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's *chuckle*, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

"All my nestling linnets were three weeks old when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which consists of only a single note."

"To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

"I must own that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding of a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth, indeed, of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

"Though I must admit, therefore, that I have not reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

"The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which, from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words *pretty boy*, as well as some other short sentences. I heard the bird myself repeat the words *pretty boy*; and Mr. Matthews assured me that he had neither the note nor call of any bird whatsoever.

"This talking linnet died last year; and many persons went from London to hear him speak.

"The goldfinch I have before mentioned was reared in the town of Knighton, in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

"I thought, indeed, that a wren was singing, and I went into the house to enquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

"The people of the house, however, told me that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I stayed a considerable time.

the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren without the least mixture of goldfinch.

"On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only two or three days old,—that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

"These facts which I have stated seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any minute ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, inasmuch that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

"This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others which may perhaps be singing round him.

"Young canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts, and yet I have been informed that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

"Every one knows that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does anything but chirp; this however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others, but because he only attends to the parental note.

"But to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest, when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnnet: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch also; and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnnet and goldfinch.

"I have tried several experiments in order to observe from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents, but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their *recording* they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

"I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale, which however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

"This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

"I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

"From several experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestling will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I have before stated of the sparrow.

"I must own also, that I conceived from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix

upon the note which it first heard when taken from the nest; I imagined likewise that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

"I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me so much depends upon circumstances and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference or rule can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

"I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song and hung very near to him for a month together; after which the robin was removed to another house where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet), but adured entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet."

• These opinions did not originate with Barrington, for we find it asserted by Father Kircher, that "the young nightingales which are hatched under other birds, never sing till they are instructed by other nightingales," and the author of the '*Physicæ Curiosæ*' says that the young are taught to sing by their mothers,—both following Aristotle, who says of the nightingale, "she seems indeed to instruct her young ones, and to repeat to them certain passages for their imitation, as the language does not come naturally in the same manner as the voice, but must be acquired by exercise and study." The same view has been adopted by a recent Danish naturalist, M. Gam-borg; and the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Herbert gives a similar statement, which, from his experience in keeping cage-birds, is entitled to our best consideration. "The nightingale," he remarks, "is peculiarly apt, in its first year, when confined, to learn the song of any other bird that it hears. Its beautiful song is the result of long attention to the melody of other birds of its species. The young whinchat, wheatear, and others of the genus *Saxicola*, which have little natural variety of song, are no less ready, in confinement, to learn from other species, and become as much better songsters, as the nightingale degenerates, by borrowing from others. The bullfinch, whose natural notes are weak, harsh, and insignificant, has a greater facility than any other bird of learning human music. It is pretty evident that the Germans, who bring vast numbers of them to London, which they have taught to pipe, must have instructed them more by whistling to them than by an organ, and that these instructions have been accompanied by a notion of the head and body in accordance with the time, which habit the birds also acquire, and is, no doubt, of great use to them in regulating their song. The canary-bird, whose song, in its artificial state in Europe, is a compound of notes acquired from other birds, is able to learn the song of the nightingale, but is not able to execute it with the same power as the nightingale itself. I have never heard one that sang it quite correctly, but I have heard it approach near enough to prove that, with more careful education, it might learn it right. These

who have taken the most pains about it, have been contented with placing under nightingales young canaries, as soon as they can feed themselves; but such will necessarily have learned part at least of their parent's song. The linnet and linnet-mule are said to be able to come nearer the execution of the nightingale, when properly instructed. The best way would be to use an experienced hen canary-bird who will rear her young without the cock, and to take the cock away before the young ones are hatched; or to set the canary eggs under a hen paired with a goldfinch, which, kept in a darkish situation, will probably not sing; to remove the cock, at all events, if it sings, as soon as possible; to place the young birds very close to the singing nightingale; and, as soon as practicable, to remove the hen canary also. The rearing of the canary-bird by hand, even from the egg, has been accomplished by artificial heat and unremitting care. Birds learn the song of others most readily when they are not in song themselves, and when they are darkened and covered, so that their attention is not distracted; for birds are amused by what they see as much as we are, when not alarmed by it. I had once a tame white-throat, which, when let out of its cage, appeared to take the greatest pleasure in minutely examining the figured patterns of the chair-covers, perhaps expecting to find something eatable among the leaves of the pattern. I reared a black-cap and some white-throats, taken when a fortnight old, under a singing nightingale, and removed all other singing birds, but they sung their wild notes pretty truly; on the other hand, a black-cap, two years old, from hearing a nightingale sing a great deal, acquired two passages from its song, and executed them correctly, though not very powerfully. I understand that the robin, reared in a cage, is not observed to learn from other birds, but sings the wild note pretty accurately. I can at present suggest no key to these diversities; nor do I understand why the young nightingale, taken when the old birds cease to sing, will, in confinement, learn the notes of other birds, and retain them, although it may hear its own species sing again as soon as they recommence in the autumn; and yet, at liberty, with the same cessation of the parental song, it would have learned nothing else; unless it be that from want of other amusement, it listens more when it is confined."

But though we were to grant all the facts stated by these authors to be rigidly correct, we should not be disposed to adopt their conclusion, which is plainly opposed by other facts within the power of every observer to verify. We do not, however, believe Kircher's story of nestling birds hatched under other birds never attempting to sing any more than we should believe that a human infant in like manner deprived of the care of its own species would speak Hebrew or high Dutch. "A skylark," it has been stated, "was taken from the nest before it was fledged and reared by the hand in town, where it could not hear any of its own species; yet when it was grown, its song was not distinguishable from those in a wild state."



The theorists who maintain that the songs of birds are acquired by individual imitation, find no little difficulty in accounting for the uniformity which usually prevails among the notes of those of the same species. They tell us that the young birds learn the song of the parent birds by associating exclusively with them before they can provide for themselves, and that afterwards they frequent the same places as the rest of their kind; but, unfortunately for this explanation, the fact is that song-birds for the most part become silent after their young are hatched. Neither is it true that song birds associate exclusively with their own species, and although they did, it would not follow that they never hear other birds. How then does it happen, since they are, by the theory, so prone to imitation, that they never in a wild state intermingle the notes of others with those peculiar to their own species? Upon the principles of the theory every bird ought to be a polyglot.

We have in many instances verified the experiments of Barrington on caged birds, most of which when young will readily learn the notes of the birds in the same room. We have, for example at present, a young cock green-bird which from hearing the call of the sparrows out of doors has acquired it perfectly; and from hanging near a black-cap, he has also learned many of its notes, though he executes them indifferently, perhaps from deficiency of voice. He has more recently attempted some of the notes of a robin whose cage hangs under his. Yet notwithstanding that he has learned part of the notes of three or four different birds, he can also utter the peculiar call-note of his own species, though we are pretty certain he has not heard it uttered since he left his parents' nest when only a few days old. But ~~not~~ <sup>the</sup> wild green-bird, even ~~hears~~ <sup>learns</sup> in this manner the notes of various species, nor would our bird, ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> are well convinced, had he not been kept stationary in the cage, and consequently had the notes he has learned daily sounding in his ears, till he could not forget them. In a wild state, he would either have kept at a distance from other species, or would not have attended to them; whereas, in the cage, he could not avoid hearing the sparrows, the black-cap, and the red-breast.

Mr. Sweet is an advocate for the theory we are considering, from having observed similar facts without having adverted to the different circumstances in which wild and caged birds are placed. Of the redstart he says, "it may be taught to sing any tune that is whistled or sung to it: one that I was in possession of for some years back, learned the Copenhagen waltz, that it had frequently heard sung, only it would sometimes stop in the middle and say *chippit*, a noise by which it was generally called, and which it would repeat every time I entered the room where it was, either by night or by day." M. Bechstein asserts, that the redstart "knows how to embellish its natural song (composed of several rather pretty strokes,) by adding the notes of other birds with which it associates.

One which had built under the eaves of my house imitated pretty closely a caged chaffinch in the window underneath; and my neighbour had another in his garden, which repeated some of the notes of a black-cap that had a nest hard by. This facility of appropriating the song of other birds is rare in a wild state, and appears to be almost confined to this species. Even this anomalous instance may be easily explained on the principle we have stated, for the redstart having its nest near where the caged chaffinch was stationed was forced to hear its notes till they were impressed on its memory.

The researches of comparative anatomy have thrown much light upon the peculiar structure of song-birds, though there remain still many points of interest for future investigation. This indeed, as we have already remarked, was a subject taken up by the earlier naturalists; and most of their observations have been confirmed and extended by John Hunter, Girardi, Vieq d'Azyr, Malacarno, Baron Cuvier, and Ranzani. Amongst other curious facts, it is stated in Clayton's Letters from Virginia, that Dr. Moulin discovered that in birds, contrary to what takes place in man and in quadrupeds, there is almost a direct passage from one ear to the other, so that, if the drum of both ears be pierced, water, when poured in, will pass from the one to the other. There is no spiral shell, but a small passage which opens into a cavity formed by two plates of bone, that constitute a double skull all round the head. The outer plate of bone is supported by many hundreds of small thread-like columns, or rather fibres. Now this passage was observed to be much larger in singing-birds than in others that do not sing,—so very remarkably so, that any person to whom the difference has once been shown, may easily judge by the head, what bird has the faculty of singing, though he may be otherwise ignorant of its habits. We have not seen any notice of this singular circumstance by any other inquirer.

The remarks of Syme upon this subject are appropriate, and so far as we know, correct. "The notes," he tells us, "of soft-billed birds are finely toned, mellow, and plaintive; those of the hard-billed species are sprightly, cheerful, and rapid. This difference proceeds from the construction of the vocal organs. As a large pipe of an organ produces a deeper and more mellow-toned note than a small pipe, so the windpipe of the nightingale, which is wider than that of the canary, sends forth a deeper and more mellow-toned note. Soft-billed birds, also, sing more from the lower part of the throat than the hard-billed species. This, together with the greater width of the tube in the nightingale and other soft-billed warblers, fully accounts for their soft, round, mellow note, compared with the shrill, sharp, and clear notes of the canary and other hard-billed song-birds."

Most poets, in accordance with these remarks, have represented the notes of the nightingale as plaintive and sorrowful, though others have also spoken of them as sprightly and cheerful. Hence

to use the words of Lord Byron, it has been much doubted whether the notes of this "lover of the rose are sad or merry." This, indeed, has decided the matter most correctly when he says,

" Though his note is somewhat *sad*,  
He'll try for *once* a strain more *glad*."

But by far the greater number of the poetical authorities, both ancient and modern, agree in representing the nightingale's song as mournful and plaintive. Thus Sophocles, in his 'Ajax Flagellifer,' refers to it as an image of vociferous sorrow, and in his 'Electra' he calls it the "querulous nightingale." Petrarch again mentions its "lamenting," and Tasso its "deploring." These poets, no doubt, were biassed by their classical recollections, since from Homer and Hesiod to Virgil, Ovid, and down to the "lamenting hapless hymenæals" of Baptista, the Mantuan, most, if not all, the poets of the south of Europe have sung in the same strain, in which they have been followed by those of our own country. Thomson, for instance, has

" All abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night."

Coleridge, however, in some well-known lines on this bird, has given a very different character of its song; exclaiming—

" A melancholy bird ? Oh ! idle thought—  
In nature there is nothing melancholy.  
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced  
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,  
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,  
(And so, poor wretch ! fill'd all things with himself,  
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale  
Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he,  
First named these notes a melancholy strain,  
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

—————We have learnt  
A different lore ; we may not thus profane  
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love  
And joyance ! tis the *merry* nightingale  
That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul  
Of all its music ! \* \* \*

\* \* \* Far and near  
In wood and thicket over the wide grove  
They answer and provoke each other's songs,  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,

And murmurs musical, and swift jug, jug,  
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all,  
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,  
 That should you close your eyes you might almost  
 Forget it was not day."

Chaucer, too, in his poem of the "Flower and Leaf, says—

"The nightingale with so merry a note  
 Answered him, that all the wood yrong," &c.

But it may be doubted if the epithet *merry* here is to be taken exactly in the modern sense, any more than it is in the old expression "My merry men," in the address of a thief to his followers, or in the common phrase Merry England, where it appears to mean rather *renowned* or *famous*, than that we now call *merry*. Dryden, in his paraphrase of the Flower and Leaf, renders the above lines;—

"The nightingale replied;  
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,  
 That the grove echoed and the valleys rung."

Considering this song *scarcely* as a piece of music, there can be no doubt that both the views that have thus been taken of it by the poets may be supported, though the following description, by the Abbé La Pluŕbe, is nearer the truth than either. "The nightingale," he says, "passes from grave to gay; from a simple song to a warble the most varied; and from the softest trillings and swells to languishing and lamentable sighs, which he as quickly abandons, to return to his natural sprightliness."

But leaving the musical character of this song out of consideration, it must be regarded as uniformly the produce of a joyous and sportive state of feeling. No bird sings when sad; for, though they can utter sounds of sorrow when robbed of their nests or their young, they never sing in such cases, as incorrectly represented to do by Virgil, when he says—

"—————Complaining in melodious moans,  
 Sweet Philomel, beneath a poplar shade,  
 Mourns her lost young, which some rude village hind  
 Observing, from their nest unfledged has stole:  
 All night she weeps, and, perch'd upon a bough,  
 With plaintive notes repeated fills the grove."—TRAPP.

This error, indeed, was exposed more than two thousand years ago by Plato, who says justly, "Nobody can dream that any bird will sing when it is hungry, when it is cold, or when it is afflicted with any other pain, not even the nightingale itself, which is said to sing from grief."

Though birds of the same species very closely resemble each other in the general tenor of their song, individuals differ widely

both in the introduction of particular passages, the result probably of accidental acquirements, and in skill of execution, as well as in intonation, the latter peculiarities obviously depending on physical varieties in their vocal organs. Wilson says he was so familiar with notes of an individual wood-thrush that he could recognise him above his fellows the moment he entered the woods.

Mr. Knapp has the following excellent and accurate remarks on the same subject. "Birds," he says, "of one species sing, in general, very like each other with different degrees of execution. Some counties may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seem to be no regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse; yet some one performer will more particularly engage attention by a peculiar modulation or tone; and should several stations of these birds be visited in the same morning, few or none, probably will be found to preserve the same round of notes, whatever is uttered seeming the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. During one spring an individual song-thrush, frequenting a favorite copse, after a certain round of tune, trilled out, most regularly some notes that conveyed so clearly the words, lady bird! lady-bird! that every one remarked the resemblance. He survived the winter, and in the ensuing spring the lady-bird! lady-bird! was still the burden of our evening song; it then ceased, and we never heard this pretty modulation more. Though merely an occasional strain, yet I have noticed it elsewhere—it thus appearing to be a favorite utterance."

We have ourselves, in many instances, observed what might be not inappropriately called a different dialect among the same species of song-birds in different counties, and even in places a few miles distant from each other. This difference is more readily remarked in the chaffinch, dunnock, and yellow-hammer, than in the more melodious species. The chaffinches, for example, in Normandy, we observed to vary from those of Scotland by several notes; and among the yellow-hammers in Ireland, England, and Holland, we detected similar differences. We once heard a dunnock in a garden at Blackheath sing so many additional notes to its common song, that we concluded it was of a different species, till we ascertained, by watching the little musician, that it was not otherwise distinguished from its less accomplished brethren. Of the chaffinch, Barington says that those of Essex are more esteemed than others by the London bird-catchers; and Pennant tells us, he knew five guineas paid for one which had an uncommon note, under which it was intended to train others. In Italy, as we learn from M. Montbeillard, the linnets of Abruzzo and of the March of Ancona are preferred.

In the case of the finer song-birds, it requires a more practised

ear to observe the differences, though these are still more considerable than in the species just mentioned. We have not, indeed, remarked so much variety as Mr. Knapp has done in the song-thrush; but we have observed individuals, which severally exhibited both superiority and inferiority. Two summers ago we were absolutely annoyed by the unvaried monotony of one who had chosen his station near our garden, and who pertinaciously piped the same two or three notes for weeks together. Another song-thrush, in the same vicinity, and in August, too, when most of its brethren were mute from moulting, piped so clearly and with such variety of notes and cadences, at one time bursting into a loud commanding tone, and again sinking into "linked sweetness long drawn out," passing from *sostenuto* to *staccato*, from the pathetic to the merry glee of buoyant hilarity, that any body but a naturalist would have felt convinced that the two birds were of distinct species. The song of the thrush, however, which became so tiresome by its monotony, was finely contrasted with that of a nightingale stationed in the same hedge, whose intonation and execution far excelled those of any other bird of the species we have ever heard. It might be, perhaps, that we were somewhat disposed to exaggerate the beauty of the nightingale's song in consequence of this striking contrast; yet, making every allowance on that account, there could be no doubt of the superior excellence of the notes.

It must be from some accidental peculiarities of this kind that the nightingales of Persia, Karamania, and Greece, are said to sing better than those of Italy; while the Italian birds are more esteemed by amateurs than those of France, and the French than those of England. According to Pausanias, the nightingales which sing near the tomb of Orpheus are more melodious than elsewhere, and a similar superiority was also popularly believed to belong to those of Thrace. Both of these opinions are also maintained by Philostratus, though most probably no better founded than the legend current in Ireland, that the larks in the wild gloomy valley of Glandalough never sing, having been miraculously silenced by St. Kevin during the building of the Seven Churches, because they broke the morning sleep of the wearied masons by their loud matin warblings. Those who believe this story would do well to ascertain whether any larks frequent the valley: it is certainly not a very likely place for their resort. Our own bird-catchers prefer the nightingales of Surrey to those of Middlesex. The nightingale, therefore, it would appear, is supposed to sing best in the east, and to decline in sweetness and richness of song in proportion as it is found farther to the north and the west. As the data from which these comparisons are made seem not a little vague, it is not easy to decide on their correctness; but a very good judge, Mr. Syme, concludes from his own observation, that the common opinion is hypothetical.

"In 1802," he says, "being at Geneva, at the residence of a

friend, about three miles from the town, in a quiet sequestered spot, surrounded by gardens and forests, and within hearing of the murmur of the Rhone;—there, on a beautiful still evening, the air soft and balmy, the windows of the house open, and the twilight chequered by trees, there we heard two nightingales sing indeed most delightfully,—but not more, so than one we heard down a stair, in a dark cellar, in the High-street in Edinburgh!—such a place as that described in ‘The Antiquary;’ no window, and no light admitted, but what came from the open door, and the atmosphere charged with the fumes of the tobacco and spirits; it was a place where carriers lodged, or put up—and the heads of the porters and chairmen, carrying luggage, nearly came in contact with the cage, which was hung at the foot of the staircase;—yet even here did this bird sing as mellow, as sweet, and as sprightly as did those at Geneva. We have often stopped to hear it, and listened with the greatest pleasure; and as the pieman passed with his jingling bell, a sound now seldom heard in the streets of Edinburgh, the bird seemed more sprightly, and warbled with renewed spirit and “energy.”

The opinion that the nightingales of the north are inferior in song, is by no means of modern origin, for we find the superiority of the Italian over the Scottish birds asserted both by Petrus Appanensis, and by the Dutch naturalist Jonston—not Dr. Johnson the lexicographer, as is commonly stated in books. This, however, is a mere theory, for it is very questionable whether the nightingale ever visits either Ireland or Scotland, though on the Continent it is found sparingly as far north as Sweden. We have only heard of one instance of the nightingale building in Scotland, namely, in the Earl of Eglinton’s woods in Ayrshire; and though Dr. Latam mentions two having been met with on the banks of the Forth in Stirlingshire, and Mr. Syme tells us of one in Dumfries-shire, and another in a garden in Leith Walk, near Edinburgh, we consider the evidence on which these statements have been made, at the best, doubtful.

Taking the inferiority of the song of nightingales visiting the north as a matter proved, and mixing up with this notion certain other circumstances equally dubious, Buffon has constructed thereupon one of his singular theories, which has now become established as part of the popular and the poetical creed.

“Sweetness of voice,” says he, “and melody of song are qualities which in birds are partly natural; partly acquired. Their great facility in catching and repeating sounds enables them not only to borrow from each other, but often to copy the inflexions and tones of the human voice, and of our musical instruments. Is it not singular, that in all populous and civilized countries most of the birds chant delightful airs, while in the extensive deserts of Africa and America, inhabited by roving savages, the winged tribes utter only harsh and discordant cries, and but a few species have any claim to melody? Must this difference be imputed to difference of climate

alone? The extremes of cold and heat operate, indeed, great changes on the nature of animals, and often form externally permanent characters and vivid colours. The quadrupeds, of which the garb is variegated, spotted, or striped, such as the panthers, the leopards, the zebra and the civets, are all natives of the hottest climates. All the birds of the tropical regions sparkle with the most glowing tints, while those of the temperate countries are stained with lighter and softer shades. Of the three hundred species that may be reckoned belonging to our climates, the peacock, the common cock, the golden oriole, the kingfisher, and the goldfinch, only can be celebrated for the variety of their colours; but nature would seem to have exhausted all the rich hues of the universe on the plumage of the birds of America, of Africa, and of India. These quadrupeds, clothed in the most splendid robes,—these birds, attired in the richest plumage,—utter at the same time coarse, grating, or even terrible cries. Climate has, no doubt, a principal share in this phenomenon; but does not the influence of man contribute also to the effect?"

Goldsmith gives a very different turn to the matter, denying, in fact, that song-birds are found in wild places. Speaking of small birds, he says, "As they are the favourites of man, so they are chiefly seen near him. All the great birds dread his vicinity, and keep to the thickest darkness of the forest, or the brow of the most craggy precipices; but these seldom resort to the thicker parts of the wood; they keep near its edges, in the neighbourhood of cultivated fields, in the hedge-rows of farm-grounds, and even in the yard, mixing with the poultry. It must be owned, indeed, that their living near man is not a society of affection on their part, as they approach inhabited grounds merely because their chief provision is to be found there. In the depth of the desert, or the gloom of the forest, there is no grain to be picked up; none of those tender buds that are so grateful to their appetites; insects themselves, that make so great a part of their food, are not found there in abundance, their natures being unsuited to the moisture of the place. As we enter, therefore, deeper into uncultivated woods, the silence becomes more profound; everything carries the look of awful stillness; there are none of those warblings, none of those murmurs that awaken attention, as near the habitations of men; there is nothing of that confused buzz, formed by the united, though distant, voices of quadrupeds and birds; but all is profoundly dead and solemn. Now and then, indeed, the traveller may be roused from this lethargy of life by the voice of a heron, or the scream of an eagle; but his sweet little friends and warblers have totally forsaken him. There is still another reason for these little birds avoiding the depths of the forest; which is, that their most formidable enemies are usually there. The greater birds, like robbers, choose the most dreary solitude for their retreats; and, if they do not find, they make a desert all around them. The small birds fly from their tyranny, and take protection in the vicinity of man, where they



know their more unmerciful foes will not venture to pursue them."

Understanding this to be laid down as a general principle, it is far from being consistent with fact; though it is partially true, as we shall elsewhere endeavour to show, that birds often follow the track of cultivation. In the pine-forests of Hudson's Bay, one of the wildest and most deserted places which could be mentioned, the pine grosbeak is said to enliven the summer nights with its song; and the same bird is found in the no less unfrequented forests of Siberia and Lapland.

Captain Cook, when off the coast of New Zealand, says, "We were charmed the whole night with the songs of innumerable species of birds from the woods which beautify the shores of this unfrequented island."

• With respect to the popular notion founded on the theoretical reasoning of Buffon in the passage just quoted, M. Vaillant justly remarks, "It is quite a prejudice that the birds of warm climates are more brilliant than ours,—witness our kingfisher and jay; or that they do not sing; for the song birds, both in Africa and America, equal, and often surpass, our European birds." The traveller Bruce also tells us that the song of the lark, in Abyssinia, did not appear to differ from that of the European larks; and M. Savigny, as we have already mentioned, heard the white-throat singing in Egypt. All the Oriental poets, indeed, introduce the music of the groves as an indispensable accompaniment in their finest descriptions. King Solomon says, "The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;" and the naturalist Hasselquist found nightingales in Palestine, as M. Le Maris had done in Africa. The Persian poet Hafiz, also, as well as the author of the 'Ramayuna,' and the Hindoo dramatist who wrote 'Sacountala,' are loud in their praises of the music of birds; while in the Koran and the Arabian Tales they are often mentioned.

In speaking of the wood-thrush of America, Wilson indignantly repels the assertions of Buffon, who represents this bird as destitute of any note but a single scream, and hence draws an argument for his absurd theory of its being the song-thrush of Europe, degenerated by food and climate, so that its cry is now harsh and unpleasant, as are, he says, the cries of all birds that live in wild countries, inhabited by savages. Wilson's description of the song of this bird is well worth giving. "This sweet and solitary songster," he says, "inhabits the whole of North America, from Hudson's Bay to the Peninsula of Florida. He arrives in Pennsylvania about the 20th of April, or soon after, and returns to the south about the beginning of October. But at whatever time the wood-thrush may arrive, he soon announces his presence in the woods. With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree, that rises from a low thick-shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few

but clear and musical notes in a kind of ecstacy; the prelude or symphony to which strongly resembles the double-tonguing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended; the finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect as to soothe and tranquillize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellowed at each successive repetition. Rival songsters, of the same species, challenge each other from different parts of the wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May and June, will be at no loss to recognise, from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet, and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the wood-thrush thrill through the drooping woods from morning to night; and it may truly be said that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song."

There are upwards of twenty other American birds which Wilson characterizes in the same graphic manner, such as the brown thrush, whose song is emphatic, full of variety, and so loud, that in a serene morning, when the wind is hushed, and before "the busy hum of men" begins, his voice may be distinguished at the distance of half a mile; the migratory thrush, who is an early songster, frequently commencing before the snow has disappeared, and perching on a stake or fence, to begin the prelude to the general concert; the Baltimore oriole, whose notes consist of a clear mellow whistle, repeated at short intervals as he gleams among the branches, characterized by a certain wild plaintiveness and interesting simplicity, like that of a careless ploughboy whistling for amusement, and that even among the poplars of the American streets, amidst the din of coaches and wheel-barrows, and the bawling of oyster-women; —the Virginian nightingale, who sings from March till September with great clearness, melody, vivacity, variety, and sprightliness, many of his notes being as loud as those of a fife; and the song-sparrow, by far the earliest, the most unwearied, and sweetest of the American song-birds, whose notes resemble the beginning of the canary's song. But we may mention another instance still more adverse to the theory, that, namely, of the rice-bird, which is found not only in the more temperate latitudes, but in Jamaica, and, we believe, other tropical localities. His song is highly musical, and mounting and hovering on the wing, at a small height above ground, he chants out a jingling melody of varied notes, as if half a dozen birds were singing together. Some idea may be formed of it by striking the high keys of a piano-forte singly and quickly, making as many contrasts as possible of high and low notes. Many of the tones are delightful, but the ear can with difficulty separate them.

The general effect of the whole is good ; and when ten or twelve are singing on the same tree, the concert is singularly pleasing. These examples we think conclusive against the theory that there are none or only inferior song-birds in the forests of America.

We know less of the African birds, except those of Egypt and the Cape of Good Hope ; but we have the high authority of M. Vaillant, already quoted, for the general fact that they do sing well ; and another distinguished French naturalist, M. Vieillot, has written an entire and splendid work on the 'Singing Birds of the Tropics.' One of the African birds (*Emberiza Paradisea*) is well known from being frequently sent to Europe ; and though it cannot vie with our nightingale and thrush, its warble is delightful, resembling in some degree that of our swallow, but more shrill and clear.

Since birds sing in a pitch so irregular, and with intervals so unsettled, exhibiting a total disregard to measure or rhythm, we may well ask, what makes their music pleasing ? The cause has been traced to association, for they seldom sing but in fine weather and when pleased ; and, for the latter reason, even the *sostenuto* purring of the cat is not unpleasing. The variety and rapidity of their notes and intonation also awaken attention, and the contrast in their song between rapid flights of double-demi-semi quavers and, lengthened and sweet minims is often wonderful ; as in the case of the soft and sustained notes of the nightingale, succeeded by a short and expressive passage of quicker sound.

But according to White of Selborne, neither owls nor cuckoos keep to one note. "A friend," he says, "remarks that many (most) of his owls hoot in B flat ; but that one went almost half a note below A. The pipe he tried their notes by, was a common half crown pitch-pipe, such as masters use for tuning of harpsichords ; it was the common London pitch. A neighbour of mine, who is said to have a nice ear, remarks, that the owls about this village hoot in their different keys, in G flat or F sharp, in B flat and A flat. He heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other in B flat." Query. Do these different notes proceed from different species, or only from various individuals ? The same person finds, upon trial, that the note of the cuckoo (of which we have but one species) varies in different individuals ; for about Selborne Wood, he found they were mostly in D ; he heard two sing together, the one in D, and the other in D sharp, which made a disagreeable concert ; he afterwards heard one in D sharp, and about Wolmer Forest some in C. As to nightingales, he says that their notes are so short, and their transitions so rapid, that he cannot well ascertain their key. Perhaps in a cage or in a room their notes may be more distinguishable. This person has tried to settle the notes of a swift, and of several other small birds, but cannot bring them to any criterion.

It is singular that scarcely any large bird is known to sing, though the crowing of the cock in the morning may perhaps, with-

out much impropriety, be called singing. We have also observed that the crow is sometimes heard in a calm morning to utter a peculiar plaintive note, very different indeed from its usual croaking, and characterized by an ascending minor third, slurred, not staccatoed, like the descending minor third of the cuckoo. Some are disposed to consider the cawing of crows a species of song highly grateful, from its rural associations. "The rook," says Bingley, "has but two or three notes, and when he attempts a *solo*, we cannot praise his song; but when he performs in *concert*, which is his chief delight, these notes, although rough in themselves, being intermixed with those of the multitude, have, as it were, all their rough edges worn off, and become harmonious, especially when softened in the air, where the bird chiefly performs. We have this music in perfection when the whole colony is raised by the discharge of a gun." The chanting falcon, however is a more decided exception to the general rule, the male, according to M. Vaillant being remarkable for its song, which it utters every morning and evening, and not uncommonly continues it the whole night. Each strain is continued in a loud tone for more than a minute, and after a pause it begins anew. While it is singing, it is so regardless of its own safety, that any one may approach very near it, but at other times it is suspicious, and takes flight on the slightest alarm.

Another still more remarkable exception might be adduced in the instance of the swan, the largest of singing birds, according to Albertus Magnus, could we set down as facts all that has been said of it, not only by poets but by philosophers and naturalists. We agree with M. Antoine in thinking it not improbable that the popular and poetical notion of the singing of the swan was derived from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, according to which the philosopher Pythagoras taught that the souls of poets passed at death into swans, and retained the powers of harmony they had possessed in their human form.

There are several passages, however, in the writings of the ancients, which it may be interesting to notice in relation to this subject. Plato, in his *Phædo*, makes Socrates express himself as follows:—"When swans perceive approaching death, they sing more merrily than before, because of the joy they have in going to the God they serve. But men, through the fear of death, reproach the swans saying that they lament their death, and sing their grief in sorrowful notes." Then follows the remark we have already quoted, to the effect that no bird sings when it is either hungry or in sorrow; "Far less," concludes the speaker, "do the swans sing out of grief, which by reason of their belonging to Apollo, are diviners, and sing more joyfully on the day of their death than before, as foreseeing the good that awaits them in the other world."

Aristotle again expressly says that "swans are wont to sing, particularly when about to die, and mariners in the African seas have observed many of them sing with a mournful voice and some dy-

ing,—expiring with the notes of their dying hymn,” as M. Montbeillard has rendered it. Cicero says of Lucius Crassus that “he spoke with the divine voice of a swan about to die,” and Pausanias affirms “the bird to be the glory of music.”

When grave philosophers and orators seem thus to be agreed, the authority of poets may be considered of less weight; yet it has appeared to us not a little remarkable, that Homer, though he mentions their noise, when “flying round the springs of Cayster, clangingly on sounding pinions,” makes no allusion to their singing, though Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Propertius, Silius Italicus, Claudian, and the rest of the Latin poets, in manifestly copying this very passage of Homer, render his expressive word “clangingly” by “tuneful,” “melodious,” “canorous,” “musical,” “plaintive,” and similar epithets.

It might have been supposed that naturalists would have been contented to adhere to the decision of Pliny, who says, “Some affirm that swans sing lamentably a little before death, but untruly, I suppose, for experience in many has shown the contrary.” Yet this has not been the case, for some of them enter into the discussion with great minuteness. Ælian, indeed, appears to waver in his opinion according to the book he last read; in one place appearing to deny it, because nobody had heard swan sing, and in another agreeing with Aristotle and Hecateus. Oppian, again who is very copious in his accounts of the songs of birds, says, “They sing at the dawn before the rising of the sun, as if to be heard more clearly through the still air. They also sing on the sea-beach, unless prevented by the sound of storms and boisterous weather, which would not permit them to enjoy the music of their own songs. Even in old age, when about to die, they do not forget their songs, though these are then more feeble than in youth, because they cannot so well erect their necks and expand their wings. They are invited to sing by Favonius, and as their limbs become sluggish, and their members deficient in strength when death approaches, they withdraw to some place where no bird may hear them sing, and no other swans impelled by the same cause may interrupt their requiem.”

Julius Scaliger, agreeing with Pliny, vituperates Cardan for lauding the nonsense of the poets, and the mendacity, as he terms it, of the Greeks about the singing of the swan; while Aldrovand, more philosophically, refers us to the structure of the organs of voice (before described,) as countenancing the poetical creed; for when we observe, he says, the great variety of modulation which can be produced from a military trumpet, and, going upon the axiom that nature does nothing in vain, compare the form of such a trumpet with the more ingenious mechanism of the swan's windpipe, we cannot but conclude that this instrument is at least capable of producing the sounds which have been described by the ancient authors. He accordingly proceeds to corroborate this theory by the testimony of those who have actually heard swans singing.

Amongst others, one Frederico Pendasio, a celebrated professor of philosophy, and a person worthy of credit, told him he had frequently heard swans singing melodiously while he was sailing on the Mantuan lake. He also says that, according to one George Braun (Brown), the swans near London sung festal songs. Antonius Musa Brasavolus further affirms that he had himself observed them singing when near death. The author of the '*Physiæ Curiosæ*,' however, says, "I have been in many places where swans abound, but I never could hear them sing, nor have I seen any body who has."

M. Montbeillard, adopting the untenable notion that the wild and the tame swan are the same species, says, "Though the swan is a silent bird, its vocal organs have the same structure as in the most loquacious of water-fowl; yet the ordinary voice of the tame swan is rather low than canorous, being a sort of creaking, exactly like what is popularly termed the swearing of a cat, and which the Romans denoted by the imitative word *drensars*. This would seem to be the accent of menace or anger, nor does love appear to have a softer. Swans almost mute, like ours in a domestic state, could not be those melodious birds which have been so much celebrated. But the wild swan appears to have better preserved its prerogatives, and with the sentiment of entire liberty it has also its tones. The bursts of its voice form a sort of modulated song, yet the shrill and scarcely diversified notes of its loud clarion sounds differ widely from the tender melody, the sweet brilliant variety of our birds of song."

When swans fight, Albertus Magnus says, they hiss and emit a sort of bombilation not unlike the braying of an ass, but not so much prolonged. Aristophanes, in his comedy of the birds, expresses the sounds by *Tio, Tio, Tio, Tinx*. M. Grouvelle says, "Their voice, in the season of pairing, more resembles a murmur than any sort of song," a conclusion similar to that of M. Morin, in his memoir entitled, "Why swans which sung so well in ancient times now sing so badly." M. Grouvelle adds, "There is a season when the swans assemble together, and form a sort of commonwealth; it is during severe colds. When the frost threatens to usurp their domain they congregate and dash the water with all the extent of their wings, making a noise which is heard very far, and which, whether in the day or in the night, is louder in proportion to the intensity of the frost. Their efforts are so effectual, that there are few instances of a flock of swans having quitted the water in the longest frosts; though a single swan which has strayed from the general body has sometimes been arrested by the ice in the middle of the canals."

We shall close the subject with the very minute observations of the Abbé Arnaud, derived from his own experience. "One can hardly say," the Abbé remarks, "that the swans of Chantilly sing: they cry; but their cries are truly and constantly modulated; their voice is not sweet; on the contrary, it is shrill, piercing, and rather disagreeable; I could compare it to nothing better than the sound

of a clarionet winded by a person unacquainted with the instrument. Almost all the melodious birds answer to the song of man, and especially to the sound of instruments : I played long on the violin beside our swans, on all the tones and chords ; I even struck unison to their own accents without their seeming to pay the smallest attention ; but if a goose be thrown into the basin where they swim with young, the male, after emitting some hollow sounds, rushes impetuously upon the goose, and seizing it by the neck, he plunges the head repeatedly under water, striking it at the same time with his wings : it would be all over with the goose, if it were not rescued. The swan, with his wings expanded, his neck stretched, and his head erect, comes to place himself opposite to his female, and utters a cry to which the female replies by another which is lower by half a tone. The voice of the male passes from A (*la*) to B flat (*si bemol*) ; that of the female, from G sharp (*sol dièse*) to A. The first note is short and transient, and has the effect which our musicians call *sensible* ; so that it is not detached from the second, but seems to *slip* into it. Observe that, fortunately for the ear, they do both sing at once ; in fact, if while the male sounded B flat the female struck A, or if the male uttered A while the female gave G sharp, there would result the harshest and most insupportable of discords. We may add, that this dialogue is subjected to a constant and regular rhythm, with the measure of two times. The inspector assured me that during their amours, these birds have a cry still sharper, but much more agreeable."

With respect to birds singing at night, it is a great mistake to suppose the nightingale to be the only night songster, because it is the loudest and finest. By the quotation given above from Captain Cook, it appears that in New Zealand several sing all night, and in America the mock-bird sings as finely at night as during the day. In England the most remarkable night-singers, after the nightingale, are the sedge-bird and the dipper. Every summer, for many years, we have observed the sedge-bird hurrying over its singular medley at all hours of the night, particularly by moonlight ; and it seems peculiar to this bird, that it will sing the louder when a stone is thrown into the bush where it is singing, an experiment we have often tried, and usually with the same result. The dipper, we have no doubt, commonly sings during the night, but from the secluded streams which it frequents, it is seldom heard ; though we have more than once heard it by accident on the river Ayr, and in the autumn of 1831 we listened to one for a considerable time singing its finest notes two hours after sunset, on the romantic banks of the Devon, near the Rumbling Bridge, in Clackmannanshire.

Our other night song-birds seem only to sing occasionally, not regularly, such as the sky-lark, the redstart, and the red-breast. Among larger birds not usually reckoned song-birds, which emit their peculiar call-notes in the night, we may enumerate the quail, the corncrake, the partridge, the grouse, and particularly the cock.

We have remarked that some species of cage-birds will readily sing at night when the candles are lit, while others will not sing a note. The black-cap, for example, mentioned in a former page, has never attempted to sing at night above once or twice; while Mr. Sweet found his redstart sing every night, as we find to be the case with our red-breasts. When a red-breast has been recently caught, indeed, he never attempts to sing during the day, and always essays his first cage-song after dark, venturing, by degrees, to extend his voice, before he try it in open day. We have had birds of this species who would sing in this manner every night for several weeks, without singing a note during the day. 'At present (January) we have a bird of this kind which seldom begins before eight o'clock at night, after another in a neighbouring cage, which sings equally through the day and after dark, has finished singing for the evening.

It may be remarked also, that in cage-birds, though they will sometimes break out into their loudest notes at night, their song is for the most part soft, subdued, and barbling; such is the case at least with our red-breasts, and an aberdevine near them. Canaries and blackbirds, however, usually sing aloud at night, and the nightingale, so far as we have remarked, always. We have, however, heard some of these night-songs, which were manifestly uttered while the bird was asleep, in the same way as we sometimes talk during sleep—a circumstance remarked by Dryden, who says,

“ The little birds in dreams their songs repeat.”

We have even observed this in a wild bird. On the night of the 6th of April, 1811, about ten o'clock, a dunnock was heard in a garden to go through its usual song more than a dozen times very faintly, but distinctly enough for the species to be recognised. The night was cold and frosty; but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? Aristotle, indeed, proposes the question, whether animals hatched from eggs ever dream. Marcgrave in reply, expressly says that his “ parrot, Laura, often rose in the night and prattled while half asleep.”—*Bird Miscellanies*, by Jas. Rennie.

## “ IN SMOOTH WATER.”

WITH NOTICES OF “THE BOOK OF THE AXE,” AND “RECOLLECTIONS  
OF A FLY-FISHER.”

A SPORTSMAN is generally “somebody.” The majority, at any rate, of our national pastimes go to make, if not always a hero, at least a great man of him. Look at the turfite, for instance, the



owner of a Derby favourite, for a great man, or his own jockey in a hunter's stake for a hero, and remember how ready we are to give our tribute to him. Or come to the window, and take a peep at Nimrod as he returns slowly down the street on his beaten nag, and notice the general respect and admiration paid to that well-worn bit of pink. Or welcome, again, Ramrod, as he unpacks his dog-cart at the door of the village inn, and follow, as everybody else is sure to, each successive move in the rather fussy prologue with which he precedes going to work. It is a delightful combination of character, the hero and the grandee rolled up into one, with every good wish attending our progress. If it has been a bit of a clipper, how every eye lights up as you go through the run again; or should old Carmine have managed to pull through for the handicap, what hearty congratulation is poured into the lap of that estimable individual, "the worthy owner!" As to the crack shot, if he wants to be assured of the sympathy which awaits his prowess, let him look on Landseer's picture of Windsor Castle in the present time—the Prince counting over the strength of his game-bag to her Majesty. Who wouldn't be a sportsman, little or big, with such incentives for the making of one?

And yet it is not every variety of sport that insures this kind of worship. We would not deny that the cricketer, travelling with his bat in a green baize case, has his share of it; or would we attempt to dispute, either, the claims of the king-fisher, who throws his fly to the hundredth part of an inch, and kills his salmon with the finest of tackle. He is a hero if you please, especially in his own book. Look, however, on his hardly-acknowledged brother of the angle, the humble bottom-fisher, and in vain you listen for that general applause which so surely attends the dashing exploits of some other varieties of the British sportsman. Remember, rather, how we are prone to ridicule that patience with which he holds up against an unpropitious fate, bearing down upon him, in an awkward breeze, or in some yet more vexatious, or less palpable impediment to that great consummation, "a bite."

With "the ornaments for your fire-stoves," indignantly thrust aside, as something very like impostors, and a chair drawn close up to the grate, one scarcely envies the recumbent gentleman watching a float, or following the fashion and preparing for a "strike." Another turn of the weathercock, however, may bring us into our proper reckoning again, and so give more countenance to a couple of volumes, which tend to assure us that our plate should be apropos, and the angler's art just now in high season.

The more important of these is from the pen of a gentleman, who has already given us a taste of his experience as a fisherman: Mr. Pulman, who owns to "The Vaçe-Mecum of Fly-Fishing," as one of his productions now treats us to a history of the stream in which he himself has chiefly practised it. He calls his present work "The Book of the Axe," and by the connecting link of a fisherman's ram-

bles, gives us a history of all the parishes and remarkable spots upon its banks. And some very wonderful research this history shows too. The reader at times, indeed, might be inclined to fancy he had come across a mere antiquarian rather than a sportsman, were it not that the next page so speedily corrects any such impression. "The Book of the Axe" must of course be more especially valuable to those who know, or who are about to try its waters. It is, still, a very pleasant companion for any of us, however indifferent we may yet be to its peculiar text. Mr. Pulman's heart is evidently in his subject, and while he has devoted his best energies to perfecting his history, he has by no means neglected the claim he makes to the sportsman's attention. Let us tempt any friend, on the look-out for a summer's run, with just a taste of the style, in the following bit of descriptive:—

"Right welcome, in the beauty of evening, as we trudge along the turnpike road from Clapton—turning our backs till morning upon the valley of the Axe—are the indications which manifest themselves at every step of our approach to our resting place for the night! No trifling labour has been ours to-day, Piscator. When 'morning ope'd its cold grey eye,' and found the world still slumbering, we were awake, old friend, and journeying. The 'clarion' of Chanticleer, borne blithely on the early breeze, was music to us as we 'brushed, with hasty steps, the dews away.' The 'gates of day' were opened gloriously. 'The solie wind that breathes the spring,' in all its early freshness, gave vigour to our steps, and sent us onward joyfully. We breathed, an atmosphere of beauty, and each breath was grateful as the fumes of incense. The lowland mist soon shrank before the increasing sunbeams, and rolled itself along the hill-sides, like a mighty filmy curtain, in a thousand graceful forms. How enraptured were we at the glorious landscapes thus successively revealed—how beguiled along our way, unconscious of fatigue, insensible of distance! How well pleased at last, to reach our destination, and, as we traced the infant stream, to fancy Naiades breathing music in each shady nook, and disporting in each rippling eddy! All the live long day a-foot, Piscator—diverging right and left, and 'taking notes' of things note-worthy in the different parishes into which the limpid waters wander! And yet we are not foot-sore, even now, old friend, but somewhat leg-lorn. For what, in truth, are miles to us—to us who look contemptuously upon all means of locomotion saving those which God has given to us? To-day's exploring, friend, is but the key-note to the lengthened tune we have to play—the step initiatory ere we wander forth in earnest. Right welcome, notwithstanding, are the prospects of a supper and an early bed, for the strongest man is verily but weak. The home-bound labourers whom we meet at every turn, enjoying heartily their evening 'weed,' will not, we trow, discuss their meal more heartily than we, nor press their pillows heavier. The birds which even now are chanting vespers in the twilight—filling 'the wide expanse' with

melody, and calling Echo from each grove and hill—will not, we hope, be earlier astir than we, Piscator, in the morning.

"There lies the good old town below us, nestled snugly between its sheltering hills—a very picture, friend, of comfort and repose. Old Bimcombe, which in winter rears its friendly head against the northern blast, is now all beauteous in its spring-tide clothing. St. Reigne and the Warren hills, with the keeper's cottage, in which a candle twinkles among the sombre firs, like a beacon in the olden time, confine the picture on the opposite side; while the eye passes over the town between those guardian eminences, into a splendid Somersetshire valley, which is fairly mantled by the evening shades. But there is light enough to discern the fine old church—unmatched for many a mile—looming indistinctly out among its guardian trees, and towering above the abodes of men, which are clustering, as if admiringly, about it. How the picture would be heightened if a sparkling trout-stream, like the Axe, were rippling musically beneath its sacred walls! How improved would be the landscape if men more reverently regarded nature's works—if they condescended to believe that even *trees*, for instance, were not 'made in vain,' but 'for admirable ends.' You mark, Piscator, in the neighbourhood of the town, the paucity of those delightful hedge-row ornaments which in Devonshire have been described as 'the beauty of its landscapes and the disgrace of its agriculture.' Our rambles soon will bring us into some of the scenes in which this 'beauty' and this 'disgrace' are said to be associated; and there, we suppose, we shall have to learn the lesson (intolerable dunces as we are!) that the 'wisdom' of one generation is really the 'foolishness' of another—that, in the case of agriculture, 'improvement' is antagonistic to 'beauty'—and that we are very silly folks for expressing the hope that the day is distant when that 'beauty' and that 'disgrace' shall be removed from England's 'garden.'

"But we have passed the Hermitage Brewery, and are fairly into the town. A walk through Sheep-market-street, and a few yards beyond, will bring us to our quarters, and then for supper and a chat about the history of Crewkerne.

"Right welcome, friend—right welcome!"

Or here again, something a little more like going into action, but still keeping the two-fold object of the guide well in view—

"A leap over that bog at the style, Piscator, and here we are in 'Lady Meads,' at the foot of which is Tytherleigh Bridge. Thence to the sea, through one of the loveliest of the lovely vales of Devon, and on the banks of one of the best and *most neglected* of its streams, is an uninterrupted range of *open ground*, in which the 'brother of the angle,' be his *casts* or clothing what it will, may wonder as he listeth, uninterrupted and 'upforbidden.'

"Let us then, friend, at once resume our angling operations, and, commencing at the bridge, proceed along this western bank, to fish our way to Axminster, some four miles down the stream. We shall

have abundant opportunities upon the way for discoursing on the anxious localities which possess a claim upon our attention. Almost every inch of the stream is fishable. There is no intermission to the pools and stickles which so uniformly succeed each other. What a drawback to the charms of such a stream, that so large a portion of it should be at the mercy of the vilest poachers; that an unaccountable indifference prevails as to the fate of an invaluable breed of fish, which, if it were not prolific in the extreme, must have long since become extinct!

"Now try that run below the bridge, friend, carefully. The range at the turn beyond is ruffled by this balmy breeze, and two or three goodly trout lie underneath the high bank opposite—especially at the mouth of the tributary there. Well done—a lively one and good! The fish you see, already are more shy than those above. We need not tell you why. There!—basket him at once. The farm-house in the third meadow below Tytherleigh Bridge, on this western bank, is named from the river 'Axe.' We leave you, friend, to fish the river to the foot-bridge opposite this farm, expecting it to yield you at least two brace of trout, while we say a few words about the tributary to which we have just referred, and tell a more lengthened tale about Hawkchurch—the village which you have been admiring upon the hill from which that tributary flows."

"The Book of the Axe" is embellished with a number of very tastily-executed lithographs, after sketches of some of the picked beauties of the district, as well as with a map, showing the rise and course of the river and its tributaries. It is evident, indeed, that neither expense nor trouble has been spared to make the work worthy of its theme; and to no one, perhaps, could the direction of these have been so safely confided as to Mr. Pulman. He has proved himself armed at all points for the object he has so signally achieved.

Many thanks to Master Izaak Walton, or the bottom-fishes would have come badly off indeed. Here is another volume as thoroughly ignoring him as any of the high authorities who have, early or late, essayed to teach the young idea. "The Rambles and Recollections of a Flyfisher," however, is more of a rhapsody than a mere book of receipts and directions. "Clericus," too, has the usual friend "Piscator," and very pleasantly do they discourse—not always, may be, in the quaint old English in which their publishers have brought them out, but generally in good keeping with the contemplative man's recreations. Clericus appears to have perfected himself chiefly on the banks of the Wye, for the beauties of which he has as keen an appreciation as the historian of the Axe shows for his own stream. "The Recollections" are jotted down with no effort as fine writing, but just as heartily and unaffectedly as a gentleman and scholar may be supposed to talk of his favourite pastime.—*London Sporting Review, for May.*

## BIRD-ARCHITECTURE.

CHAPTER XI.—BASKET-MAKING BIRDS, *continued*—THE, RAVEN—CROW  
—ROOK—AFRICAN BIRDS—PENINSULAR GROSBILL—BAYA—SOCIABLE  
GROSBILL—WARBLERS.

AMONG our European basket-making birds we may enumerate the crow, the rook, the raven, and several others; and though their nests may at first sight appear rude and clumsy, they will be found, when closely examined, to be well adapted to their mode of breeding. The raven does not build in Gloucestershire, as Mr. Knapp tells us; for though a pair did attempt to raise a brood on a wych-elm at Alverston Thornbury, near Bristol, they were soon scared away, and made no second trial, their love of retirement and quiet prevailing over the other temptations held out by the neighbourhood. White gives an interesting history of a pair of ravens, which bred in a small wood at Selborne, called Losel's hanger. "In the centre of this grove," says he, "there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring youths to get at this eyry; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. So the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was slung from her nest; and though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground."

According to M. Montbeillard, ravens are particularly attached to the place where they have been bred; and when a pair select a spot for their nest, they make it their ordinary residence, and do not readily abandon it. They do not pass the night in the woods like the carrion crow, but choose in their mountains a retreat sheltered from the northern blast, under the natural alcoves, secured by the recesses and projections of rocks. Into such places they retire to the number of fifteen or twenty, and sleep perched on the bushes that grow between the rocks, building on the adjacent crevices or in the

\* Continued from No. XXXVIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

holes of walls, on the tops of old deserted towers, and sometimes on the high branches of large straggling trees.

The crow, the hooded-crow, and the rook build very similar basket-nests to the raven ; the only difference being in the lining materials. The crow forms a thick mattress of wool, rabbit's fur, and similar soft materials in large quantity, laid over a clumsy wall of clay, which is built within the strong basketing of birch twigs and black-thorn branches, with which the whole is bound together and fortified with a sort of chevaux-de-frise. The rook, on the other hand, like the magpie, does not line with such soft materials, preferring long fibrous roots, which are neatly interwoven into a finer basket-work than the bird might have been supposed capable of executing. This, indeed, might be removed with ease from the nest, and, with little additional work besides what the rook herself had performed, might be made into a fruit-basket, by no means inelegant. M. Montbeillard, we think, must be mistaken in the nest he describes as that of the carrion crow, which was found, he tells us, in an oak eight feet high, in a wood planted on a little hill where other larger oaks grew, and formed on the outside with small branches and thorns rudely interwoven, and plastered with earth and horse-dung, and the inside carefully "lined with fibrous roots." At least all the crows' nests which we have examined have been lined with a bedding of wool, the hair of rabbits, and other soft materials of a similar kind. (J. R.)

Rooks nestle in large communities, similar to the herons and the ospreys, as described in a preceding page. Ten or twelve nests are sometimes to be seen on the same tree ; and there are frequently considerable numbers of trees thus loaded with nests, all contiguous to each other. Schwenckfeldt remarks, that they commonly prefer large trees planted round cemeteries and church-yards ; but amongst the numerous rookeries with which we are acquainted, not one occurs in such a locality. At Lee, in Kent, on the contrary, though there are fine elms close by the church-yard, the neighbouring rooks prefer those around the adjacent mansion-house lately occupied by Lady Dacre, about fifteen or twenty furlongs from the church, while, at a similar distance further, another more numerous rookery is established. Though they usually select tall trees also, they do not do so in every case ; for we observed in 1819 a rookery in a clump of young oaks in the Duke of Buccleugh's park, at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, none of which were above ten or twelve feet high, although they could have found abundance of very lofty trees in the beautiful plantations around this noble mansion. (J. R.) Mr. Jennings mentions another instance, with which also we are acquainted, of a rookery established on trees of inferior height in the garden of the Royal Naval Asylum at Greenwich, although there are many fine lofty elms in the park hard by, upon which not a single rook's nest is to be seen. He thinks it not improbable that they have been influenced in their selection by a love of the noise of the boys in the

play-ground of the asylum. In the middle of the town of Dorchester is a large rookery, which has been established for many years, upon some high trees in a small garden which forms the play-ground for a considerable boys' school. As there are many higher trees in more retired situations in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, it would seem very probable that the birds are in some measure attracted by the bustle and clamour of the school. A correspondent informs us, that having frequently lodged in the adjoining house at the building season, he has been doubtful whether the uproar of the busy contentious rooks or of the boys at play was the loudest. However, the noisy tenants seemed to live in perfect harmony together in their joint and several occupations of the garden. There is also a rookery in the front of a school at Kentish Town, in a play-ground immediately adjoining the public road. At Dalkeith, however, we may remark that the rookery on the low oaks was in the most silent and sequestered part of the park. Goldsmith has given an animated account of his own observations on the proceedings of these birds:—

"I have often," says he, "amused myself with observing their plan of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the city. At the commencement of spring, the rookery, which, during the continuance of winter, seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time all the bustle and hurry of business is fairly commenced. Where these numbers resided during the winter is not easy to guess, perhaps in the trees of hedges, to be nearer their food. In spring, however, they cultivate their native trees; and, in the places where they were themselves hatched, they prepare to propagate a future progeny. They keep together in pairs; and when the offices of courtship are over, they prepare for making their nests and laying. The old inhabitants of the place are all already provided; the nest which served them for years before, with a little trimming and dressing, will serve very well again, the difficulty of nesting lies only upon the young ones, who have no nest, and must, therefore, get up one as well as they can. But not only are the materials wanting, but also the place in which to fix it. Every part of a tree will not do for this purpose, as some branches may not be sufficiently forked; others may not be sufficiently strong; and still others may be too much exposed to the rocking of the wind. The male and female, upon this occasion, are, for some days, seen examining all the trees of the grove very attentively; and when they have fixed upon a branch that seems fit for their purpose, they continue to sit upon and observe it very sedulously for two or three days longer. The place being thus determined upon, they begin to gather the materials for their nest, such as sticks and fibrous roots, which they regularly dispose in the most substantial manner. But here a new and unexpected obstacle arises. It often happens that

the young couple have made choice of a place too near the mansion of an older pair, who do not choose to be incommoded by such troublesome neighbours,—a quarrel, therefore, instantly ensues, in which the old ones are always victorious. The young couple, thus expelled, are obliged again to go through the fatigues of deliberating, examining, and choosing; and having taken care to keep their due distance, the nest begins again, and their industry deserves commendation. But their alacrity is often too great in the beginning; they soon grow weary of bringing the materials of their nest from distant places; and they very easily perceive that sticks may be provided nearer home, with less honesty, indeed, but some degree of address. Away they go, therefore, to pilfer, as fast as they can; and wherever they see a nest unguarded, they take care to rob it of the very choicest sticks of which it is composed. But these thefts never go unpunished; and, probably, upon complaint being made, there is a general punishment inflicted. I have seen eight or ten rooks come upon such occasions, and, setting upon the new nest of the young couple, all at once tear it in pieces in a moment.

“At length, therefore, the young pair find the necessity of going more regularly and honestly to work. While one flies to fetch the materials, the other sits upon the tree to guard it; and thus, in the space of three or four days, with a skirmish now and then between, the pair have fitted up a commodious nest, composed of sticks without, and of fibrous roots and long grass within. From the instant the female begins to lay, all hostilities are at an end; not one of the whole grove, that a little before treated her so rudely, will now venture to molest her, so that she brings forth her brood with patient tranquillity. Such is the severity with which even native rooks are treated by each other; but if a foreign rook should attempt to make himself a denizen of their society, he would meet with no favour; the whole grove would at once be up in arms against him, and expel him without mercy.”

Rooks appear to be fond of the metropolis, for besides the rookery in the Temple Gardens, which has been long abandoned, there was an extensive colony in the gardens of Carlton Palace, which, in consequence of the trees having been cut down, removed in the spring of 1827, to the trees behind New Street, Spring Gardens; and there is a colony in the trees near Fife House, at the back of Whitehall. “There was also,” says Mr. Jennings, “for many years, a rookery on the trees in the churchyard of St. Dunstan’s in the East, a short distance from the Tower; the rooks some years past deserted that spot, owing, it is believed, to the fire that occurred at the old Custom-house. But in the spring of 1827 they began to build again on the same trees.” Mr. Hone, in his ‘Every-Day Book,’ has an anecdote relating to another rookery on some large elm trees in the College Garden, behind the Ecclesiastical Court in Doctors’ Commons. In 1843 there was a nest in a tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside.



At Newcastle a rookery does or did exist at no great distance from the Exchange, and it is recorded that a pair of rooks, after an unsuccessful attempt to establish themselves in the rookery, took refuge on the Exchange spire, and though they continued to be persecuted by individuals from the adjacent colony, they succeeded in building a nest on the top up the vane, undisturbed by the noise of the populace below. They returned and built their nest every year on the same place, till 1793, soon after which the spire was taken down.

A similar circumstance is recorded by Darwin, not of one rook only, but of a whole colony building on the spire of Welborn church, in Lincolnshire, in 1794. The parishioners affirmed that the rooks had built in the spire from time immemorial. There was a tradition, that formerly a rookery existed in some high trees adjoining the churchyard, which being cut down, probably in the breeding season, the rooks removed to the church, building their nests on the outside of the spire, on the tops of windows, which by their projection a little from the spire, made them convenient room, and when they could not find convenience there, they built on the inside. "I saw," says the Reverend J. Darwin, of Carleton Scroop, "two nests made with sticks on the outside and in the spires, and Mr. Ridgell said there were always a great many." Before the recent repairs of Windsor Castle, large colonies of rooks were established in every frieze and battlement of that immense building;—and the trees in the park, close to the Castle, were equally covered with their nests. The old walls of the Castle were full of holes, in which the rooks had doubtless nestled for several centuries.

Rooks are said to have a particular antipathy to the raven, and dislike continuing in its neighbourhood. It is recorded that, at the Bishop of Chichester's rookery, at Broomham, near Hastings, upon a raven's building her nest in one of the trees, all the rooks abandoned the spot, though they returned in autumn and built there again in the succeeding year. Mr. Marckwick mentions an instance of a similar kind which happened in 1778; but in this case the rooks did not again return.

"As soon," says Mr. Knapp, "as the heat of summer is subdued, and the air of autumn felt, the rooks return and visit the forsaken habitations, and some few of them even commence the repair of their shattered nests: but this meeting is very differently conducted from that in the spring; their voices have now a mellowness approaching to musical, with little admixture of that harsh and noisy contention so distracting at the former season, and seem more like a grave consultation upon future procedure; and as winter approaches they depart for some other place. The object of this meeting is unknown, nor are we aware that any other bird revisits the nest it has once forsaken. Domestic fowls, indeed, make use again of their old nests, but this is never, or only occasionally, done by birds in a wild state. The daw and the rock-pigeon will build in society with their separate kindred, and the former even revisits in autumn the

places it had nestled in. But such situations as these birds require—the ruined castle, abbey, or church-tower, ledge in the rock, &c.—are not universally found and are apparently occupied from necessity. The rooks appear to associate from preference to society, as trees are common everywhere; but what motive they can have in view in lingering thus for a few autumnal mornings, and counselling with each other around their abandoned and now useless nests, which, before the return of spring, are generally beaten from trees, is by no means manifest to us.”

It may be seen, by referring to a preceding page, that the rook is by no means singular in revisiting its nest in autumn, the same being done by the fish-hawk, and several others of those birds which build in communities. With respect to birds in a wild state using the same nest, hundreds of examples could be given; and we have mentioned in several places of this volume a number of instances, such as the blue bird, the various species of swallows, and most of the birds which build in holes.

The birds which build in communities in Southern Africa, furnish us with other interesting illustrations, both upon these several points and the immediate subject of our chapter—basket-work. The locust-eating thrush, is one of those species which, according to Barrow, congregate in great numbers. These unite in forming a common fabric for containing individual nests, large enough for a vulture. One of these, which he met with on a clump of low bushes at Sneeuwberg, consisted of a number of cells, each of which formed a separate nest, with a tabular gallery leading into it through the side. Of such cells each clump contained from six to twenty, one roof of twigs woven into a sort of basket-work covering the whole. They also build, along the banks of the Orange river, on the tall mimosa trees, which were observed to be shaded with thousands of their nests. Dr. Latham supposed this to be the same bird which is mentioned by Thunberg as digging a hole for its nest in the bank of a river, or in the hole of a ruined building, or a decayed tree. But such differences in habit little agree with the distinguishing characteristics of a similar species.

Another of these gregarious African birds is the pensile grosbeak, which is about the size of a house-sparrow, and makes a basket-nest of straw and reeds, interwoven into the shape of a bag, with the entrance below, while it is fastened above to the twig of some tree, chiefly such as grow on the border of streams. On one side of this, within, is the true nest. The bird does not build a distinct nest every year, but fastens a new one to the lower end of the old, and as many as five may thus be seen, one hanging from another. From five to six hundred such nests have been observed crowded upon one tree.

A living author of reputation thus describes these nests; but we must premise that we do not coincide with his opinion of the structure being devised for defence :\* “Several varieties of the finch

\* See a succeeding chapter on dome-builders.

tribe, in South Africa, suspend their nests from the branches of trees, especially where they happen to impend over a river or precipice. The object of this precaution is obviously to secure their offspring from the assaults of their numerous enemies, particularly the serpent race. To increase the difficulty of access to these 'tree-rocked cradles,' the entrance is always from below, and frequently through a cylindrical passage of twelve or fifteen inches in length, projecting from the spherical nest exactly like the tube of a chemist's retort. The whole fabric is most ingeniously and elegantly woven of a species of very tough grass; and the wonderful instinct of foresight (or whatever else we may choose to call it) displayed by the little architect in its construction, is calculated to excite the highest admiration. I have often seen twenty or more of these beautiful nests hanging from a single tree.\*

\* The following is a more detailed account of either the same or a similar species,

"The baya, or bottle-nested sparrow," says Forbes, "is remarkable for its pendent nest, brilliant plumage, and uncommon sagacity. These birds are found in most parts of Hindoostan; in shape they resemble the sparrow, as also in the brown feathers of the back and wings; the head and breast of a bright yellow, and in the rays of a tropical sun have a splendid appearance, when flying by thousands in the same grove; they make a chirping noise, but have no song; they associate in large communities, and cover extensive clumps of palmyras, acacias, and date-trees with their nests. These are formed, in a very ingenious manner, by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, and suspended by the other end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes: in one the hen performs the office of incubation; another, consisting of a little thatched roof and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who, with his chirping note, cheers the female during her maternal duties."

"Dr. Fryer gives a very pleasant description of the baya, under the name of the toddy-bird, in his entertaining 'Travels.' 'Nature, in the rainy season at Bombay, affords us a pleasant spectacle, as well as matter for admiration; for here is a bird that is not only exquisitely curious in the artificial composure of its nests with hay, but furnishes with devices and stratagems to secure itself and young ones from its deadly enemy, the squirrel; as likewise from the injury of the weather, which being unable to oppose, it eludes with this artifice: contriving the nest like a steeple-hive, with winding meanders, before which hangs a penthouse for the rain to pass, tying it with so slender a thread to the bough of the tree, that the squirrel dare not venture his body, though his mouth water at the eggs and

\* Pringle's Ephemerides, Notes.

prey within ; yet it is strong enough to bear the hanging habitation of the ingenious contriver, free from all the assaults of its antagonists, and all the accidents of gusts and storms. Hundreds of these pendulous nests may be seen on one tree.' "\*

The sociable grosbeak seems to excel both the preceding species in the extent, if not in the skill, of its workmanship, though there appears to be no little exaggeration in the original account given by Paterson, which, though since corrected by Vaillant, has been followed by all the systematic naturalists. We shall first give the original account, which appears not a little extraordinary, and may induce sceptical readers to conclude that the whole is a fable.

"The industry of these birds," says Paterson, "seems almost equal to that of the bee. Throughout the day they seem to be busily employed in carrying a fine species of grass, which is the principal material they use for the purpose of erecting their extraordinary work, as well as for additions and repairs. Though my short stay in the country was not sufficient to satisfy me, by ocular proof, that they added to their nest as they annually increased in numbers, still, from the many trees which I have seen borne down by the weight, and others which I have observed with their boughs completely covered over, it would appear that this is really the case. When the tree which is the support of this aerial city is obliged to give way to the increase of weight, it is obvious that they are no longer protected, and are under the necessity of building in other trees. One of these deserted nests I had the curiosity to break down, to inform myself of the internal structure of it, and found it equally ingenious with that of the external. There are many entrances, each of which forms a regular street, with nests on both sides, at about two inches distance from each other. The grass with which they build is called the Boshman's grass, and I believe the seed of it to be their principal food, though, on examining their nests, I found the wings and legs of different insects. From every appearance, the nest which I dissected had been inhabited for many years, and some parts of it were much more complete than others. This, therefore, I conceive to amount nearly to a proof that the animals added to it at different times as they found necessary from the increase of the family or rather of the nation or community."

It will be seen, from the following description of the same structures, that the streets of nests are a mere fancy, though enough of the marvellous remains to gratify the curious. "I observed," says Vaillant, "on the way a tree with an enormous nest of those birds to which I have given the appellation of republicans ; and as soon as I arrived at my camp, I dispatched a few men, with a waggon, to bring it to me, that I might open the hive, and examine its structure in its minutest parts. When it arrived, I cut it to pieces with a hatchet, and saw that the chief portion of the structure consisted

of a mass of Boshman's grass, without any mixture, but so compact and firmly basketed together as to be impenetrable to the rain. This is the commencement of the structure; and each bird builds its particular nest under this canopy. But the nests are formed only beneath the eaves of the canopy, the upper surface remaining void, without, however, being useless; for, as it has a projecting rim, and is a little inclined, it serves to let the rain-water run off, and preserves each little dwelling from the rain. Figure to yourself a huge irregular sloping roof, and all the eaves of which are completely covered with nests, crowded one against another, and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of these singular edifices.

"Each individual nest is three or four inches in diameter, which is sufficient for the bird. But as they are all in contact with one another, around the eaves, they appear to the eye to form but one building, and are distinguishable from each other only by a little external aperture, which serves as an entrance to the nest; and even this is sometimes common to three different nests, one of which is situated at the bottom, and the other two at the sides. According to Paterson, the number of cells increasing in proportion to the increase of inhabitants, the old ones become 'streets of communication, formed by line and level.' No doubt, as the republic increases, the cells must be multiplied also. But it is easy to imagine that, as the augmentation can take place only at the surface, the new buildings will necessarily cover the old ones, which must therefore be abandoned.

"Should these even, contrary to all probability, be able to subsist, it may be presumed that the depths of their situation, by preventing any circulation and renewal of the air, would render them so extremely hot as to be uninhabitable. But while they thus become useless, they would remain what they were before, real nests, and change neither into streets nor sleeping-rooms.

"The large nest that I examined was one of the most considerable I had anywhere seen in the course of my journey, and contained three hundred and twenty inhabited cells, which, supposing a male and female to each, would form a society of six hundred and forty individuals. Such a calculation, however, would not be exact. I have spoken above of birds among which one male is in common to several females, because the females are much more numerous than the males. The same is the case with many other species, both in the environs of the Cape and in the colony; but it is particularly so among the republicans. Whenever I have fired at a flock of these birds, I have always shot four times as many females as males."

After the preceding details of what we may well call the marvellous efforts of birds in basket-making, some of our own little mechanics may not appear to much advantage; though their more slender structures are equally suited to their mode of breeding, and exhibit no small skill in the management of the materials. The nests

which we allude to are those of several of our summer warblers, ~~some~~ of which, though built by different species, are so like in appearance, that it requires some experience to distinguish them. Amongst these we may mention the whitethroat and the babillard, which are known under an endless multiplicity of provincial names, such as *Peggy*, *Wheetie-why bird*, *Muff*, *Charlie mustie*, *Churr*, *Hay-tit*, *Nettle-creeper*, &c. The nests of these two are not distinguishable in the size, though the birds differ considerably in this respect, each nest being rather more than two inches in diameter within. We should at first deem it impossible to bring the dry brittle stems of catchweed into a smooth round form, yet this is the usual material of the frame-work employed by these little mechanics, though no sort of dry slender stem comes amiss. These are woven together in the bosom of some low bush of brambles or thorns, as Sepp has accurately figured it, sometimes so slightly that the light shines through the meshes, while at other times the structure is of considerable thickness. A few long horse-hairs are wound neatly round the interior, with some finer grass. In several nests in our possession, however, the hairs are in quantity sufficient to cover the basket-work of grass from the eye. Whence Mr. Bolton derived the notion that the white-throat uses spiders' webs as a binding material, we cannot imagine; for, out of some hundreds we have examined, and twenty specimens now before us, we can detect nothing of this sort. It is the rough reflexed prickles of the catchweed which binds the exterior and the hairs (probably glued with saliva) which keep the inside in shape. The chief distinction which we have detected in the nests of these two species is, that the white-throat for the most part makes use of a few roots in lining, which the babillard never does, while the latter seems fonder than the former of working tufts of willow-down into the brim of the nest. (J. R.) According to Montagu, the nest of the Dartford warbler is very similar to that of the white-throat, but usually contains furze twigs, and is built in the top of a furze bush, where the former would not be likely to occur. Though this bird is said not to be rare on the heaths in the neighbourhood of London, we have not met with its nest. We observed the bird itself on Blackheath, suspended over the furze, and singing on the wing like a white-throat or a titlark, as early as the end of February, 1830; whence we concluded that, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, it had wintered here, as it is known to do in Devonshire. (J. R.)

Another nest of a very similar description, as slight in structure, but superior in the outworks, is built by the reed-warbler, a species first distinguished by Lightfoot in 1785, who found it at Uxbridge; but Bolton says he himself discovered it previous to this in Yorkshire, without knowing any name for it. We have now a nest of this species before us, which was built in a field among the branches of lucern. It is very deep, nearly three inches, by the same in diameter, and almost wholly composed of hay, the brim being of thicker stems of dry grass. A very few hairs are wound around the

interior, which is very smoothly finished ; and in some parts of the structure a few small tufts of willow-down and what seems singular, of elm-blossoms are interwoven. It is so different, indeed, from the nest described by Lightfoot, and figured by Bolton, in *Phil. Trans.* lxxv, that we should have entertained doubts respecting it, had we not known the bird, of which we had a few days before seen a living specimen in Mr. Sweet's aviary at Chelsea. (J. R.) It is readily distinguished by its bill appearing rather long, owing, as Latham remarks, to the great projection of the cheeks. Mr. Lightfoot's nest was bound round with packthread, and Mr. Bolton's with stout double-twined woollen yarn, such as the poor people use for making stockings ; but though he had seen several of these nests, this was the only one where a twined bandage was used. Mr. Sweet found one of these nests fastened to the side branches of a poplar tree at Fulham.

The preceding bird is frequently confounded with the sedge-warbler, a much more common species ; but, though from the shyness of both this was not to be wondered at, we think it strange that their nests, which are so very different did not lead sooner to a distinction. The nest of the sedge bird is a much more solid and substantial structure, and an inch less both in depth and diameter, —one of the smallest nests indeed in the interior with which we are acquainted, though, from the quantity of dried grass, leaves, fibrous roots, wool, and hair, it appears rather large. The whole, being very closely woven, is admirably adapted for warmth, so indispensable for so small a bird, when it is considered that it is usually built over water, being supported in an elegant manner between three or four rushes. (J. R.) The story, which is to be met with in some books, of this and some other nests, built among reeds, being so skilfully attached to the stems as to rise and fall with the water below, is altogether fabulous. The nest of a bird of a different family, the black bonnet, inappropriately termed reed-bunting or reed-sparrow, is erroneously said by some authors to exhibit more skill than either of the preceding in constructing its nest. We have remarked an interesting specimen of this kind in the British Museum, suspended between three stems of reeds ; and Mr. Bolton describes a similar one which was skilfully bound round with the growing reed leaves, so as to form a slight lattice-work, upon which also the foundation of the nest was laid. The chief material employed in this nest was broken rushes, the stronger placed near the bottom, the finer around the brim ; a few sprigs of moss were mixed here and there, and the whole was artfully wound round with the long flexible reed-leaves. The lining was composed of a thick bed of cow's hair. The nest was placed about a foot above the water of a still pond. Sepp has given a very pretty figure, which represents it as built in the cleft of a willow, and basketed round with straw. Syme says, the " nest is placed either amongst rushes or ingeniously fastened to three or four reeds ; and in this floating cradle, though

rocked by the tempest, the hen securely sits without fear or dread. —Fanciful as this may appear, an accurate naturalist, Graves, says, he has himself more than once seen the hen sitting on the nest when, at every blast of wind, the reeds to which it was suspended were bent down to the water."

There cannot be a doubt, however, that these authors have mistaken some other nest for that of the black-headed or reed-bunting, probably that of the sedge-warbler. The nest of the former, Selby remarks, "differs both in fabric and situation, being generally built in a low bush or tuft of grass, and not suspended between the stems of reeds just above the surface of the water," as is the case with the latter. "The nest of the black-headed bunting," says Syme, "is generally placed among clumps or bunches of long grass, willow roots, tufts of rushes, reeds, &c. It is a flimsy structure, composed of bent and withered grass, and slightly lined with a few horse-hairs."

Among some hundreds of these nests which we have seen in Scotland (we have not met with the bird in England or on the Continent), not one was built according to either of these descriptions; but uniformly in the side of a low bank, so that a bit of turf or a stone might project over it. The structure was very much like that of the wagtail or the yellow-hammer, but with much fewer materials than either. (J. R.)

The nest of the garrulous synallaxis is very singular, and so large as to form a feature in the woodland scenery of Bahia in Brazil. The nest is built on low trees, formed externally of dry sticks, without any neatness, usually three or four feet long, and resembling at a distance a thick twist of bean-stalks thrown in the branches by accident. Sometimes two of these nests appear as if joined together, and there is an opening at the side as well as one at the top.

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CHAPTER XII —WEAVER BIRDS—WEAVER ORIOLE—SMALL BRITISH  
WEAVER-BIRDS—AMERICAN WEAVER-BIRDS—BALTIMORE STARLING—  
BENGAL SPARROW—TCHITREC—YELLOW-HAMMER.

The name of weaver oriole has been given by way of distinction to a bird supposed to be a native of Senegal, because it amused itself with interweaving whatever flexible materials it could procure into the wires of its cage. But though this was certainly a singular habit, as it seemed unconnected with nest-building, it is by no means uncommon to find nests with the materials interwoven more or less neatly, as we shall exemplify, after we have mentioned the few particulars which are known of the weaver oriole.

The Captain of a ship, who had collected about forty birds from Madagascar, Senegal, and other parts of the African coast, brought to France two of the weaver orioles, which he called Senegal chaffinches, and which are the only individuals we believe hitherto



described by naturalists. They appeared to be of different ages, the elder having a kind of crown, which appeared in sunlight of a glossy golden brown colour; but at the autumnal moult this disappeared, leaving the head of a yellow colour, though its golden brown was always renewed in the spring of every successive year. The principal colour of the body was yellowish orange, but the wings and tail had a blackish ground. The younger bird had not the golden brown on the head till the end of the second year, which occasioned the excusable mistake of supposing it to be a female, as it is one of the characteristics of female birds to preserve for a long time the marks of youth. The two birds were kept in the same cage, and lived at first upon the best terms with one another, the younger generally sitting on the highest bar, holding its bill close to the other, which it answered by clapping its wings, and with a submissive air.

Having been observed in the spring to interweave chickweed into the wire-work of their cage, it was imagined to be an indication of their desire to nestle; and accordingly, upon being supplied with fine rushes, they built a nest so capacious as to conceal one of them entirely. They renewed their labour on the following year; but the younger, which had now acquired its full plumage, was driven off by the other from the nest first begun. Determined, however, not to be idle, it commenced one for itself in the opposite corner of the cage. The elder, however, did not relish this, and continuing his persecution, they were separated. They went on working at their several buildings; but what was built one day was generally destroyed the next. Latham tells us, that one of them, "having by chance got a bit of sewing silk, wove it among the wires, which being observed, more was put into the cage, when the bird interlaced the whole, but very confusedly, so as to hinder the greater part of one side of the cage from being seen through: it was found to prefer green and yellow to any other colour."

It seems difficult to conceive in what manner a bird could ever be able to interweave materials in the manner just described, with no other instrument than its bill; for it does not appear that the feet are brought into use in the work. In every species of weaving, practised by our mechanics, the cross thread or weft is passed between the warp or straight threads, by means of a shuttle which goes completely through; but it is very obvious that a bird could not use its bill in this manner, much less its entire body.

Take any of the nests of the common small birds which line the interior with hair, and remove the outer basketing of hay or roots, or the felt-work of moss and wool, and there will remain a circular piece of hair-cloth of various workmanship, according to the ingenuity of the bird and the materials which it has been able to procure. In the instance of the hedge-sparrow, which usually makes a rather loose nest of green moss upon a foundation of a few dry twigs or roots, the hair-work within is sometimes of considerable thickness, though most usually so thin as not to cover the moss; but

in both cases the hairs are collected and interwoven into the structure singly, and always bent carefully so as to lie smooth in the circular cup of the nest. It may be remarked, also, that none of the ends are left projecting, but uniformly pushed in amongst the moss of the exterior. Whether the birds use any salivary gluten as a cement to retain the hairs in their proper places, we have not succeeded in distinctly ascertaining. 'We think it highly probable that, if this is not done, the hairs are moistened to make them bend, since otherwise we could not account for the neatness of the work. The hedge-sparrow, however, is perhaps the least distinguished in the skill of weaving for its nest a lining of hair-cloth. The pied wag-tail, which builds on the ground, in the hole of a bank, or the shelf of a low rock, forms a texture of hair more than half an inch thick. Although this is evidently not all worked together hair by hair, as several flattened tufts of the same hair are placed in various parts of the walls, yet these are usually bound down by single hairs laid obliquely over them, so that the interior may present a smooth uniform surface. The same method of working is pursued by the red-breast, the redstart, and the yellow-hammer, with more or less skill. But these are far exceeded in neatness of execution by some of the finches, particularly the chaffinch. The chaffinch does not always, indeed, line with hair-cloth of its own weaving, as it often uses down, feathers, or cotton, with a few long hairs to bind these materials together; but amongst the numerous specimens of these nests now on our table, more than two-thirds are lined chiefly with hair, of various colours, and from various animals, though that of the cow and the horse seems to be preferred. We have one chaffinch's nest which appears more beautiful than usual, from being lined with a smooth thick texture of bow's hair, all of an orange-brown colour, which forms a fine contrast to the white wool intermixed with grey lichens and green moss around the brim. In some specimens, again, the hairs are nearly all white, and in others nearly all black; though seldom in a mass, and almost wholly worked in hair by hair. If a tuft of hair is procured, therefore, from a tree or a gate post, where cattle have been rubbing themselves, the chaffinch seems to pull it minutely to pieces before interweaving it, while the wagtail and some other birds merely flatten it to make it lie smooth. (J. R.)

The above by no means accords with what is stated by Syme, who says, it "has struck us as singular, with regard to the materials birds use in forming their nests, that the feathers and hair, which they make choice of for lining them, are always white or grey, never black. Whether the white colours of the feathers, &c., have anything to do in concentrating the heat, or that black might conduct the heat through the next by radiation, and thus allow it to escape, we cannot say; but we can vouch for the fact."\* We, on the other hand, have as frequently found black hair in nests, as hair of other colours. (J. R.) The white-throat, indeed, seems to prefer black hair.

The linnet is not quite so neat as the chaffinch in the interior

workmanship of its nest. The greenfinch, also, is not so dexterous a mechanic, as it forms a rather rough basket-work of roots, sometimes interwoven with moss, very loosely put together on the outside, but increasing in compactness as the structure advances; and when a layer of finer roots has been worked as a middle wall, the bird then begins a thick texture of hair similar to that of the wagtail above described, but more neatly rounded and compact, and not so deep as the chaffinch's.

M. Montbeillard, on the authority of M. Guys, gives the following most apocriphal account of the greenfinch's nest:—"In spring," says he, "it makes its nest in trees or bushes. It is larger, and almost as neatly formed as that of the chaffinch, consisting of dry herbs and moss lined with hair, wool, and feathers; sometimes it places it in the chinks of the branches, which it even *widens with its bill*; it also constructs near the spot a little magazine for provisions." Sepp's figure represents the nest as built in a thick cleft, with roots and feathers on the brim.

Besides so many of our own birds which may appropriately be said to weave the materials of their nests, at least on the inside, more foreign birds do so than it would be interesting to enumerate. Amongst the more remarkable of these is that singular bird the mountain ant-catcher, which weaves a hemispherical structure of dry grass, the blades of which it winds round the adjacent branches of a tree. The American king-bird first forms a sort of basket framework of slender twigs, and the withered flower-tops of the rose yarrow and other plants, which are afterwards woven together with wool and tow, and lined with interweavings of hair and dry fibrous grass. A bird of the same family, the white-eyed fly-catcher, constructs a neat conical hanging nest, "suspended," says Wilson, "by the upper edge of the two sides, on the circular bend of a prickly vine, a species of smilax that generally grows in low thickets. Outwardly it is constructed of various light materials, bits of rotten wood, fibres of dry stalks of weeds, pieces of paper, commonly newspapers, an article almost always found about its nest, so that some of my friends have given it the name of the politician; all these substances are interwoven with the silk of caterpillars, and the inside is lined with fine dry grass and hair." The hooded fly-catcher, instead of spiders' web for a binding material, uses flax and fibres of hemp to interweave with moss. The pine-creeper uses both coarser and finer materials than this, suspending its nest, according to Abbot, from the horizontal fork of a branch, and forming it of slips of vine bark and rotten wood, interwoven with caterpillars webs and bits of hornets' nests, the interior being lined with pine leaves and roots. A still prettier nest of the same materials, but more delicate from its very small size, as it weighs scarcely a quarter of an ounce, is made by the prairie warbler.

But by far the most celebrated nest of this kind is that of the Baltimore starling. Latham, differing materially from the admirable description of Wilson, says, that "the nest is loosely constructed

of some downy matter in threads, formed not unlike a purse, fastened to the extreme forks of the tulip, plane, or hickory tree." M. Montbeillard is still more brief in his notice of this interesting structure. We shall give Wilson's account entire.

"Almost the whole genus of orioles," says he, "belong to America, and, with a few exceptions, build pensile nests. Few of them, however, equal the Baltimore in the construction of these receptacles for their young, and in giving them, in such a superior degree, convenience, warmth, and security. For these purposes he generally fixes on the high bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs corresponding to the intended width of the nest; with the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances, well interwoven with the outward netting, and, lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair, the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural penthouse, or canopy of leaves. As to a hole being left in the side for the young to be fed and void their excrements through, as Pennant and others relate, it is certainly an error: I have never met with anything of the kind in the nest of the Baltimore, though birds of the same species have, generally speaking, a common form of building, yet, contrary to the usually received opinion, they do not build exactly in the same manner. As much difference will be found in the style, neatness, and finishing of the nests of the Baltimores as in their voices. Some appear far superior workmen to others, and probably age may improve them in this, as it does in their colours. I have a number of their nests now before me, all completed and with eggs. One of these, the neatest, is in the form of a cylinder, of five inches diameter, and seven inches in depth, rounded at bottom. The opening at top is narrowed by a horizontal covering to two inches and a half in diameter. The materials are flax, hemp, tow, hair, and wool, woven into a complete cloth, the whole tightly sewed through and through with long horse-hairs, several of which measure two feet in length. The bottom is composed of thick tufts of cow-hair, sewed also with strong horse-hair. This nest was hung on the extremity of the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, fronting the south-east, was visible one hundred yards off, though shaded by the sun, and was the work of a very beautiful and perfect bird. The eggs are five, white, slightly tinged with flesh-colour, marked on the greater end with purple dots, and on the other parts with long hair-like lines intersecting each other in a variety of directions. I am thus minute in these particulars from a wish to point out the specific difference between the true and bastard Baltimore, which Dr. Latham and some others suspect to be only the same bird in different stages of colour.

"So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for

his nest, that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under the necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be bleaching, and the farmer to secure his young grafts, as the Baltimore, finding the former and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both; or should the one be too heavy, and the other too firmly tied, he will tug at them a considerable time before he gives up the attempt. Skeins of silk and banks of thread have been often found, after the leaves were fallen, hanging round the Baltimore's nest, but so woven up and entangled as to be entirely irreclaimable. Before the introduction of Europeans no such material could have been obtained here; but with the sagacity of a good architect he has improved this circumstance to his advantage, and the strongest and best materials are uniformly found in those parts by which the whole is supported."

There is a bird (the species of which has not been well ascertained) celebrated in India for lighting up her nest during the night with glow-worms or fire-flies. It is further added to this wonderful circumstance, that, after collecting the luminous insects, she fastens them to the inside of her nest by means of a peculiar kind of clay of a glutinous nature.\* "What an elegant illumination!" exclaims Mrs. Wakefield, "could our minds be divested of the sufferings of the poor glow-worms, whose brilliancy subjects them to a painful death: they form an apt emblem of beauty, that so often misleads its possessor into error and folly." This story of the bird lighting up its nest with glow-worms has been considered, however, as unreal as the poetical fancy that the light of the glow-worm itself is intended as a nuptial torch to guide the darkling flight of the male to his home; which popular belief, adopted even by the best naturalists, must give way to the fact first ascertained by De Geer, that the larva of the glow-worm (which cannot propagate) exhibits the same light. The nest of the Indian sparrow is thus described, and its illumination explained, by Sir William Jones:—

"This bird is exceedingly common in Hindostan; he is astonishingly sensible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young are hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master. In a state of nature he generally builds his nest on the highest tree he can find, especially on the Palmyra, or on the Indian fig-tree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well or a rivulet: he makes it of grass, which he weaves like cloth, and shapes like a bottle, suspending it firmly on the branches, but so as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downward to secure it from the birds of prey. His nest usually consists of two or three chambers, and it is popularly believed that he lights them with fire-flies, which he is said to catch alive at night,

\* Asiatic Annual Register for 1802.

and confine with moist clay or with cow-dung. That such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow-dung are also stuck, is indubitable; but, as their light could be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper or any small matter that his master points out to him. It is an attested fact, that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal be given to him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted, that if a house or any other place be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, on a proper signal being made. The young Hindoo women at Benares and in other places wear very thin plates of gold, called *ticus*, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eyebrows, and when they pass through the streets it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves with training these birds, to give them a signal which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to their lovers."

It is not improbable, however, that some of these feats have received a colouring from Oriental imagination. The separate chambers of the nest, also, may possibly be accounted for, as Vailant has most satisfactorily done respecting the perch of the pine-pine.\* We have, however, received the following account from a gentleman, long resident in India, whose testimony in favour of the popular opinion that the loxia uses glow-worms to light up its nest, and makes separate chambers in its dwelling, is so strong, that we cannot refuse to place it before our readers:

"Desiring to ascertain the truth of the current belief that bird employs the glow-worm for the purpose of illuminating its nest, I adopted the following method. Taking advantage of the absence of the birds, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I directed a servant to prevent their return, while I examined their nest; which I cut open, and found in it a full sized glow-worm, fastened to the inside, with what is in India called *morum*, a peculiarly binding sort of clay. Having sewn up the division, I replaced the nest; which, on the following evening I again examined, and found another smaller sized glow-worm, with fresh clay, a little on one side of the former spot. I subsequently tried the experiment on three other nests, in two of which the same results were elicited, and in the third the fresh clay was fixed, but no glow-worm. That the insect is placed in the nest as food, is, I think, rendered extremely doubtful, by the fact of its being fixed in the clay, a useless labour for that purpose; and from the little likelihood there is that a bird, which, as I believe, never quits its nest after roosting, which delights in sunshine, and which is never known

\* See our chapter on Felt-making birds.

to take any food during the night-time, should be of such a greedy disposition as to be unable to retire to rest without providing food for a future occasion. As to the separate chambers, also, it may be observed that the fact of their existence is indisputable, and I think it is equally certain that they are not occasioned by adding new nests to old ones, as such additions would be at once discernible from the difference occasioned in the colour and texture by exposure to the inclemencies of the seasons."

One of the prettiest of the woven nests is figured and described by Vaillant in his splendid work on African birds; though he is doubtful what species of bird was the mechanic. The following is his account of this beautiful nest.

"It is, I believe," says he, "the nest of the tchitrec; for though I have never captured the bird of this species on the nest, and am not therefore certain of the fact, my good Klass, a faithful, if not a profound observer, assured me that it was. In one of our journeys through a wood of mimosas, in the country of the Caffres, he discovered and brought me this nest, having seen, he said, and particularly observed a male and female tchitrec occupied in constructing it. It is remarkable for its peculiar form, bearing a strong resemblance to a small horn suspended, with the point downwards, between two branches. Its greatest diameter was two inches and a half, and gradually diminishing towards the base. It would be difficult to explain the principle upon which such a nest had been built, particularly as three-fourths of it appeared to be entirely useless and idly made; for the part which was to contain the eggs, and which was alone indispensable, was not more than three inches from the surface. All the rest of this edifice, which was a tissue closely and laboriously woven of slender threads taken from the bark of certain shrubs, seemed to be totally useless. The interior of the nest was not furnished with any sort of soft material, such as down, wool, or hair, but as the female had not laid her eggs when Klass brought it to me, it is probable that the nest was not quite finished; a fact, indeed, proved by the birds being still at work at the time."

The nest of the yellow-hammer, however, belongs rather to the preceding division of basket-work in the exterior, though the lining is frequently woven with considerable art. Grahame gives a pretty description of it:

"Up from the ford, a little bank there was  
With alder-copse and willow overgrown,  
Now worn away by mining winter floods;  
There, at a bramble root, sunk in the grass,  
The hidden prize, of withered field straws formed,  
Well lined with many a coil of hair and moss,  
And in it laid five red-veined eggs, I found."

The figure which Sepp has given of this nest is very good, but the streaks on the eggs are lighter than we ever observed them in some

thousands of specimens which we have examined. "It makes choice," says Syme, "of a low bush or hedge, though we have seen a nest in a moist mossy bank above a streamlet, canopied by a plant of *avena*, the decayed leaves of which laid the foundation of the nest, while the green foliage and bending flowerets concealed the artless dwelling. But the yellow-hammer rarely builds on the ground, preferring a low bush or among reeds in moist places." This is contrary, however, to our observation, as we have rarely found the nest except on the ground.

CHAPTER XIII.—TAILOR-BIRDS—ORCHARD STARLING—BONANA STARLING—TAILOR-BIRD.

It seems no less difficult to conceive in what manner a bird could make its bill perform the office of a needle, than that of a weaver's shuttle; yet that this is actually done, we have unquestionable evidence, both in the workmanship of the nests of more than one species, and in the ocular testimony of observers who have watched the little mechanics at work. We are, however, more deficient in details upon the process of forming nests by sewing, than in the case of most of the other mechanical operations of birds described in this volume, and therefore our notices must be brief. The most perfect of these descriptions is given by Wilson, respecting the nest of the orchard starling, a bird which has created no small confusion among systematic writers, in consequence of the male not arriving at its mature plumage till the third summer, which circumstance has caused it to be mistaken by Buffon and Latham for the female of the Baltimore. Wilson has cleared up these mistakes in a luminous and satisfactory manner, by coloured figures of the female, as well as of the male in its three different gradations of plumage; while the nest is so very different in structure that we have deemed it proper to place them in separate chapters.

"These birds" (the orchard starlings), says Wilson, "construct their nests very differently from the Baltimores. They are so particularly fond of frequenting orchards, that scarcely one orchard in summer is without them. They usually suspend their nest from the twigs of the apple-tree; and often from the extremities of the outward branches. It is formed exteriorly of a particular species of long, tough, and flexible grass, knit or sewed through and through in a thousand directions, as if actually done with a needle. An old lady of my acquaintance, to whom I was one day showing this curious fabrication, after admiring its texture for some time, asked me in a tone between joke and earnest, whether I did not think it possible to learn these birds to darn stockings. This nest is hemispherical, three inches deep by four in breadth; the concavity scarcely two inches deep by two in diameter. I had the curiosity to detach one of the fibres, or stalks, of dried grass from the nest, and found it to measure thirteen inches in length, and in that distance



was thirty-four times hooked through and returned, winding round and round the nest! The inside is usually composed of wool, or the light downy appendages attached to the seeds of the *platanus occidentalis*, or button-wood, which form a very soft and commodious bed. Here and there the outward work is extended to an adjoining twig, round which it is strongly twisted, to give more stability to the whole, and prevent it from being overset by the wind.

"When they choose the long pending branches of the weeping willow to build in, as they frequently do, the nest, though formed of the same materials, is made much deeper, and of slighter texture. The circumference is marked out by a number of these pensile twigs that descend on each side like ribs, supporting the whole; their thick foliage, at the same time, completely concealing the nest from view. The depth in this case is increased to four or five inches, and the whole is made much slighter. These long pendent branches, being sometimes twelve and even fifteen feet in length, have a large sweep in the wind, and render the first of these precautions necessary, to prevent the eggs or young from being thrown out; and the close shelter afforded by the remarkable thickness of the foliage is no doubt the cause of the latter. Two of these nests, such as I have here described, are now lying before me, and exhibit not only art in the construction, but judgment in adapting their fabrication so judiciously to their particular situations. If the actions of birds proceeded, as some would have us believe, from the mere impulses of that thing called instinct, individuals of the same species would uniformly build their nest in the same manner, wherever they might happen to fix it; but it is evident from these just mentioned, and a thousand such circumstances, that they reason, *a priori*, from cause to consequences, providently managing with a constant eye to future necessity and convenience."

According to Buffon and Latham, the banana starling is another of the tailors. It inhabits Martinico, Jamaica, and other West India islands, and builds a nest of a very curious construction, if it can justly be called building. The materials which it uses are fibres and leaves, which it shapes into the fourth part of a globe, and sews the whole, with great art, to the under part of a banana-leaf, so that the leaf makes one side of the nest.

But the most celebrated bird of this division is the one which in the East, is, *par excellence*, named the tailor-bird, the description of whose performances we would be apt to suspect for an Oriental fiction, if we had not a number of the actual specimens to prove their rigid authenticity. We do suspect, however, that these very specimens have misled European naturalists a step beyond the truth in their accounts of its proceedings. "The tailor-bird," says Darwin, "will not trust its nest to the extremity of a tender twig, but makes one more advance to safety by fixing it to the leaf itself. It picks up a dead leaf, and sews it to the side of a living one, its slender bill being its needle, and its thread some fine fibres; the

lining consists of feathers, gossamer, and down ; its eggs are white ; the colour of the bird light yellow ; its length three inches ; its weight three-sixteenths of an ounce ; so that the materials of the nest and the weight of the bird are not likely to draw down habitation so slightly suspended. A nest of this bird is preserved in the British Museum."

There are now three such nests in the Museum, all of which certainly give some colour to the story of a dead leaf having been sewed to a living one ; yet we have the authentic narrative of an eye-witness of its operations, which mentions nothing of this kind ; but, on the contrary, serves to confirm our doubts. It will consequently be desirable to give this narrative in the language of the original observer, whose splendid figure we shall likewise take the liberty of copying. Comparing it with the baya, which we have already described, Mr. Forbes says, " Equally curious in the structure of its nest, and far superior in the variety and elegance of its plumage, is the tailor-bird of Hindostan ; so called from its instinctive ingenuity in forming its nest : it first selects a plant with large leaves, and then gathers cotton from the shrub, spins it to a thread by means of its long bill and slender feet, and then, as with a needle, sews the leaves neatly together to conceal its nest. The tailor-bird resembles some of the humming-birds at the Brazils in shape, and colour ; the hen is clothed in brown ; but the plumage of the cock displays the varied tints of azure, purple, green, and gold, so common in those American beauties. Often have I watched the progress of an industrious pair of tailor-birds, in my garden, from their first choice of a plant, until the completion of the nest and the enlargement of the young. How applicable are the following lines, in the 'Musæ Scætonianæ,' to the nidification of the tailor-birds, and the pensile nests of the baya :—

" Behold a bird's nest !  
 Mark it well, within, without !  
 No tool had he that wrought ; no knife to cut,  
 No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
 No glue to join : his little beak was all :  
 And yet how neatly finish'd ! What nice hand,  
 With every implement and means of art,  
 Could compass such another ?" (Forbes.)

*Bird Architecture, by James Rennie.]*

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE METROPOLIS. .

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"I belong to the unpopular family of Telltruths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."—*Rob Roy*.

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EASTER, so genial, so fair, and so pleasant in itself, has imparted an agreeable tone to places of public amusement; and, although this occasion is not celebrated with the usual amount of pieces expressly for the season, it must be confessed that the general entertainment does not call forth any languishing regret.

The cheerful, pleasing, and delightful strains of Rossini have distinguished the commencement of the season at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, where "William Tell" and "Matilde di Shabran" have afforded an opportunity to many to enjoy this composer's works. In the former, a *débutante*, with honours fresh from the land where that very disagreeable personage, the demented Czar, holds sway, has replaced Castellani. If Mademoiselle Marai is not to be compared to her talented predecessor, she must be spoken of as a highly efficient representative of *Matilda*, and a singer of high capacity. Not only is it evidenced in this, but also in "Matilde di Shabran." In the latter she appears in male attire, and it must be pronounced to be an unique appearance—a warrior of the most sturdy character and formidable mien. Such prowess too, and so commendably exerted on behalf of one so fair as *Matilde*, cannot but elicit approval, especially as Mademoiselle Bosio is so charming a representative of the heroine. The improvement she has made since last season is positively marvellous, and is a striking proof of the requisites she possesses for the art she adorns. The part of a roving *improvisatore* of course falls to the lot of Ronconi, and a character as totally at variance with a poet of our clime, as a Cossack is with a Guardsman, it may be readily imagined is not without ample colouring. The difficulty appears to be, not to extract, but to subdue the mirth of not only the audience, but the orchestra; not forgetting the conductor, who, in addition to wielding his baton, shakes his sides under the facetious ministrant of so great a *buffo* as Signor Ronconi. Not only in such characters does he shine; but, to show his Protean abilities, he appears in "Otello" and "William Tell." It would do Mr. Brooke some good to see the Swiss liberator as represented at Covent Garden.

Music now reigns paramount. At the house "over the way," Apollo is in the ascendant. Of all the changes that have attended DRURY LANE for some years past, the present is certainly to be hailed as the most satisfactory in every respect. The address which has been put forth is couched in the best conceivable taste, quite simple, and unpretending; at the same time devoid of that canting "pride which apes humility." It stands out in bold relief to the flami

announcements of eulogy and bombast which so long imparted a vulgar and bad pre-eminence to that theatre. The directors maintain that nothing can be further from the truth that England is not a musical country. In no country is musical talent more readily appreciated, or more liberally rewarded. Proofs are given in the instances of M. Jullien, the Sacred Harmonic, and new Phil-harmonic Societies. As success has crowned these efforts in concert music, the experiment is now made in Opera, and the directors well observe : "The Germans, Italians, and French, in their own countries, can command an Opera, at such moderate terms, that it is to them a popular and habitual, not an exceptional entertainment. The average prices of admission are even less than those at our minor theatres. The English, equally appreciating operatic music, are debarred from its enjoyment by prices which prudence rejects, often even where the means permit. The Directors of the Royal Opera believe it essential to a popular opera, that while its artistes must be of undoubted talent, the works performed of the highest order, and the execution as complete as possible, it should be not less available to the public, at a charge so moderate as to come within the means of all classes. The closing of Her Majesty's Theatre having left a great number of eminent artists disengaged, the directors believe the present a favourable opportunity for the establishment of the Royal Opera. They trust to be able to prove their claims to public encouragement. Upon the support of those who have hitherto been debarred from such an amusement, they especially rely ; and they are not the less confident of being able to deserve the patronage of the aristocratic and wealthy."

The subscription is to be for one hundred nights, half to be devoted to Italian opera, and the other half to German opera, making six performances in the week. How it is possible for this arrangement to be carried out remains to be proved. { With the same singers, it almost appears impossible ; as far as the season has yet gone, good faith has been observed ; but the exertions of Madame Caradori and others must be of too severe a character to be persevered in. Be that as it may, the undertaking deserves every support for the highly meritorious manner which distinguishes the whole of the arrangements, to say nothing of the great importance involved in the experiment of presenting the public with Opera of so high a class at so reduced a rate of admission. } Stalls at seven shillings, boxes at five, pit at two shillings, and galleries at one shilling, is a tariff that appears incredible. Low as this may appear for an operatic entertainment, it is even now a question of policy if it would not be wise to extend the pit at the expense of the stalls ? The orchestra, with Herr Lindpainter for conductor and M. Tolbecque as leader, numbers some of the best instrumentalists of the day ; and the chorus, chiefly from her Majesty's Theatre, is correct, well disciplined, and well up in its duties. The principals, for the most part, are unexceptionable : the performances of "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," and

"Der Freischut," affording ample evidence of the vocal and dramatic attainments of Madame Caradori, Mademoiselle Sedlazeck, Mademoiselle Vestvali, Herr Reichart, and one in himself is a host—Herr Formes—who in addition is *Regisseur*. From the specimens already furnished of the *repertoire*, there is every reason to indulge in the belief that success may attend the Royal Opera. It should be observed that not only has the house been thoroughly cleaned, but a mode of ventilation has been adopted which is pleasant in the result. Would that other managers would take a lesson in this respect for the cooling of their present "hot-houses."

At the HAYMARKET, "Mr. Buckstone's Voyage Round the Globe in Leicester-square" furnishes the wherewithal for Planché to indulge in puns and allusions to the stirring times we live in, and for Mr. Buckstone to act as a lively exponent. That he should go to sleep on his visit to the Globe in Leicester-square, is not at all astonishing to those who have had the misfortune to undertake that very disagreeable tour, odoriferous as it is of brimstone and unpleasant gases. Nothing can be better than the beginning: the points are as sharp and cutting as the late easterly winds; to go beyond this, it is morally impossible: afterwards it becomes tedious; still, that which is wanting on the part of the author is fully made up by actors and scenery. Some of the panoramic views are effective, and admirably adapted for the occasion. This Easter offering is preceded by a comedy, generally well put upon the stage. In "Speed the Plough," Mr. Compton succeeds in giving a good homely idea of *Farmer Ashfield*; on the other hand, Mr. G. Vandenhoff, as *Young Handy*, is dreadfully severe in his humour. The revival of "London Assurance" enables Miss Featherstone to succeed Mrs. Nesbit in the part of *Lady Gay Spanker*; but she should bear in mind that the merry laugh of her predecessor, albeit agreeable enough, was not that which she rested her pretensions upon, but her acting was of a kind that fully entitled her to the fame she acquired. At one time Miss Featherstone showed signs of becoming an actress, but, like too many, applause has spoilt her. Instead of taking pains, and studying her art with increased vigour, she appears to have contracted a loose and vulgar style, which is to be regretted.

In the new piece at the LYCEUM there is but little to comment upon, the acting of Mr. Charles Mathews as a *roué*, Mr. Frank Matthews and Miss Oliver as husband and wife, serving to give a greater importance, perhaps, than is deserved by the intrinsic merits of "Give a Dog an Ill Name."

The Edstet entertainment at the PRINCESS'S is produced with all attention to effects and grouping, so observable under the present management. "Faust and Marguerite" is remarkable for the acting of Mr. Charles Kean, whose *Mephistophiles* is no common devil, being indeed the most superior of demons. It is unquestionably Mr. Kean's ablest portrayal. Miss Leclercq's *Marguerite* is a pleasing performance, abounding in tenderness and feeling. With all the

elements of success that the spectacle possesses, it is greatly to be deplored that recourse should be had to such an expedient as that of sending up the heroine to heaven, with angels guarding her. The correctness of taste in illustrating such subjects, to say the least, is questionable.

At ASTLEY'S, the bellicose nature of the period is not lost sight of, Mr. Cooke treating his holiday friends with a spectacle abounding in battles, combats, skirmishes, and a most ingeniously-devised shipwreck, with horses on the transport; all these startling incidents are presented in a hippo-dramatic form, bearing the title of "The War Horse of Spain." How so many vicissitudes can be gone through, with that utter disregard of danger and scorn of personal comfort, so characteristic of the British (stage) soldier and sailor, is of itself a marvel.

The part which passive Prussia takes in the war has prompted Mr. BURFORD to add to his "Constantinople" and other panoramas, in Leicester Square, a view of Berlin. If it could also bring the "powers that be," of that city, closer to us, Mr. Burford would have performed more than diplomatic agents appear to be able to manage.

Before leaving the *locale* (Leicester Square, and not Prussia), you must take Smith's *TOUR OF EUROPE*, which, at Saville House, is to be viewed in an hour or two; and certainly it must be pronounced to be one of the most faithful pictures of the scenes so amusingly described by Mr. Smith, whose quiet sarcasm is in itself a feature not always to be met with in this era of panoramas, dioramas, and all other *ramas*.

MR. WOODIN has once more come before the town with his *Carpet-Bag*, which differs from others of its class in the important particular that, in the generality of carpet-bags, you can never stow away too much. Now in his *Carpet-Bag*, there seems to be no end to the things *coming out* of it, and good things *go*, as it is said.

THE HUNGARIAN CONCERTS, at the Marionette Theatre, are given with a nightly change of the programme, which, from the character of the compositions, and the manner of the exponents, on all occasions, must be spoken of with that degree of favour so well earned by the meritorious catering of the manager, whose energy is well suited to the times.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION is attended by all who are earnest in their desire to acquire *fit* knowledge which the latest exhibition of the development of skill affords; and by others whose taste rather seeks the amusing. The combination to be met with at this Gallery enables the one and the other to be gratified.—*London Sporting Review, for May.*

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## RAMBLES BY RIVERS—THE 'AVON.\*

### CHAPTER IX.—DEER-STEALING.

THE whole course of the Avon, through Warwick Park, somewhat more than two miles, is exceedingly beautiful. The park is plentifully wooded, and broken into dell and upland; art has been called in to impart a more cultivated air to the wild graces of nature, and her aid has been judiciously afforded. Features lovely in themselves have been adorned and embellished, but not rendered formal, nor has their original character been refined away. From near the end of the park, just beyond the large lake that has been formed on the left of the river, a fine view is obtained of the grounds and the distant castle.

The scenery is rich and diversified all about this part of the country, and the Avon winds through some of the choicest of it. Barford is the first village by which the river flows after it quits Warwick Park. Shortly before reaching it, the stream is broken by an islet or two, and a mill is worked by it, forming in combination a pleasing picture. Barford is a long and somewhat tedious village, without anything of any kind worth looking at twice. It may be avoided altogether by taking the road through Sherbourne, which is more agreeable in itself, leads past pleasanter places, and is more convenient for the river. Past Barford, on the same side, there is a very pretty village, called Wasperton, where the Avon is joined by Thelesford brook, and thereabout the way will be found pleasant enough. Still the other is far the best, and by that our course shall be taken. But the river cannot be followed very closely without some inconvenience, as it runs for the most part through private grounds, and probably the visitor will be content with the road, which is not far from its side. It may, however, be followed by one who is willing to pursue it at the cost of a little additional trouble and time; its windings are very considerable, and the hedges and ditches such as do credit to a first rate hunting county. After passing Sherbourne House, in the beautiful grounds attached to which stands the little church of Sherbourne, the river is joined by a brook that comes from the neighbourhood of Snitterfield, notorious for its fortnight-long wakes. From Barford bridge to Fulbrooke, the river runs between well-wooded and picturesque banks, and is even romantic in its character, especially about Hampton wood, where it takes a long sweep round the base of a goodly hill. The Fulbrookes are now places of no consequence. A castle formerly stood by Lower Fulbrooke, but it was destroyed, and its grounds disparted on the attainder of its owner, John Dudley, in 1553. Fulbrooke Park was granted by Queen

Mary to Sir Henry Englefield ; after her death it was resumed by the crown : and finally it was purchased by a descendant of Sir Thomas Lucy.

This name at once reminds us of Shakspeare and, indeed, we are now arrived at localities closely associated with his name and fame. Here, a short way from our river, between it and the road, and just by Copdock hill, the wanderer will see a little rude barn covered with thatch ; this is called the "Deer-barn," and is, according to the tradition (how trustworthily a one we shall quickly see), the place in which Shakspeare concealed the venison he stole from Fulbrooke Park. This story of the deer-stealing is a singular one, and may be true ; it was at any rate believed at a comparatively early period. That which gives to it a local habitation in Fulbrooke Park is more recent ; while the connecting it with this barn appears to have Mr. Samuel Ireland for its original authority—and what that is worth those who have followed him in anything best know. It is pleasant to see how readily a firm-looking fiction may break down. "A word or two," says Mr. Knight, "disposes of this part of the tradition ; Fulbrooke Park did not come into the possession of the Lucy family till the grandson of Sir Thomas purchased it in the reign of James I." Plainly Shakspeare could not steal Sir Thomas Lucy's deer from this park, wherever else he might have taken it from. But although this affair is thus deracinated from Fulbrooke Park, it may as well be altogether got rid of before we go any further.

By far the best examination of the whole story is that given by Mr. Knight : as we shall have occasion to speak again of other traditions relating to our poet, it may be useful to watch the thorough dissection of one.\*

The story of the deer-stealing, the prosecution, the "bitter ballad," and the consequent flight to London to escape the ire of the Knight, as first told by Rowe, need not be repeated here.

"The good old gossip, Aubrey, is wholly silent about the deer-stealing and the flight to London, merely saying, 'This William, being naturally inclined to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen.' But there were other antiquarian gossips of Aubrey's age, who have left us their testimony upon this subject. The Rev. William Fulman, a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who died in 1688, bequeathed his papers to the Rev. Richard Davies, of Sandford, Oxfordshire ; and on the death of Mr. Davies in 1707, these papers were deposited in the library of Corpus Christi. Fulman appears to have made some collections for the biography of our English poets, and under the name of Shakspeare

\* In making such large extracts from Mr. Knight's 'Shakspeare,' it is proper to remark that I do so by his permission. In this instance he has investigated the subject much more rigorously than I could be supposed to have done ; and even had I imagined I could have given as clear and full an account of it, there would have been little use in re-writing what is already written so satisfactorily.



he gives the dates of his birth and death. But Davies, who added notes to his friend's MSS., affords us the following piece of information: 'He was much given to all unluckiness, in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses rampant for his arms.' The accuracy of this chronicler, as to events supposed to have happened a hundred years before he wrote, may be inferred from his correctness in what was accessible to him. Justice Clodpate is a new character; and the three louses rampant have diminished strangely from the 'dozen white luses' of Master Slender. In Mr. Davies's account we have mention of the ballad, through which, according to Rowe, the young poet revenged his 'ill-usage.' But Capell, the editor of Shakspeare, found a new testimony to that fact: 'The writer of his Life, the first modern [Rowe], speaks of a lost ballad, which added fuel, he says, to the knight's before-conceived anger, and 'redoubled the prosecution;' and calls the ballad 'the first essay of Shakspeare's poetry;' one stanza of it, which has the appearance of genuine, was put into the editor's hands many years ago, by an ingenious gentleman (grandson of its preserver), with this account of the way in which it descended to him: Mr. Thomas Jones, who dwelt at Tarbeck, a village in Worcestershire, a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in the year 1703, aged upwards of ninety, remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition—that the ballad written against Sir Thomas by Shakspeare was stuck upon his park gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones had put down in writing the first stanza of the ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it in writing, (Notes and various Readings to Shakspeare, Part iii., p. 75). This, then, is the entire evidence as to the deer-stealing transaction: According to Rowe, the young Shakspeare was engaged more than once in robbing a park, for which he was prosecuted by Sir Thomas Lucy; he made a ballad upon his prosecutor, and then, being more severely pursued, fled to London. According to Davies, he was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, for which he was often whipped, sometimes imprisoned, and at last forced to fly the country. According to Jones, the tradition was correct as to robbing the park; and the obnoxious ballad being stuck upon the park-gate, a lawyer of Warwick was authorised to prosecute the offender. The tradition is thus full of contradictions upon the face of it. It necessarily would be so, for each of the witnesses speaks of circumstances that must

have happened a hundred years before his time. We must examine the credibility of the tradition therefore by inquiring what was the state of the law as to the offence for which William Shakspeare is said to have been prosecuted; what was the state of public opinion as to the offence; and what was the position of Sir Thomas Lucy as regarded his immediate neighbours.

"The law in operation at the period in question was the 5th of Elizabeth, chap. 21. The ancient forest-laws had regard only to the possessions of the crown; and, therefore, in the 32nd of Henry VIII., an Act was passed for the protection of 'every inheritor and possessor of manors, land, and tenement,' which made the killing of deer, and the taking of rabbits and hawks, felony. This Act was repealed in the 1st of Edward VI.; but it was quickly re-enacted in the 3rd and 4th of Edward VI (1549 and 1550), it being alleged that unlawful hunting prevailed to such an extent throughout the realm, in the royal and private parks, that in one of the king's parks, within a few miles of London, five hundred deer were slain in one day. For the due punishment of such offences, the taking of deer was again made felony. But the Act was again repealed in the 1st of Mary. In the 5th of Elizabeth it was attempted in parliament once more to make the offence a capital felony. But this was successfully resisted; and it was enacted, that if any person, by night or by day, 'wrongly or unlawfully break or enter into any park empaled, or any other several ground closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping, breeding, and cherishing of deer, and so wrongfully hunt, drive, or chase out, or take, kill, or slay any deer within any such empaled park, or closed ground with wall, pale, or other enclosure, and used for deer, as is aforesaid,' he shall suffer three months' imprisonment, pay treble damages to the party offended, and find sureties for seven years' good behaviour. But there is a clause in this Act (1562-3) which renders it doubtful whether the penalties for taking deer could be applied twenty years after the passing of the Act, in the case of Sir Thomas Lucy. 'Provided always, that this Act, or any thing contained therein, extend not to any park or enclosed ground hereafter to be made and used for deer, without the grant or license of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her heirs, successors, or progenitors.' At the date of this statute Charlcoate, it is said, was not a deer-park, was not an enclosed ground royally licensed. For the space of forty-two years after the passing of this Act of Elizabeth there was no remedy for deer-stealing (except by action for trespass) in grounds not enclosed at the passing of that Act. The statute of the 3rd James I. recites that for offences within such grounds there is no remedy provided by the Act of Elizabeth, or by any other Act. It appears to us, however, that Malone puts the case against the tradition too strongly, when he maintains that Charlcoate was not a licensed park in 1562, and that, therefore, its venison continued to be unprotected till the statute of James. The Act of Elizabeth

clearly contemplates any 'several ground' 'closed with wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping of deer', as Sir Thomas built the mansion at Charlcoate in 1559, it may reasonably be supposed that at the date of the statute the domain of Charlcoate was closed with wall, pale, or hedge . . . We have seen then, that for ten years previous to the passing of the Act of Elizabeth for the preservation of deer, there had been no laws in force except the old forest-laws, which applied not to private property. The statute of Elizabeth makes the bird-nesting boy, who climbs up to the hawk's eyrie, as liable to punishment as the deer-stealer. The taking of rabbits, as well as deer, was felony by the statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but from the time of Henry VIII. to James I. there was no protection for rabbits, they were *feræ naturæ*. Our unhappy poet, therefore, could not be held to steal rabbits, however fond he might be of hunting them, and certainly it would have been legally unsafe to have whipped him for such a disposition. Pheasants and partridges were free for men of all conditions to shoot with gun or cross-bow, or capture with hawk. There was no restriction against taking hares, except a statute of Henry VIII., which, for the protection of hunting, forbade tracking them in the snow. With this general right of sport, it is scarcely to be expected that the statute against the taking of deer should be very strictly observed by the bold yeomanry of the days of Elizabeth, or that the offence of a young man should have been visited with such severe prosecution as should have compelled him to fly the country. The penalty for the offence was a defined one. The short imprisonment might have been painful for a youth to bear, but it would not have been held disgraceful. All the writers of the Elizabethan period speak of killing a deer with a sort of jovial sympathy, worthy the descendants of Robin Hood. 'I'll have a buck till I die, I'll slay a doe while I live,' is the maxim of the host in 'The Merry Devil of Edmounton,' and even Sir John the priest reproves him not when he joins in the fun. With this loose state of public opinion, then, upon the subject of venison, is it likely that Sir Thomas Lucy would have pursued for such an offence the eldest son of an Alderman of Stratford with any extraordinary severity? The knight was nearly the most important person residing in the immediate neighbourhood of Stratford. In 1578 he had been high sheriff. At the period when the deer-stealing may be supposed to have taken place, he was seeking to be member for the county of Warwick, for which he was returned in 1584. He was in the habit of friendly intercourse with the residents of Stratford, for, in 1583, he was chosen as an arbitrator in a matter of dispute by Hamnet Sadler, the friend of John Shakspeare, and of his son. All these considerations tend, we think, to show that the improbable deer-stealing tradition is based, like many other stories connected with Shakspeare, on that vulgar love of the marvellous which is not satisfied with the wonder which a being eminently endowed himself presents, without

seeking a contrast of profligacy, or meanness, or ignorance in his early condition, amongst the tales of a rude generation who came after him, and, hearing of his fame, endeavoured to bring him as near as might be to themselves."—('William Shakspeare: a Biography,' pp. 205—209.)

So much for that story. Be its truth ever so little or none, it is too firmly grafted into our literature to be dis severed from it. Allusions to it occur everywhere, and often bold deductions have been drawn from it, and many are the choice illustrations it has supplied. How rich is its suggestiveness to a powerful imagination, may be seen in the exquisite fiction of Walter Landor. The reader may choose whether he will receive the story in a modified form, or give it up altogether without much care, for neither point seems determinable, only it is quite certain that the old coarse version of it is indefensible. As for the ballad, he may believe it to be Shakspeare's who can; but he who has read Shakspeare, and can receive it as his, must have a digestive faculty far stronger than an ostrich's.

Leaving Fulbrooke, a short walk beside our stream brings us to Hampton Lucy (or Bishop's Hampton as it used to be called), a village such as it is a joy to light upon, so quiet, so old-fashioned, so homely, yet so comfortable-looking in its homeliness. The church is new but of superior attractions, and a neat school-house stands beside it. Several large trees are about it, and on the village green. The river here is wide, and with the village has a cheerful look. But we hardly quit Hampton when all is as still and lonely as though all home of man were far removed. The stream glides quietly along, scarcely a ripple stirring its surface, but when a heavy carp rises at some luckless fly, or a swallow dips his wing into it; and thick trees on every side close in the prospect.

Charlote is on the opposite side of the river to Hampton Lucy, and it will be necessary for the pedestrian to cross the bridge at the latter place: a lane will lead him direct to the house. Charlote House stands close to the river, in a small but richly-wooded park. A broad avenue of fine limetrees leads to the old-fashioned gateway of the mansion. Sir Thomas Lucy, as we have seen, built his mansion in 1558, and it retains all the characteristics of that period. It is a large, low, red brick edifice, full of projections, which checker it with a bold play of light and shadow, picked gables, bays, and square-headed windows, and stacks of chimneys of twisted and other quaint shapes. So perfect is it, that it hardly requires the remembrance of Shakspeare to carry the visitant at once back to the golden days of good Queen Bess. It is a place you linger about, half fearing to enter lest the charm should be broken. If Shakspeare was not here as a culprit, he must have been often here as a visitor, have strolled about the park, and looked with similar feelings of delight to those we now feel, on it and on the river. To us the chief charm arises from its connection with those days; to us it is ancient,

but he saw it when it was but of a few year's date ; and whatever were the wild and glowing thoughts that passed through his mind as he lay stretched—

“ Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,”

it could scarcely have entered into his imagination that one day this place would be visited because his name had become connected with it.

The interior of the mansion is preserved with the same care and good taste as the exterior : the alterations and additions that had become necessary have been made with a strict regard to the original, and the result is all that could be desired by the strictest archæologist. The noble hall is pointed out as the place in which Shakspeare was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy to answer for his misdemeanors. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that Shakspeare did have some grudge against Sir Thomas, and point against him almost the only personal satire that escaped from his pen ; but it is most probable it arose from other and much later reasons. Another and very narrow avenue leads from the great gateway to the parish church, which stands just at the extremity of the park by the road. And along this avenue the stranger should be sure to walk. The little sober, grey, old pile, is, quite the ideal of a simple rural village church. It is, too, quite untouched, and thoroughly unsophisticated. As you look at it from the road, nestling so happily among the noble trees whose fresh deep green shade and dense foliage make it look greyer and older than it is, and with the grave-stones scattered about the churchyard, it seems the very emblem of peace. Among all the beautiful and impressive sights that our dear Old England can show us, none is more beautiful, more soothing, more elevating than one of her quiet village churches. The loveliest spot is rendered lovelier by it ; the grandest is sanctified.

The interior of Charlcut Church contains the monuments of Sir Thomas Lucy and of his wife ; and if faith may be placed in epitaphs, he was anything but what tradition would represent him. But both are doubtful witnesses, and were they to coincide they would hardly be held sufficient by a rigorous judge to save a suspected person. The epitaph on Sir Thomas's wife is really an excellent sketch of a good wife, “ set down by him that best did know” whether she were one—Thomas Lucy. There is a plain stone in the churchyard with an inscription to another couple (John Gibbs, aged 81 ; and his wife, 55), who seem to have been more content with each other than with the world ; it is set down in what the clerk would call such uncommon metre, that it is perhaps worth copying :—

“ Farewell, proud, vain, false, treacherous world, we have seen enough of thee ;  
We value not what thou canst say of we.”

Perchance, if Sir Thomas could have known all that the wicked world would say of him, he would have jotted down the sentiment, if he had couched it in other words—though they would have done well enough to run in tether with “Shakspeare’s ballad.”

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CHAPTER X.—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SHAKSPERE.

We will not return again to our stream yet, but proceed at once to Stratford, where we shall abide awhile, and from whence we can at our leisure follow the poet’s footsteps along his own Avon. The distance from Charlote to Stratford is about four miles and a half by the road ; by the riverside, some two miles farther.

Wherever he goes, unquestionably the first place the traveller looks after is his inn—supposing, of course, that he be turned five-and-twenty and have a wife ; for till then, travellers, especially such as have a touch of the romantic, do many strange things to their own discomfort, the horror of their seniors in the craft, and the amazement as well as amusement of all inn-keeper’s men. But for the master traveller, till he is satisfied in respect to his inn, faint and feeble are the attractions of the loveliest scenes, dim the brightest associations, unthought-of the most glorious recollections :—what to him are the lakes and the mountains,—the birth-places of genius,—the fields that have been moistened with the life-blood of the patriot, or the glorious monuments of man’s God-like mind—if he have not had his dinner, and knows not where he shall sleep ? Johnson said a toothache would speedily bring to the earth the loftiest flight of the philosopher—and certainly the pain connected with the want of an inn would prevent him attempting a flight. There is no use in denying it—a good comfortable inn is the desideratum of every traveller towards the end of the day.

Now Stratford is very well provided with inns—better than most places of its size ; and though they are of various standing and attractions, so that the visitant may choose among them according to his taste, or the depth of his pocket, yet are they all—to speak in good plain guide-book style—held in repute for the quality of their accommodation and the moderation of their charges. Each of them, however, boasts of something all its own ; and on so important a matter it may be well to add a word. There is first the White Lion, in Henley-street, near Shakspeare’s house, which was the inn the Jubilee magnates made their head-quarters :—here, you will be reminded, it was that Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgoose, in that not uncleaver, though now everywhere-but-at-Stratford-forgotten novel, ‘The Spiritual Quixote,’ are made to stop in their way from Gloucester to Warwickshire. The landlord there spoken of, Sam. Welchman, was the son of Dr. Welchman, author of the Illustrations of the Thirty-nine Articles. Sam was not himself overburdened with learning, but he was conscious of the honour reflected on him by that of his father, and he used to take care that

his guests should not be ignorant of it. "Gentlemen," he used to say, as soon as he became ever so slightly familiar with them, "I dare say you have heard of my father, gentlemen—a very great man—he made the Thirty-nine Articles." Another inn, not unknown to fame, is the Red Horse of Washington Irving, where they show his room, his hand-writing, and some other things of his—whereof more hereafter. Then adjoining the townhall there is the Shakspeare, which, besides the attraction of its name for all, has an excellent kitchen for the man of taste, and for the ardent Shaksperian a relic of the mulberry-tree, and, on its lawn, the font in which the bard was baptized. Opposite to the site of Newplace is the Falcon, which tradition assigns as originally the residence of Shakspeare's friend, Julius Shaw, but there is better reason to believe that his house was a few doors from Newplace, on the same side of the way, between it and the Shakspeare Hotel. The Falcon is, however, a very old house, and may be as old as Shakspeare's time: the present front is quite recent. It, too, has its relics. The wainscoting of the large room in which the Shakspeare Club holds its meetings, was brought from Newplace when it was pulled down, and affixed where it now remains. The present landlord has a branch of the mulberry-tree, and some other matters. Having fixed on an inn, there can be no question whither next the pilgrim will bend his footsteps.

#### THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE,

is the inscription on a rudely painted sign-board, fixed over what looks like a very miserable butcher's shop in Henley-street. All the most minute details connected with the life of Shakspeare have been so canvassed within the last few years, that it may perhaps be necessary to say that the belief that he was born in this house remains undisturbed. Tradition has constantly affirmed this to be his birthplace, and in a matter of this kind tradition is much more trustworthy than when she rattles of the actions or sayings of eminent men. Nor is her testimony unsupported. Proper official documents exist, which prove that the poet's father, John Shakspeare, did in 1555, nine years before William Shakspeare's birth, purchase a house and appurtenances situated in Henley-street; and it is equally well authenticated that the son owned this very house till his death. John Shakspeare had, at the same time, other property in Stratford, and some a little way out of it, but we may fairly receive the tradition which makes this his dwelling-place in April, 1564. Whatever he may have read about the house, or however familiar he may be with the engravings of it, he who looks upon it for the first time will experience a feeling of surprise and disappointment at its extreme humbleness. Could a substantial yeoman, as John Shakspeare appears to have been, have dwelt in such a place? he will ask himself, and it will require an effort to believe in the affirmative. But the dwellings of wealthy yeomen were very different, then to those of a

similar class now ; besides which, this house has undergone strange vicissitudes since he occupied it. Then, and long afterwards, we know that it had extensive orchards and gardens attached to it—now it is divided into three tenements, and its grounds are severed from it and built upon, or otherwise occupied. But its history will best enable us to understand its mutations, and that may be told in a very brief space. From John Shakspeare it descended to his eldest son, the poet, who bequeathed it, now described as two houses, to his eldest daughter Susannah, reserving to his sister Joan (who was married to a William Hart) for her natural life, the house she then dwelt in. Her house was, no doubt, that now known as Shakspeare's house, with the adjoining tenement ; and here she probably resided till her death, in 1646. The other portion was known as the Maidenhead Inn in 1642. At the death of Joanna Hart, the whole of the estate of course reverted to Shakspeare's daughter, Susannah Hall, and when she died, not long afterwards, it passed to her daughter, Lady Barnard. She, at her demise, left both houses to Thomas and George Hart, the grandsons of Joan Hart. It continued in the possession of their descendants till the beginning of the present century. But they had been gradually growing poorer ; the Maidenhead Inn had become a low public house, and was called the Swan ; the other house had been divided into two ; and the lower part of that now pointed out as the poet's birth-place, was converted into a butcher's shop ; the gardens and orchards were sold ; and, finally, in 1806, the houses themselves were disposed of to " Mr. Thomas Court, whose widow now has the honour to open it to public visitation," as the New Guide very appropriately winds up the matter.

But we must follow its history a little further. Mr. Thomas Court, himself the host of the little inn, which he restored in part to its original sign, calling it the ' Swan and Maidenhead,' was naturally anxious to render that as attractive as possible ; accordingly he gave to it a new very red brick front, and thereby for ever destroyed everything like the original appearance of the building. When the lower part of the central tenement was made to serve for a butcher's shop, its window was taken away altogether, and has not been re-placed. The old window in the upper story was also removed, and a larger and most ill favoured one substituted for it. The butcher's trade continued to be carried on till within a very few years, a son of Mr. Court succeeding the Harts in that calling, and though he and his trade are now gone, the shop retains all the signs of its late employment. Add to all that has been said of the place, that it is a timber house, the parts between the large framework being, as in all such houses, rough-cast—that it has stood the wear of three centuries, that now the rough-cast is covered with a coarsely applied whitewash, while the beams are as coarsely covered with black—and it will not be difficult to understand that it must be seen to a great disadvantage as compared with its original appearance. Al-



terations of all kinds have been made in it, and none without injuring it. And wretched as is the look of the exterior, the interior is not much better. The lower room still has the fittings of a butcher's shop of the humblest order. Hooks hang from the ceiling, and the stone floor shows signs of rough treatment in its broken flags. The kitchen is a little better. It has a large fire-place with one of those old-fashioned corners, where we may fancy the boy would listen to the fine old ballads, of which his mother would have a goodly store.

But it is the room above that is *the* room, and thither we will ascend. This room—the room in which tradition is constant that Shakspeare was born—would now be thought rude even in a cottage. It is long and narrow, with a low ceiling supported by beams, but the original ceiling appears to have been covered; the walls are not as they were originally—for the curious old window, a wide but shallow one, and placed near the ceiling, is substituted one of the commonest and ugliest form—the fire-place is altered, and a modern grate inserted—and it is almost bare of furniture. It is not therefore easy at first to realize the feeling that this is indeed Shakspeare's birth-place. The philosopher who has discoursed with such truth and poetry on hero-worship, might here have found a large illustration of it. Into this little humble room how many of the mighty of the earth have come as pilgrims! Run over their names on the walls and in the books, and think of the force of his genius, who could thus attract the noble, the wise, and the beautiful. The whitewashed walls are coated again and again with names in pencil and in ink. Names fill every portion of walls, ceiling, staircase, and windows, from grand dukes to dustmen apparently. It is curious and interesting to examine them, but more so to turn over the leaves of the books. In them are names from all climes, and kindreds, and tongues; Russians, Germans, Indians, even Frenchmen—and that before the representation in Paris of Hamlet with the part of the *Ghost*, left out by particular desire, had enabled them to appreciate him;—natives of Van Diemen's Land and the Isle of Skye. But undoubtedly (after the English) Americans are beyond comparison the most numerous. They come in shoals of all kinds and from all the States. Slaveholders, emancipators, repudiators; from the South, North Midland, and far-Western. And they are by far the most enthusiastic. But this is a subject will bear opening a little. Every contribution to the natural history of Enthusiasm, however slight, is of service, and here are the results of Stratford experience.

When an American arrives at Stratford, he is in an agony till he has secured a bed at the Red Horse. Washington Irving wrote a sentence which wears a very innocent appearance, but which has produced consequences—looking around him as he stretches himself before the fire in the little parlour of the Red Horse, he says:—"The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire." Now, excepting

one had noticed the anti-republican train of thought, or rather phraseology, one would have let this pass by as a very prettily expressed sentence should. But somehow, it has caught the fancy of his countrymen, and his empire must be their empire, his throne their throne, his sceptre their sceptre. And they are preserved for them. Mine host knows his trade; this Essay has half made his fortune, and he is grateful for it. The poker is degraded to no common uses. The legend, "Washington Irving's Sceptre," is engraved on it, and unless by special request, only his countrymen wield it. Proud man is he who feels it in his grasp. He is, for the nonce, every inch a king. His frame expands, his eyes glitter, his cheek is flushed, and he thinks the President would look more dignified if he swayed a sceptre. He is convinced that Irving is a great man, and exclaims, "I am his countryman." He loses none of the exaltation of spirit while he remains at Stratford. Mrs. Court has great respect for Americans. She thinks their homage to the Bard very proper, and knows they are liberal to her. I rather guess she took me for a Yankee. She showed me all their names in the books (and she turns to any American name with marvellous facility) and readily told me everything about them. "Bless you, sir, many and many's the time I have seen gentlemen from America kneel down just where you are standing, and kiss the boards over and over again, sir." Often they will not be content with that, but must have a bed brought that they may sleep in the room in which Shakspeare was born. They are eager after all relics; one offered the good dame sixteen guineas for a little wooden box made out of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. Nay, one of them—"What do you think some American gentlemen wanted me to do, sir? Why, sir, to take and pull the house all to pieces, and carry it over to New York, sir, and there set it up again and make a show of it; and they warranted me I should make a world of money by it, too, sir; and then if I chose to sell the pigsties, I might have almost anything I'd ask for them. But no, *that* I'd never do. What do you think of that, sir?"

The natives of other places are not so marked in the expression of their feelings. The sons of the Green Isle rank next; they spout the poet's verses vehemently, are excited by his birth-place, but far more by his grave; if they can kiss the monument their bliss is complete, and their feelings, not to be restrained. Scotchmen are quieter—they don't kiss anything. "Nae, boot is this Shakspeare's room? and whare's Sir Walter Scott's hame on the wall and i' the buke?" These they eagerly carry their fingers over,—so eagerly that his name is nearly gone from the wall, rubbed out in excess of zeal,—only the tail of one of the s's is discernible. In the book it is little plainer, for his warm-hearted countrymen point it out with such energy, while their enthusiasm, like Bob Aiken's courage, is oozing out of their fingers' ends, that it has very much the appearance of having been steeped in oil.

English visitors think it a very little room for so great a poet to have been born in ; and then they pace it, to determine how large it is. Some who are infected with a taste, suggest the propriety of "restoring" it ; talk of oak timbering, propose to take up the floor, and have it turned and planed to make it smooth, and bring the joints together—would abolish the stove, and have a wide hearth and dogs, and put some furniture in the room of the Elizabethan style. Others are very particular about its being *really* the room, and one gentleman, to make assurance doubly sure, not content with the sign-board outside the house, "brought in his carriage the other day" another board, to be hung in the recess in the room, to inform all who come to it, that "there Shakspeare first saw the light, or something of the sort, with a little additional flourish.

It will not be imagined, I hope, that I am quizzing these folks on doing anything that would imply that I thought strong feeling out of place here. That there is a goodly amount of affectation brought into this house, there is evidence enough ; but we may hope that there is at least an equal amount of honest feeling. After all, it matters little to us what others do, say, or think, so long as we are careful not to let ourselves affect what we feel not ; we need not heed what form the outward expression of what we do feel may take, simply aiming, if we aim at anything, to let there be neither concealment nor display. There is surely no need of either. The affectation of indifference is as hurtful to our own hearts, and no wiser than the affectation of sensibility. Perhaps it is the one we are now most in danger of sliding into. But if there be any such symptom, we should rid ourselves of it at once. We should so cherish the feelings that lead us to visit places such as these, that no scoffer should sneer them away. They are worthy of our regard. They belong not to our lower nature, but are a part of our holiest.

With some of the same feelings that we regard Shakspeare's birth-place may we approach the dwelling of his early love, his wife, his children's mother, at Shotter. A few words will describe this humble place.—The cottage is not beautiful now—it has rather as poor an appearance as the house of the poet's parents in Henley Street, and the causes that have produced this change have been the same in each, and which need not be repeated. This house is also divided, and now forms two tenements. It is a long low building, formed, like most of the old houses in this neighbourhood, of a timber frame-work, with a thatched roof. There used to be some few matters shown here that had Shakspeare's name appended to them ; they had been considered as heir-looms, and had been long in the possession of the family. Some of them, however, Garric induced the person who then held them to dispose of to him ; and the last relic an old oak chair, known as "Shakspeare's courting chair," Mr. Samuel Ireland purchased and carried off ; being moved thereto, he says, by his veneration for the poet. Nothing is left now but a bedstead, rudely, but rather curiously carved, and which appears

probably enough, to be as old as the reign of Elizabeth. The parents of Ann Hathaway continued to reside here most likely as long as they lived, and their descendants retained possession of it till a recent period. The Hathaways are extinct now. The last of them died in this house several years ago; her grand-daughter is the occupant of that half the building in which is the bedstead. The person who purchased the property proposed a few years back to pull the cottage down, but he was induced to forego his purpose: it will probably not escape another time.

#### CHAPTER XI.—THE POET'S WALKS.

Around Stratford there are several walks that a stranger will feel to be pleasurable in their character, but which to one used to associate them with Shakspeare's daily life, will assume a beauty and a companionable nature which no stranger can possibly perceive in them, or appreciate if pointed out. We may be sure there was many a spot which some slight circumstance in his early life, some pleasant association, or mere force of long acquaintance would render dear to our great poet—he loved in opening life, and cherished in maturity; and when he had in his later years withdrawn from the\* pleasure and strife of the great world to the seclusion and studious ease of his native place, would be prized with fuller and deeper affection. He who loves a country life, and knows with how strong attachment such unsought and unpraised nooks are remembered, and how often the recollection of them "makes a sunshine in the shadiest place," may, perhaps, when he comes upon some secluded glade or quiet recess, be tempted to let his fancy picture it as one of the poet's cherished "objects. But we may not now do that, we are to look at those places we left unvisited, between Chalcote and Stratford; and this part of our river is by far the most beautiful in its whole course, except the vale of Evesham. We will take a slight turn round, but delay nowhere till we reach the point where we quitted the Avon.

Let us proceed a little to the northward, and then turning eastward, wind round to Hampton. The family mansion of the Cloptons, of whom Sir Hugh, it will be remembered, was the great benefactor to Stratford, lies somewhat more than a mile to the north of the town. The Cloptons have long been extinct, but Clopton House stands. In Shakspeare's day it was a fine mansion, brick, as most of these mansions were, with those projecting gables that cause so rich and picturesque a play of light and answering shadow; its windows were not straight slits, all alike and all unmeaning, as modern taste requires, but various and all beautiful; bays and oriels there were pleasant to look at, and suggesting pleasant fancies of seats within them, and a book or fair maiden to converse with. Quaint and fanciful were its carved and twisted chimney-shafts, all and manifold the peaked points of its roof—a mansion-house

of the olden time. Shakspeare, perhaps, often spent pleasant hours in it, often looked with delight on it as he strolled across these grounds.—It still stands. A few years ago it was entirely repaired and renovated. Nothing that consummate skill could devise has been neglected to disfigure, disfigure, and utterly destroy the original character of the house. Were a dome to be placed over Westminster Abbey, and a Corinthian portico in front, and Ionic columns at the sides, and some Elizabethan shafts where chimneys are not, the alteration would not be more perfect than in this case, nor more graceful. It is a masterly work.

There are some pleasant walks beyond Clopton; there are the villages of Clopton, Bishopston, Ington, and other places, but they must be left for the visitant to discover. Leaving Clopton House on our left, we may make our way across the very beautiful grounds of Welcombe. The house is gone. The park is full of glens of most romantic character, with hills equally fine in their way; altogether, it is a place for a poet richly to enjoy. Some of these hills and dells are the remains of an ancient encampment. Passing Hatton, we turn down to our river, which we may rejoin by Hampton.

Rich beyond everything else to poetical minds, have been the running streams. Rivers, perhaps, have made most poets. No genuine poet who has had occasion to mention them, has done so without affection, without a social regard for them beyond what he appears to express for any other object in nature. I am not forgetting the field flowers, those dearest of Nature's lesser gifts, when I say this—there is a difference so great between them, that they cannot interfere with each other. But a river is the very inspirer of poetry itself, and ever has been. We know that the grand old Greeks, who never had any fable without a pregnant meaning, so fabled. And one who was not a Greek, but a manly northern self-dependent genius, has said—

"The Muse, nae poet ever faud her,  
Till by himsel' he learned to wander  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
And na' think lang"

Which is condensing a whole book into four short lines. Now what Burns said is, no doubt, the very plain prosaic truth, as well as a rich poetic one. The quiet lonely character of the place, the constant flow of the stream, the gentle succession of glen and hill of clear space and shady covert, the "na' think lang," are just what mildly stimulate the open mind, and let in a full tide of teeming thoughts and pregnant imagery. We can have no doubt about Shakspeare having "learned to wander" by himself here in very early life. The constant bits of river imagery and allusion that occur throughout his poetry, prove that it was a memory that had coiled itself around his inmost being. When he said:—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine ;"

was it likely this was merely an imaginary bank ? that this so exquisite picture was not a reality ? Shakspeare was the true poet of Nature : a close observer of her every aspect ; and not a minute detailer of her various objects merely, but seeing far into her inmost mysteries. Those " thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," we may be sure he often felt, for the Wonderful that lies beyond the material elements seems often to have engaged his attention, and been dwelt on in prolonged musings ; but he found the corrective for whatever of obscurity and mysticism might else have resulted from this in the active employments of life, which effectually prevented him " considering too curiously" of such things, and therefore it is that we find with all his subtle thought the sufficient counterpoise of full practical activity. But leaving these lofty matters, we will let this lovely spot recall to our attention the poet's river from the poet's self. And here a companion, who has explored this part of our stream thoroughly, will lend us his aid, and under his guidance we will proceed onwards to Stratford.\*

A little below Hampton Lucy, where we rejoined our stream, is the spot already mentioned ; we go onwards, and soon come upon a place of more than usual seclusion, shut in by the light trees—a spot whose quiet may be felt. It is a " high bank called Old Town, where, perhaps, men and women with their joys and sorrows, once abided. It is colonized by rabbits. The alder-tree drops its white blossom luxuriantly over their brown burrows. The golden cups of the yellow water-lilies lie brilliantly beneath on their green couches. The reed-sparrow and the willow-wren sing their small songs around us : a stately heron flaps his heavy wing above. The tranquillity of the place is almost solemn." Such are the feelings that ever flow, as flows the current we wander beside ; nought can so induce the intermingling of gay with serious imaginings as a river. We pass from the small beauties of the flowers at our feet to the " almost solemn" tranquillity of the shadowy landscape by a pressing on of new thoughts that come, we know not whence, and go, we know not how.

" But the silence is broken. The old fisherman of Alveston paddles up the stream to look for his eel-pots. We drop down the current. Nothing can be more interesting than the constant variety which this beautiful river here exhibits. Now it passes under a high bank clothed with wood ; now a hill waving with corn gently rises from the water's edge. Sometimes a flat meadow presents its grassy margin to the current, which threatens to inundate it upon the slightest rise ; sometimes long lines of willow or alder shut out the land, and throw their deep shadows over the placid

\* I pick out bits here and there from Mr. Knight's description of this part of the river, in preference to giving an entire extract, because we shall then have the advantage of his observation, and I retain my privilege of speech.

stream. Islands of sedge here and there render the channel unnavigable, except to the smallest boat. A willow thrusting its trunk over the stream reminds us of Ophelia:—

“ There is a willow grows askant the brook  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.”

“ A gust of wind raises the underside of the leaves to view, and we then perceive the exquisite correctness of the epithet ‘hoar.’ Hawthorns, here and there, grow upon the water’s edge; and the dog-rose spots the green bank with its faint red. That deformity, the pollard-willow, is not so frequent as in most rivers; but the unlopped trees wear their feathery branches graceful as ostrich plumes.” These were the scenes in which the boy would lay up unconsciously large stores of poetic imagery. Here he would seek after the “Daffodils,”

“ That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.”

The thousand-fold evidences of it show that it is “not only a more reasonable view, but one which is supported by all existing evidence, external and internal, when we regard his native fields as Shakspeare’s poetical school. Believing that in the necessary leisure of a country life, encumbered, as we think, with no cares of wool-stapling or glove-making, neither educating youth at the charge house like his own Holofernes, nor even collecting his knowledge of legal terms at an attorney’s desk, but a free and happy agriculturist, the young Shakspeare not exactly ‘lisp’d in numbers,’ but cherished and cultivated the faculty when ‘the numbers came.’ We yield ourselves up to the poetical notion, because it is at the same time the more rational and consistent one; that the genius of verse cherished her young favourite on these ‘willow’d banks.’

“ Here as with honey gathered from the rock,  
She fed the little prattler, and with songs  
Oft sooth’d his wond’ring ears; with deep delight  
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.”

*Joseph Warton.*

And with what delight the man, grateful to his Muse, who had taught him how he might

“ Some instruction draw  
From the meanest thing he saw,”

had filled his heart with such inexhaustible stores of beautiful thoughts and richest poetry, and enabled him to associate with the sights and sounds of nature the moral and intellectual being of men—with what delight would he return to the scenes of his early youth, to which he owed so much of exquisite enjoyment, now doubly

dear, as bound up with all the joys of his home and the dearest objects of his affections!

Beyond Alvaston our beautiful river curves widely, and for a little its course is again through open meadows, losing for a brief space somewhat of its loveliness. A little farther however, more than makes amends for this slight break. In this part of our course—for miles, indeed, either way—"the most romantic spot is Hatton Rock"—a high and steep bank, rearing its brow against the fleecy sky. Its side is covered with an intricate variety of the lesser trees and underwood, hazel and thorn, and the long trailing brambles. From the base of the bank the tall high stem of the aspen rises above its fellows, and willows and alders that fringe the edge of the stream. The river rolls over a stony bed, filling the ear with a quiet melody. As you make your way along the foot of the rock, at every slightest bend a fresh and grateful change is before you. Now the light feathery willow glitters against the deep green of the alder beyond, the silvery leaves of the white poplar tremble all over with the slight breeze that moves not a leaf of the oak beside it, a king-fisher darts from beneath the overhanging bush, and is quickly followed by his mate. A little farther you find yourself shut in by a close barrier of trees; the water seems to have suddenly ceased to flow, and collected into a smooth dark pool, with a thick crowd of trees rising up from it and reflected in it; a closely screened spot, a calm sylvan scene, the perfection of quiet. A swallow flashes close by you, dips suddenly into that pool, and the smoothness is gone in a moment; the trees, and herbage, and blue sky painted upon it, are broken into wild distortion; long lines of ripple circle wider and wider; the surface of the dark pool is ruffled, but all else is tranquil as ever. A few steps beyond, and you have a rougher picture. The trees are fewer, and throw out their branches wider by the rock side; the rock itself comes boldly into view, its surface broken, its summit irregular. A bold tongue of land stretches half across the stream, bald and rugged from the last flood-tide; upon it the black torse trunk of an old willow stands up headless, leafless; from its roots, bare and exposed, a water-rat looks out stealthily. The water curls round it, the wind chequering its surface with long streaks of light like frosted silver, and giving an appearance of life, and even of peacefulness, to the whole. Proceeding onwards, we come upon the richly wooded grounds of Welcombe, but its beautiful dells are not seen from the river. On the other side we see some of the roofs of Tiddington, but nothing that requires or attracts notice.

From Ben Jonson to William Cowper every poet has associated the name of Shakspeare with that of his river. There is, however, little need to quote them to convince any one that the Avon is Shakspeare's Avon: his own verses tell it, and in strolling along this part of its course, we cannot but feel how entirely he had made it his own. We are again approaching his town; yonder is the tower



of the church wherein lie his bones, giving a sober and solemn finish to this graceful landscape. And as the sun is setting rapidly there, see how it shapes out for us images such as perhaps here formed themselves before his eyes:—

“Sometime we see a cloud that’s dragonish :  
 A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower’d citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon’t that nod unto the world,  
 And mock our eyes with air : . . .  
 They are black veiper’s pageants . . .  
 That, which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 The rack dissolves ; and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.”

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE HOME OF THE POET AND HIS GRAVE.

Stratford is a clean, quiet town, pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Avon : it is a place of no large size, without any manufactures, of little traffic ; its buildings are not very remarkable : one who knew nothing about it might ride carelessly through it without a wish to stop his horse. Were he told that he was in Stratford—the birth-place, the chosen retreat, and the grave of Shakspeare, he would however look on all about him with very different sentiments. He would eagerly examine every spot connected with our great bard, or that existed when he dwelt here ; especially would he desire to realize the Stratford of Shakspeare, to divest the place of all that has been added to it since he walked about its streets, and to reconstruct whatever has been destroyed.

Dugdale gives the history of Stratford pretty fully, and, to what he collected, a pains-taking inhabitant added, some years back, such additional information as the researches of himself and others had brought to light since Dugdale wrote. So that the history of Stratford is pretty well known, and by calling in all the comparative aids that are available to the student of borough and parochial antiquities, its condition at any particular period can be guessed at without much fear of any great error. The value of this is manifest with regard to the vexed question of the position of the father of Shakspeare in society, and its probable influence upon the character and fortunes of the son, the means he might possess of educating him, and many other points of great interest, bearing more or less closely upon the early life of the poet. This is treated at length in the Biography above referred to, and where the reader will find the inferences arising from the several facts, or suggested by them, fully illustrated.

Stratford is the name of several towns in various parts of the country, and the same derivation applies to all of them, “a *ford* or passage over the water upon a great *street* or road,” and belongs to

the time when bridges were few or none. The addition, *upon Avon* explains itself. Though a place of some importance long before the Conquest, its early history is a blank. It was ecclesiastical property and nought of importance disturbed its quiet life. The different monarchs granted to it fairs and so forth at the request of its owners, the Bishops of Worcester; and the inhabitants gradually increased in numbers and in wealth, as numbers and wealth were then counted. In 1512 the Bishop of Worcester exchanged Stratford for some lands in Worcestershire, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland: a few years afterwards Edward VI. bestowed upon it a charter of incorporation, and when, about 1558, John Shakspeare commenced house-keeping, it was apparently a flourishing corporate town, with all the array of officers, from high bailiff and aldermen, to third boroughs and ale-conner: and with somewhat more than a thousand inhabitants. It had too, no doubt, its market-place, with the town-hall just by. And the approach was no longer by the ford, or the rude wooden bridge that succeeded it, for a lord-mayor of London had, in Henry the Seventh's time, built for the inhabitants a substantial stone bridge. Then, attached to the guild, there was a grammar-school, which must have been in tolerable order, for Edward VI. was careful to provide for that in his charter, whence its name had been changed to 'the King's new school.' "But we are not to infer that when John Shakspeare removed the daughter and heiress of Arden from the old hall of Wilnecote, he placed her in some substantial mansion in his corporate town, ornamental, as well as solid in its architecture, spacious, convenient, fitted up with taste, if not with splendour. Stratford had, in all likelihood, no such houses to offer; it was a town of wooden houses, a scattered town,—no doubt with gardens separating the low and irregular tenements, sleeping ditches intersecting the properties, and stagnant pools exhaling in the road. Even in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the town was nearly destroyed by fire; and as late as 1618 the privy council represented to the corporation of Stratford that great and lamentable loss had 'happened to that town by casualty of fire, which, of late years, hath been very frequently occasioned by means of thatched cottages, stacks of straw, furzes, and such-like combustible stuff, which are suffered to be erected and made confusedly in most of the principal parts of the town without constraint.' (*Chalmers' Apology*, p. 618.) If such were the case when the family of William Shakspeare occupied the best house in Stratford—a house in which Queen Henrietta Maria resided 'for three weeks, when the Royalist army held that part of the country in triumph—it is not unreasonable to suppose that sixty years earlier the greater number of houses in Stratford must have been mean timber buildings, thatched cottages run up of combustible stuff; and that the house in Henley-street which John Shakspeare occupied and purchased, and which his son inherited and bequeathed to his sister for her life, must have been an important house—a house fit for a man

of substance, a house of some space, and comfort, compared with those of the rest of the population.\* No one who has examined the old houses that remain here and in the villages around can doubt this. An old inhabitant of Stratford assured me that fifty years back, such a house would have been deemed adequate to the need of a substantial family. Houses were then occupied by those whose sons, without being any wealthier or higher in rank than their fathers, would not dream of living in them. As for the labouring population, theirs were miserable clay huts, often of only one room—now happily, almost entirely, swept away. The first event that a local historian would note after this time is one that suggests strange reflections. William Shakspeare was born in April, 1564; in the summer of the same year Stratford was ravaged by the plague. "From the 30th of June to the 31st of December, two hundred and thirty-eight of the inhabitants, a sixth of the population, were carried to the grave." None of the name of Shakspeare appear in the dead-list. Malone says—"A poetical enthusiast will find no difficulty in believing that, like Horace, he reposed secure and fearless in the midst of contagion and death, protected by the Muses to whom his future life was to be devoted." We who are not poetical enthusiasts, but plain way-farers, will believe that another and stronger guardian kept the destroyer from entering that house. The fires, to which allusion has been made, occurred in 1594 and 1595, when two hundred houses were consumed. The last great fire that happened was in the reign of James I., when fifty-four of the wood-and-thatch houses were destroyed in less than two hours.

In a long range of buildings, belonging to the corporation, which adjoins the chapel of the Holy Cross, is a room appropriated to a grammar-school, to which it is probable that William Shakspeare, when the blue sky was thick patched with the small broken clouds, and the cuckoo was calling in the woods, and lords and ladies were plenty in the dry dykes, might have gone,

"With his satchell  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school."

That he did attend this school has been shown to be most probable; and it is folly to affect superior wisdom by the constant exercise of incredulity. This is a place that must be visited. Part of the building is now used as an alms-house; that portion nearest to the chapel is the ancient guildhall. It is over this hall that the old school-room is placed. Till towards the close of last year it was a plain room, with a low plaster ceiling, supported by thick beams, that projected from the sides of the room. A few old forms and desks were in it; and one desk, that looked ruder and older than the rest, was called Shakspeare's desk. This is alter-

\* William Shakspeare: a Biography, p. 14.

ed now. The room has been neatly repaired, and restored to something like what may be supposed to have been its original appearance, and it is fitted up more conveniently for scholastic purposes ; but it has lost its old look. The desk is gone. How long it had been called Shakspeare's desk does not appear. There was probably very little of the old wood left ; for I was told by some who had many years back been scholars here, that it was thought a point of duty for every boy to carry away with him a relic of it ; and most were expected to supply their friends with fragments. That Shakspeare really was educated here is most probable.\* It was the fashion in the last century to consider him as unlearned. The result of all the sifting that the subject has had in our day appears to be much that which a diligent reader of his works would arrive at from them, that he received a fair initiation into the ordinary learning imparted in a public school—he could probably read Latin without difficulty, and through Latin he acquired the grammar of his own tongue. The wonderful mental powers with which he was endowed were not left by him uncultivated, nor unused. His reading must have been extensive, although that is the smallest and least prominent of his attainments. Shakspeare will not stand among the Bentleys for his learning ; nor among the Burtons for his reading ; but he may stand alone for his knowledge, as distinct from either. That is, he *knew* more of the wide world, of man, and all that concerned him, than any one who ever lived and wrote. And in point of variety, and fullness of information, he was beyond most. Johnson somewhere says, that “ he who has read Shakspeare with attention will find little new in the crowded world ;” and for such an eulogium a man might even be content to forego the honour of being a senior wrangler. We may fairly conclude that his school education cleared the way for that higher education which every man must give himself. Probably even Shakspeare's mighty intellect might have derived advantage from higher scholarship ; but it is perhaps more likely that his resolute self-dependence would have been lessened, and his originality somewhat impaired. Even he might have been fettered by the golden chains of the ancient giants,—and though he would in the end have broken from the bondage, it might not have happened till later, and a few years in his not long life would have been a grievous loss to the whole world.

Before quitting this building the lower room should be seen. As has been said, this was the ancient guild-hall, and in this, when players visited the town, their performances used to take place. Theirs were not regular, and skilfully constructed plays, setting a grave or merry story in a fitting vesture—a living portraiture of man in his wisdom and in his folly—of the good and evil of existence. That it was left for Shakspeare to accomplish. These players had some instructive mystery, an allegory perhaps, and a very proper,

\* See Mr. Knight's Biography.

moral, innocent one too. Dull enough to read now, duller to listen to; but one which then our ancestors appear to have both heard and enjoyed. These players were not vagrants. They were teachers. Their play would be gone to as now-a-days folk go to a lecture. Among the accounts of the corporation of Stratford are many entries of sums paid out of the corporation funds for theatrical performances; the use of the guild-room being of course free: the players were always a travelling company. Probably there was no charge to the spectators, or a very small one, and there would be a goodly audience. The boy, William Shakspeare, might have heard his first play here, and probably did. Perhaps his thoughts were first turned to plays on one of these occasions. We sometimes hear wonder expressed that Shakspeare should have continued to write plays, and to retain his connection with the theatre, in his maturer years. The profession of a performer was not then held in more esteem than it has been since; but if he had been disposed to break from it, there would have been even more difficulty then than there would be now, and that even now it would be no easy thing for a man moving in a line of life not accounted a very high one, and who had not received a regular education, to quit that and establish himself in any other, a good many very superior men have had bitter experience of. It does seem, by passages in his 'Sonnets,' that he was sometimes not at ease, but he did that which all must learn to see is wisest,—he turned to the best account his circumstances, and did not peevishly fret after such as were unattainable. All things considered, perhaps there was no form of writing he could in that age have adopted that would have produced so great influence as that he used, it may be, because it was the necessary one. Shakspeare did not write merely to amuse—there was a purpose beyond that. He had no other way so ready, none so sure, to impart his own views of the deeper objects and mysteries of humanity, and he does not appear to have been unconscious that those views were of the largest significance. Clear and subtle as was his insight into man, versant as he was in all the less prominent disguises of society, he saw that he could influence and instruct his countrymen more quickly, more extensively, and more thoroughly through the ear as well as the eye than by the eye alone. Had he written an epic—and it is not given to one man to write many epics—we might have had the noblest the world has seen, and, as a reward for many years of toil, some few hundreds of his contemporaries might have read it, and have studied it. As it was, he burnt-in his thoughts into the hearts of thousands—aroused to noble purpose many a startled and conscience-stricken listener,—for the men of that day were not a sceptical generation,—and breathed a full stream of glorious and gladdening poetry into many an opening mind. That he really did believe that thus holding up a mirror to his fellow-men he should best accomplish a noble purpose, a careful perusal of his works will surely satisfy any one. It is not undeserving of notice that what we

gather from his works was his intent, really formed the starting-point of some of the noble German poets of the last century. Many of these, men of the highest culture, looking around them and earnestly considering how they might effect their end, did just arrive at the same conclusion as Shakspeare had arrived at in a state of society in many respects similar. In our country, whatever other opinion men may hold of the theatre, they will most agree that it is no longer the powerful instrument for moral and intellectual culture then it was. The wide diffusion of books, and the equal desire to read them, have so changed our customs : the whole state of society indeed, is so changed, that there can be little doubt that were Shakspeare alive now he would not adopt the forms he found most suitable then.

Adjoining the building we have been looking over, and which was a part of the old Guild, is the Guild Chapel, or Trinity Chapel, a plain unassuming edifice, but not without beauty. The original chapel was of the thirteenth century, but towards the close of the reign of Henry VII. it was taken down, all but the chancel, and re-built at the cost of Sir Hugh Clopton. This Sir Hugh was a munificent benefactor to Stratford, the place of his nativity ; the fine bridge that yet crosses the Avon here being another of his princely gifts. Separated from this chapel by a narrow street, Sir Hugh built himself a mansion which at his death he bequeathed, under the name of the Great House, to a nephew ; from him it passed to others, and was at length purchased in 1597, by William Shakspeare. At this time it was called *New Place*. Shakspeare repaired it, and made it his home. He was now only thirty-three, yet he had secured a sum sufficient to purchase this, the largest house, in his native town. He appears to have been in the habit of spending a portion of each year in Stratford, so long as he continued to practise his profession in London : the last years of his life he lived here entirely. There is no certain record of his manner of life during this period—unhappily memoir-writers had not then sprung up, and it is only by putting together many fragments, none of which, however, were penned till long after his death, that ever so slight a glimpse of the interior of his home can be obtained. He bears a genial fame here and elsewhere, and we may be sure he was of a cheerful, hearty, open, manly spirit. Nothing more prominently marks his writings than the cordial sympathy they display with all manner of men. His homely life could not but have been one of delightful enjoyment. To escape from the turmoil and many unpleasantnesses of his London life to his quiet country home, his wife and children, the friends of his youth and of his manhood ; to the sweet stream whose every nook was as the face of a familiar friend, and to his books, never so enjoyed as when away from the world's noise and strife, must have been like a renewal of youth ; and as his children climbed his knee, and she who had been the gentle approver of all his early hopes and plans, and the sharer of his sorrows, sat beside

him, humble and fervent gratitude would sweeten and soften the joyousness with which he would recognise his many blessings. He must have felt that he was not as his neighbours, that few indeed of the men whom he met with could enter even into the glorious imaginings he had embodied, but never lived the many who less gloried in himself or his doings. Frank, sensible, gentle, ready with a smile or a word of wisdom, as either might be most serviceable, his would be a quite peaceful life here in his chosen retreat—ready to interchange all courtesies with his neighbours or acquaintances—and resting with calm enjoyment in the hourly delights of his home. His manhood was a steady, resolute embracing of the duties of his life; without complaint, without vapour. He knew his work, and he did it. In his life a wise and good, a sensible, manly man—in his works the mightiest genius.

• New Place was rendered by him a most pleasant spot. His garden reached down to the river, and was laid out in the somewhat formal but rich style then prevalent. Here in peace and quiet happiness, surrounded by his family, and in the enjoyment of a well-earned fame, the last years of his life were passed, and “hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ his Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting,” to use the solemn words of his will, written when “in perfect health and merrory,” a month before his death. The fate of the house is singular. He left it to his eldest daughter; and in 1643, while she resided in it, Queen Henrietta Maria came to Stratford with a large army, and made New Place her home for about three weeks. From Mrs. Hall it passed to her daughter, Lady Barnard, and at her death was re-purchased by the Clopton family. Sir Hugh Clopton, barrister and herald-at-arms dwelt in it in the earlier part of the last century. He repaired the house and built a new front to it. “This was the first stage of its desecration,” The other stages were quickly passed through. In 1753 the Reverend Francis Gastrell purchased the house: his treatment of it is not a little remarkable. In the garden was a goodly mulberry-tree, which, according to tradition was of Shakspeare’s own planting. This tree had acquired in consequence considerable fame, and gentle Mr. Gastrell found himself pestered with visitors to see it: he loved his ease more than a wilderness of trees, though every particular one had been a poet’s planting; in 1756 he cut it down to rid himself of the annoyance. The wood was purchased by a watch-maker in Stratford, who converted it into a variety of little carved boxes, and other like things, making a small fortune thereby: it has been said that there are articles enough purporting to be made from it to have constructed a man-of-war; but this is only a repetition of an older joke. Mr. Sharpe, the maker of these things, shortly before his death, made an affidavit that he had put his name to none (and on all that he made he stamped his name) but those he had made from the true tree, and there is no reason to disbelieve him. These little relics are now sold for considerable sums.

The people of Stratford were angry at the loss of their famous tree, and broke the Reverend Vandal's windows. But they had a more serious cause for anger soon. In 1759 he caused the house itself to be razed to the ground. This was a strange and apparently wanton act. The only cause that has been assigned for it is that he claimed to be released from the assessment of the poor's rate, on the plea that he resided a large part of the year at Lichfield; but as his servants occupied the house during his absence, this was refused, and he declared it should not be assessed again. This promise he fulfilled in the manner stated.

A plain house occupies the site of New Place now. The garden is divided and built upon: the Stratford 'theatre stands on a portion of it. Of Shakspeare's house and grounds every trace has vanished. Nearly opposite to the site of New Place is an old house that stood in Shakspeare's time; it bears the date of 1596 on its front, having been raised after the great fire of 1595. Better than any description will it tell the look of a fine old country town in Shakspeare's day. It is in admirable preservation,—a delight to look upon. A quaint, elaborate, half-timber structure, built as houses then were with a goodly superfluity of material, and no lack of labour. It is not a large house, about the size of one of the smaller shops in a leading London-street, but with more fancy about it than in hundreds of them. If the particular skill expended on every house erected in Stratford for the last half-century were concentrated in any one, it would not approach in any respect to this old one, though it is only of an humble order in comparison with some in other towns. They did not make houses from pattern-books then.

Not far from New Place, on the same side of the way, is the Town-hall, so often named in connexion with the Jubilee. It was built in 1768. It is not remarkable as an architectural object. In a niche outside is a statue of Shakspeare presented by Garrick; who at the same time presented a portrait of himself painted by Gainsborough, which hangs in the large room. This large room is a very handsome one, much more handsome than is often met with in a country town.

The Jubilee in honour of Shakspeare, and for the glorification of Garrick, took place in 1769. It was sufficiently absurd in its details, but those strangers who were present appear to have been satisfied, and the townsmen were delighted, it may, therefore, now pass without further question. Cowper inserted a passage respecting it in his 'Task,' that has far more bitterness than the occasion called for. There remains nought more to require attention now but the church. The stranger, however, must visit the fine old bridge, if only out of respect for its generous builder: it is a well built and handsome structure. Some time back an iron foot-bridge was affixed to one side of it, the old way being only wide enough for carriages. The appended part nowise disfigures the original. It still bears the name of Clopton's Bridge.



Proceed we now to the last spot of all : one dear to the lovers of our bard, as the place in which he lies after all his glorious achievements. Stratford church is a structure of large size and unusual beauty. The bold free hand of the old English architect is seen to advantage here. It is placed on the banks of the Avon, which is fringed by a few willows, and from the river our church appears of surpassing gracefulness. It has transepts, nave, chancel, and aisles ; a fine tower and steeple. The tower, transepts, and some other portions are of the early English style, and very perfect ; the remainder belongs to a later period, and is not less graceful. Its windows are some of them full of rich tracery. The approach from the town is by a curious avenue of lime-trees. The whole appearance of the pile, with the surrounding objects, is extremely pleasing. Beautiful as is the exterior, the interior is even more so. It has very recently been fully restored, and with very great skill—so great skill, indeed, is displayed, that little is left to desire. All the barbaric refinements and embellishments of the last two centuries have been swept away—would they were in every church in the country—and there is really now a fair restoration of the whole to its original state, with some little concessions, indeed, to modern requirements, but all done in the spirit of its original contrivers. And this is as it should be. Let us have all that really belongs to the primal state, but it is mere pedantry, or worse, to insist on having such things brought back as are now obsolete. Assuredly the original builders of these noble piles would have been the last to devise such things if there had not then been a use for them. The old font that was here in Shakspeare's time is here no longer, but the new one is modelled from it.\* Two handsome stone pulpits have also been placed here. The monuments in the church are many, and, besides *the* monument, are interesting. One chapel is entirely filled with those of the Clopton family, and many of them are handsome. On the north of the east window is a marble tomb to the memory of John Combe, the friend of Shakspeare, and whom he has been charged with libelling in some rhyme that would have disgraced a Thames waterman. The statue of Combe was executed by Gerard Johnson, the sculptor of Shakspeare's bust. But all else sinks into insignificance before the monument of Shakspeare, rendered, too, so doubly interesting by the likeness of him it has preserved. The monument was rather a showy one originally, having been fully coloured. The bust of the poet is in a recess between two black marble pillars : his hands rest on a cushion ; the

\* Its history is somewhat curious. The parochial accounts of Stratford show that about the middle of the seventeenth century a new font was set up. The beautiful relic of an olden time, from which William Shakspeare had no doubt received the baptismal water, was, after many years, found in the old charnel-house. When that was pulled down it was kicked into the church-yard ; and half a century ago was removed by the parish clerk to form the trough of a pump at his cottage. Of the parish clerk it was bought by the late Captain Saunders ; and from his possession came into that of the present owner, Mr. Heritage, a builder at Stratford.—KNECHT, *ubi supra*, 24. It has since passed into the possession of the proprietor of the Shakspeare hotel, on whose lawn it now stands.

right holds a pen, the left a sheet of paper. The bust was executed by Gerard Johnson, a native of Holland, and, it is said, was thought by the friends of the poet to be a good likeness. It has the appearance of being a likeness, but it was not executed till some time after Shakspeare's death. It is a careful work, but not a masterly one: what would be the worth now of a real bust from the life by some Chantry of that day? This represents him in his full manhood, a comely, pleasant man; but it wants the living look of genius. Originally it was coloured to represent life; early last century it was very carefully restored, the original colours being exactly reproduced. Towards the close of the century, Mr. Malone, the editor of Shakspeare, obtained permission to bring it more into accordance with the superior taste of the day. Accordingly the colours were scraped off (some say the bust a little scraped too), and the whole was painted over with one uniform tint of white. It is a bitter evil that our national memorials are thus at the mercy of every ignorant and perverse blunderer: this is no isolated case of destruction or mutilation; it has been going on everywhere and on all kinds of ancient monuments for centuries, and it is going on still, and probably will continue so to do as long as there remain any to deface or to destroy. The original character of Shakspeare's monument is gone for ever. It may be painted again, and a proposal was made to that effect some short time back, but there will always be extreme uncertainty about the correctness of the repainting, if, indeed, it be true that Malone had the old paint scraped off—but it would be worth while endeavouring to ascertain if any of the original colour remains under the present coating. The Shakspeare Society has a painted bust, but there is no proof of its authenticity. Some gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, is said to have one also coloured from the original, but it is probably of no value. The original appearance of the monument is thus described, and it will be remembered that this bust was set up by those who knew him best:—"The eyes were of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves. The lower part of the cushion was of crimson colour, the upper part green, with gilt tassels. The inscription is too well known to need repetition. His remains rest under a plain freestone a few feet from the wall. The lines on this have been almost universally misprinted, and distorted in appearance by the admixture of large and small letters, it may therefore be as well to give them exactly as they occur:—

GOOD FREND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE,  
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE;  
BLESTE BE <sup>B</sup> <sup>O</sup> <sup>T</sup> MAN <sup>T</sup> SPARES THES STONES,  
AND CURST BE HE <sup>T</sup> MOVES MY BONES,

This grim inscription, whoever placed it there, has had its effect. Shakspeare's bones have been spared.—*Rambles by Rivers—the Avon.*

## THE DEMON BOWLER.

MY FIRST BAT—that is, the first worthy of being called a bat—I took to school with me as a present from my mother, to mitigate my grief at leaving home. Never shall I forget the delight with which I gazed upon the beautiful finish and magnificent make of my loved bat; and how I fancied to myself the envy of my school-fellows, when I produced it on the play-ground, where I felt assured that, with such an ally, victory was certain.

Dangerous bat! Little did my fond mother think what a fatal gift she had presented me with; for the instant I became, in my own right, the proprietor of the best bat in the school, I threw my whole soul into the game. Everything in the world took, to my imagination, the form of a game at cricket. Every man had an innings. He who had the most successful hits was of course the winner; but, however dexterous and fortunate, Death at last bowled him out. Some men went in and achieved nothing but hard labour, and were finished off without a single stroke in their favour.

Notwithstanding this enthusiasm, I must confess that I was not a crack player. All my labour never placed me first. I saw worse men, with worse bats, achieve greatness; I was but a second-rate. How I laboured, but in vain! My score was always the least, and yet I certainly had the best bat.

I joined a celebrated club when I became a young man. I was received rather, as they were pleased to say, as a good fellow, than a good player. I bowed to the compliment that marked me as not what I wished to be; and I felt a sad disappointment chill my very heart.

Matches, many and victorious, were played by our club, but I did not aid much by my score; but more than once nearly lost to others their triumph, through some slip or awkwardness of my own. But they still called me a good fellow, and worked the harder to make up for my incapacity. Our side won, but I was a miserable, dejected man, when I read my name tacked to two or three runs. Oh! what would I have given to have received the applause bestowed on the hero of forty runs. Why was it? My turn-out was unexceptionable: men copied my running shoes; my jacket and trowsers were an admiration; my bat perfection: I was the very picture of a cricketer, but, alas! very little more than a picture.

I sat in my chambers pondering on my ill-luck after a day of triumph to my club, but not to me. I must confess that I was bowled out without the satisfaction of a single stroke. I could not help it. A mist seemed to obscure my sight as a celebrated bowler sent in his first ball. I never saw the ball. I heard the whistling sound of its course, and saw the stumps fly into the air from the palpable and violent hit. A roar of laughter sounded from the populace: I felt myself a degraded muff, unfit ever to put on even the

outside of a cricketer. My friends crowded round me, but I would not be consoled. I had only one burning desire, which was, to have the head of the aforesaid wonderful bowler just within arm's length of my best bat. I felt convinced I should not have missed that. I returned home completely chop-fallen, and felt too agitated to sleep; so threw open the window, and sat down to brood over my ill-luck, and bite my finger-nails to the quick.

What burning thoughts rushed through my brain. I pondered, until I was nearly mad, upon other people's triumphs and my own disgrace. I confess I swore little mental oaths, for I had been sacrificing, in my chagrin, rather too liberally to the rosy god.

I looked upon the broad quadrangle of my inn, where the moon shed its light calmly and tranquilly upon the worn pavement. No light, however, glimmered in the numerous chamber-windows: it was late, and everybody had retired for hours. A calm and oppressive silence reigned around, but there was a storm raging in my bosom. I was not a cricketer. I had been laughed at—beaten. I almost took a dreadful oath that I would burn my bats, stumps, and all my useless paraphernalia. What right had I to put on the insignia of a member of the noble science, disgracing it and myself. Miserable batter! the glory had departed from my house.

I threw myself back in my chair with a savage groan, which resounded through the solitary chamber. On the instant I heard a knocking at the door as if some one was applying his knuckles on the panel. I pricked up my ears; for the hour was certainly most unseasonable; my heart fluttered most tumultuously and unaccountably; I hardly felt alarmed, yet I experienced a most peculiar feeling. I could scarcely collect presence of mind enough to bid the knocker come in; but I did so after a little hesitation.

My lamp, which was burning low, flickered with rather an uncertain light, but with quite power enough for me to see the door open very slowly, and give entrance to the figure of a man.

He bowed most politely, and placing his hat and gloves methodically on the table, he approached me.

I felt a little startled at his appearance; his face was anything but prepossessing; for, upon close inspection, I perceived that a continual smile played only about his mouth, as if to show his white and glistening teeth: the upper part of his face, particularly his brows, being contracted by an expression of pain and disquiet.

He approached with a noiseless tread, motioning me, at the same time, to resume my seat, which I had risen from on his entrance. I accordingly did so, and he coolly took a chair and seated himself opposite to me, then, placing his hand familiarly on my knee, said, with a most fascinating smile:—

"My dear sir, I am a stranger to you; and my visit is, I dare say, at an unseasonable hour, according to fashionable ideas, but I am a very old fashioned fellow, and think no hour can be bad in which I can do good. I am aware of your melancholy failure to—

day,—in fact, I may say, I hope without offence, for I mean none—ridiculous failure.”

I winced at his impertinence, and felt very much inclined to kick him, had I not been influenced, as it were, by a spell cast over me by his appearance and strange address.

“I feel,” continued he, “that your situation is both ridiculous and painful; for not being able to do what some of the greatest fools on earth excel in, is ridiculous, and to a sensitive mind like yours decidedly painful.

“I therefore have come, although, I confess, at an unseasonable hour, to offer you my aid in achieving the principal object of your life—to make you a conquering cricketer, in these modern days, when men laugh at anything in my line, which I will explain to you in a minute or so, it is difficult to persuade them to trust in me; but I feel a sympathy towards you, for you are decidedly one of the ‘fallen, fallen, fallen’; beaten, disgraced, and laughed at by grooms, pot-boys, chums, and fair ladies, which last is most grievous and annihilating to a man of your complexion and age. If this is not the very devil, what is? Now, I have come in a friendly way to offer you a salve for all your wounds; to cover your head with an undying wreath, and make you the envied of all the clubs in the universe, both single and married, and the desired of all ‘elevens,’ however celebrated.

“My terms are as low as possible for such a large grant; and I am prepared to qualify you in the twinkling of an eye, and make you second to none. I feel you will be slow in belief of my power to do so, but the bond shall be drawn up in that manner that if you do not become what I promise you shall be, the penalty of the bond becomes null and void.”

“Thus, then, if you will sign a bond that will not touch or endanger any of your worldly goods, but merely consign you to me after death, I am ready to perform my part of the bargain without delay. To-morrow, I know, you are engaged with your eleven to play an eleven which has always thrashed you most heartily, and indeed feels a contempt for you as a club. Now, what would you not give to be the main instrument of their downfall to-morrow, and of achieving a grand triumph before the multitude which is expected on the ground. I have the power to make you do so, if you come to my terms; if you do not do as I promise you, your part of the agreement becomes mere waste paper:—think.”

As he concluded, he threw himself back in the chair and smiled in my face.

There certainly was a curious, creeping feeling over my flesh when his hand touched my knee, and I felt alarmed when I found that his face never, with the exception of the smile, remained for one instant alike. What could he be? The devil?—ridiculous? What could he be then?—hoaxer, no doubt. My anger instantly rose, and I felt inclined to knock him down, but was much astonished and

alarmed to find I had not the power to do so. Yet I thought, if such a thing were possible that he had the power to endow me with a conquering arm, how gladly would I consent to his terms; to triumph over those whose scorn had placed a burning brand in my bosom. As these thoughts rushed hurriedly through my brain, he fixed his eyes upon me with a most unmistakable sarcastic look.

"I perceive," said he, "that it is not my terms, but my ability you doubt; but I can assure you that, although I cannot give you any references as to character from individuals who have dealt with me—as my transactions always speak for themselves; it being always 'no cure no pay' with me; for my bond is nothing unless I fulfil the contract to the letter—you may place full confidence in me. On my own part I will take care of myself.

"If you will allow me to show you an article I have here, manufactured by myself, I think we may do business together. As he spoke, he unfolded a parcel which he drew from an unconscionably long tail pocket. He untied the different wrappers in the most tradesman-like manner, and at last discovered to my astonished eyes a remarkable-looking cricket-bat.

"This article," continued he, "I can offer you, with the positive assurance of its being in every way all right; warranted never to miss, and make nothing under a three-run-hit; so that you may remain in as long as you may wish, or as your legs will allow you. This bat has belonged to all the celebrated cricketers of the day, who have all dealt with me, more or less. The hotter the day the better will this bat play; as that kind of atmosphere suits the wood of which it is composed. This is the secret of the apparent madness to the uninitiated, of men choosing to play a match when the heat has been almost intolerable; in fact, warm enough to drive a nigger to the shade of a palm tree. Look at the result. Not a knot disfigures its smooth surface—the handle laced to a miracle; and the slight and graceful turn of the back vies with the beautiful line of the Venus de Medici; but its beauty is its least merit."

"Here's the bat. Here's the little agreement," continued he, pushing the bat into my unnerved hands and placing a small slip of paper before me. "Sign it, the bat is yours until I want it again. No qualmishness, I beg, for I really have too much to do to wait for your wavering resolution."

An odd sort of vertigo seemed to be reeling my head round as I almost unconsciously took the pen in my hand. I signed the paper. I saw the signature was red, and supposed I had dipped my pen by mistake in the red-ink bottle. As I finished my last down stroke, the paper slipped from under the nip of my pen, and I was alone, I heard no door close—no creaking footstep; but my friend had gone. But there was the bat firmly grasped in my hand, and the moon-light shining on my writing-table.

The next morning dawned. How sweet and refreshing was the morning air to my fevered head? I prepared for my jaunt to join

my club, as I had promised; ever and anon looking to see that the strange-looking bat had not vanished. But no,—there it stood in all its perfect beauty, and I had not been deceived. How extraordinary! Would it do all that had been promised? Should I have the glory of seeing my rival's chagrin? It did not seem possible it was some dream. Devils no longer came visibly upon earth to tempt mortals. Besides, I had never heard of a cricketing devil.

But devil or no devil, there was a bat of unexampled beauty; so, *nil desperandum*, I must go—I must play—my fate was sealed. I packed up all my traps, and prepared to depart, but found the door locked inside, as usual. A shudder came over me at the discovery, I felt that my friend of the bat must have been more than mortal to have entered through the keyhole; and there was the chair placed exactly as he had taken it from its usual standing, and sat down in it. “What’s done cannot be undone,” I muttered to myself, with no pleasant feeling, as I shouldered my bat and emerged from my chamber.

I soon reached the place of rendezvous, and was greeted by the merry voices of my companions, who were already seated on the coach which was to convey us to our place of destination. They bantered me upon my dilatoriness, and the fear they were in that such a valuable member should be missing at the muster to meet our formidable opponents; at the same time hoping that I had saved up my runs for to-day as I had not used up any the day before.

I bore all this like a martyr, and trembled in fear that my promised triumph might vanish at the very moment that I hoped to astonish the field.

We bowled merrily down the road through the pleasant little villages, all looking peaceful and happy as the invigorating morning sun shone brilliantly upon their flower-decked casements. The children gambolled after us as we passed, and the echo of their ringing laughter followed us long after the turning of the road shut them from our sight. How enviable did they appear to me—happy and innocent; whilst I, the fool of pride and paltry ambition, had become the victim of the——. But I dared not think; I clutched my bat tighter as I recalled to memory the insults of yesterday; notwithstanding which a heavy and oppressive feeling seemed to throw a shadow over my mirth.

My companions soon perceived my dulness, and laughed at my lowness of spirits, bid me hope for better things, and said they would feel satisfied if I even got three runs.

We reached the ground, a lovely village green surrounded by the little white-washed cottages that peeped at us from amidst most patriarchal looking trees; the bells were ringing from the moss-grown tower of the venerable church, in honour of our arrival. Everybody seemed to have put on their holiday faces to greet us.

Our opponents soon followed, coming in little groups over the

fields and through the shady lanes. We were all soon shaking hands with the jollity of feeling that inspires such a meeting upon such a spot, determined upon a day of enjoyment. The village belles formed themselves into picturesque little groups around the field of action, and many a bright look was sent to inspire our opponents, who were playing upon their ground. Such an audience, you may be sure, made me feel tenfold the desire to distinguish myself; and if all turned out according to the promise of my last night's visitor, I felt that my desperation would not allow of any regrets.

After the usual preliminaries had been settled, and all had taken their places, our side going in first, and our best men at the wickets, the bowler, a powerful man, with a frame of a Hercules, approached to his task. My heart shrank within me as I heard the whistle of the ball, as he delivered it with the force of one fired from a culverin. It was blocked by the wary batter, but with a shock almost enough to shake his shoulders from their sockets.

Again he bowled, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw the stumps fly like chips, and our best man had not got one run. Cheers ran round the circle as our man threw down his bat with a burning blush upon his angry brow. Well did I understand his feelings, for I had so often been placed in the like situation. The hopes of our club fell below zero, especially when they saw unfortunate me take up my bat in my turn.

At that moment a sort of desperation seized me, as I saw the smiles of the other club-men, and the despairing looks of my own dear friends. I stood erect in my faultless dress by the side of the stumps, with my bat elegantly poised in my hand. The magnificent bowler looked with a sinister eye upon my attitude, and I thought a smile of contempt curled his lip, and I made no doubt, that my fame had gone before me, and he held me as almost unworthy of his prowess. Wait a bit, thought I to myself as I stooped to take my position; but as I did so, guess my feelings, and the thrill that rushed to my very heart, when I felt a warm pair of hands grasp the handle of the bat in the spaces of the handle left by mine. I turned my eyes down, but saw nothing but my own round the handle. 'Strange! Dreadful!' but I must go on. The bowler's arm was in motion; I saw the dreadful ball rush on its rapid course through the air; my bat raised itself, and with itself my arms, and dealt such a blow upon the whistling missile, that it flew far away in the distance, far beyond the chance of being caught. I flew with almost winged feet along my course;—again—again—again—mistake.

paper slipping! Huzza shouted the excited gazers. Huzza shouted heard no door and members of my own club. But there was the wicket puzzled. He seemed suddenly to feel that he must shine on my and appeared to lose confidence accordingly. He vanished next morning day for his next ball, and most beautifully and bowler took air to my severe requiver it; but my magic bat hit it with such a



tremendous blow, that its velocity made it almost indistinct. At last its course was distinguished by the astonished scouts, but it was handled only after six more runs were scored to me.

Our opponents began to look a little blank, whilst my own side looked at me as if they thought they must have changed me by some accident on the road down; for it was impossible that I could be the poor and timid player that was looked upon as nought among players. They looked at each other with unbelieving eyes, and seemed to hug themselves, as they saw the downcast look of the vaunting club at my unexpected success and prowess.

But I had only just begun. The great bowler tried all his best manœuvres, but in vain. My bat sent the ball flying hither and thither; the scouts got redder and redder in their faces; the bowler's arm became powerless.

"Forty runs!" cries the scorer. I saw nothing but the round orbs of my friends, which were gradually distending with astonishment, as they saw me polish off one bowler after another. As for myself, I felt myself getting red-hot. I glowed with delight and exertion. The cheers of the populace maddened me. I felt no fatigue. Hour after hour flew by; I drank draught after draught, but my thirst seemed unquenchable: still my spirit upheld me, and I stuck to my bat.

The twilight gradually settled down upon the scene as I achieved eighty runs, to the despair of the village club. For a long time both sides had done their work quite mechanically, as if they had been spell-bound by the magic of my bat. All eyes were fixed with a stare upon me in perfect wonderment.

At last a figure, with careful step and well poised ball, took his place at the bowler's stand. I shuddered as I looked upon him; his scrupulously elegant cricketer's costume, and the deep shadow cast from the broad brim of his straw hat, could not hide from me the bright eyes and sardonic smile of my last night's visitor.

Fatigue and excitement had long hushed the murmurs and the applause of the lookers-on. My preternatural tenure of my post had stilled them into silence; so that I was surrounded by hundreds of distended eyes that had long become painful to my sight, when my occupation allowed me an opportunity of a furtive glance at them.

They watched with quickened glances the approach of the new and mysterious bowler. Not a breath nor a word broke the silence of the evening. All around looked like pale statues, waiting the wand of the enchanter to release them, or give them vitality.

A tremor passed through my frame as I saw his hand preparing to launch the ball. The magic bat quivered in my hand—it refused to move—and the ball struck with superhuman force upon the stumps, which, the next moment, lay shivered at my feet. The bat became, as it were animated, and twined itself round my wrists.

The shout that followed my downfall was tremendous. The bowler walked up to me with perfect unconcern, and passing his arm

through mine, led me unresistingly through the crowd, which a rapidly falling darkness turned into phantoms. The moment he touched me, a parched and burning feeling seemed to scorch me, and a liquid fire ran through my veins.

"You've had your game," he hissed into my ears; "and had not I had the foresight to be on the ground, you would never have finished. Your exertion, as it is, has completely finished you; therefore, I claim you while your remaining strength allows me to walk you off. You are not the first man I have bowled out. You have beaten all those fools—I have beaten you. Of course you pay me the forfeit: come, stir your *stumps*, for I shall not accept *bail*; and you are now going where you will make a *long-stop*, for you see, I've not only bowled, but *caught you out*."

I felt that I was in the power of the fiend, and for what? I looked back despairingly to the fast fading crowd of my friends. They seemed to take no heed of me, and I was lost.

A thought of resistance rushed into my brain; I endeavoured to struggle with my tormentor. He only smiled at my puny efforts; yet I persevered, and in a moment burst from his bonds. In my struggle I awoke myself, and found that I was seated by the window of the chamber, where I had slept all night after the day of my mortifying defeat. Heated as I had been, the cold had seated a fever in my blood, which had carried out the full vigour of my dream.

The cold grey light of morning saw me crawl, almost crippled, to my bed, from which I did not rise for some weeks as the penalty of my folly: and when, in after years, I became a rising man in the game of the world; I looked back with horror to the Dream of the Demon Bowler.—*Bell's Life in Sydney*.

## A DRIVE TO THE DERBY.

THE drive from London to Epsom Downs is much spoiled in the present day. The Railway system has changed a Derby morning in London and out of it, as it has altered all the usual carriage and coach locomotion of the country. What a holiday morning it used to be throughout the whole West End, from the New-road and Regent's Park to Charing cross and Hyde Park Corner! The entire quarter had the air of a general wedding—as if the whole West End was being married. The streets, hitherto and always delivered up at the early hours preceding mid-day to buttermen and egg-sellers and diligent sweepers of crossings, were on this particular morning all alive with, as it were, bridal parties. You could not walk along any street, or across any square, without meeting perpetual barouches

and four-posters, either empty and going leisurely at a foot's pace on their way to take up their expectant party of holiday folk, or bowling along at a sharp trot, full inside and out from box to rumble, and laden with a clique of sporting men too eager for the Downs to lose much of their morning in London—early birds, thinking of the worm waiting to be caught in the ring. At every other window were the sparkling faces of women, ready bonneted, and looking anxiously for the wished-for carriage—how irritating were the pretty faces, and how tantalising were the bonnets—how often the watches were consulted, and how frequent were the exclamation of a certainty of being too late, long before the time appointed for starting. At every corner were well-dressed men on foot or on horseback—a rare vision at that early hour, except on this particular morning of the year. In every stable-yard were—not coachmen leisurely washing their carriages as usual, but drags loading, horses putting to, servants hurrying, bustle and movement everywhere; while on the great thoroughfares four-horse coaches were standing in groups, and being rapidly covered with compact masses of men, while horns and key-bugles were sounding on all sides as private drags and public teams were starting with their respective and pleasure-seeking parties. Elasticity was in every limb, eagerness in every face, a sparkle in every eye, and good humour in every voice. Not a man or woman was there scarcely in all that district but had thrown care to the winds for the nonce. It was one great and general festivity.

Then, too, 'The Corner'—the world famous Corner—what a scene it presented on the morning of that day! And again in the evening—the start—and the return! The road, too, from that Corner to the Downs, what a spectacle it offered! Such a long column of horses and carriages—such a display of wealth—such an exodus of a mighty population—such a wondrous scene on an occasion of mere festive amusement the whole world together could not produce!

Much of this is gone now. The Railways have utterly smashed all this horse and carriage splendour. The kind and number of carriages no longer exist. The thing cannot be done, for the material is not. People go to the Derby; but how many sneak down to a terminus in shabby omnibus, or cab, or brougham, and get to the Downs anyhow? The brilliant and festive scene is no more.

But well do I remember those days, and look back on them with a regret for their departure. Among the various occasions of my going to Epsom on the Derby Day there was one which, besides the usual amusement—that of the drive down, in which I especially delighted—had its own peculiar circumstances, and these did not in any way detract from the merit and the enjoyment of the day. Here it is.

I was living with one of my brothers on the banks of the Thames, not a hundred miles from London, or fifty from Kew-bridge. The family being from home, the horses were all out at grass, but we determined for the nonce to have up a young coach-horse and drive

him to the Downs on the Derby Day. The horse was but four years old, bred at home, about three-parts blood, rather more than seventeen hands high, bony and powerful. He was only about half-broken, had a bad mouth, and was not of the best of tempers, for when at grass with the other horses, he was a vicious and daring brute, and exercised a savage dominion over all his companions. Altogether, Brown Windsor (his colour was brown) was not a promising specimen of a gig horse, and not precisely the right horse for a crowded road on an Epsom Day. Moreover, he had never been in single harness, and had not been in harness at all for four or five months. He was raw as a colt. But in those days I rather liked 'a queer one,' and preferred his unruly ways to the habits of a quiet nag, and therefore, my brother declaring himself to be quite indifferent in the matter, I chose this unruly Brown Windsor in preference to any steadier horse for our drive. I always found a keen sense of pleasure, and an exciting demand on one's powers, in having to do with 'a rum one,' beyond the mere riding or driving. It was like going into a fight and having a struggle with an enemy.

Accordingly, Brown Windsor was caught up over-night, was stuffed with corn, and in due time was put into a gig, and we started.

My brother disliked driving, and he had besides such an affection for his pipe—he always smoked a little old ivory pipe—and which he proposed to smoke at his ease all the way to Epsom, that he got into his seat at once, saying, 'Come Tom, you drive; I know you like driving; and a pretty job you'll have of it if I'm not much mistaken.' Brownie was very uneasy during the putting to, not much liking the shafts; and directly he got outside the coach-house—out of which he was led—and his head was let go, he at once began to go in a very awkward fashion, and which ended in his throwing his head about in a wilful manner, and trotting in irregular circles round the yard, and refusing absolutely to go out of the gate.

'A rather curious beginning, Harry,' said I; 'the brute has no fancy for single harness—clearly not.'

'Puff, puff—it's your affair,' replied Harry, sitting stoically there just as much at his ease if in his arm-chair, or Brown Windsor was behaving like a lamb. 'You are driving, not I. I shouldn't be surprised if he—puff, puff—sent us both to the deuce before the day is over.'

After near a quarter of an hour of this vagrant movement—stopping here—shying off from nothing there—making excursions about the yard just where he liked—turning every way but the right, now up the roadway, then over the grass, now round by the coach-house doors, then along by the trees,—for I gave him his head just to let him feel his harness, and to humour him and keep him in motion,—at last the moment came; giving him a sharp and sudden swing round—it came on him by surprise—before he well knew what I was doing, I sent him with a rush through the gate. Out he went with a snort.

And now we were fairly <sup>launched</sup>, and Brownie went away at a tremendous pace. He could trot fourteen miles an hour, and commenced pulling as if he intended something more than the fourteen, and had a mind to go right away. For the first half mile I expected every moment he would break into a canter—and then—and then—it would have been all up with us.

In due time we came to Kew-bridge. Now, it being Derby Day, a good many vehicles were in movement, and accordingly, when we came on to the bridge and up towards the toll-gate, there were a carriage or two in the way, and we were forced to stop and await our turn. But this waiting was just what did not suit Brown Windsor, for the moment he was stopped, up went his head with a shake, and round he came all wild and wilful, and with a manner as if he did not much care where he went, at the parapet or over the horses of another carriage standing there—anywhere, indeed, so long as he did not stand still. We turned and trotted down the bridge approach. Twice more when I brought him up I had to turn him round and go down the road again, the gate being occupied each time. At last the gatekeeper, seeing the state of things, and being an acquaintance, manœuvred a bit for us, and we got through with a plunge sideways and a narrow escape of the post, leaving the toll till our return.

It was now plain sailing, and we got on to Richmond at a slashing pace. Brownie passing everything in his splendid long fourteen-mile-an-hour stride, throwing up his head occasionally to relieve himself of the dead pull on his jaws, and shaking aloft his full black mane of thunder in the air. His style of going was magnificent, and all I had to do was to let him do—what I could not help his doing—go along in his own slapping fierce way, just on the edge of breaking away into something worse, and with one ear laid back of warning of wrong.

So we entered Richmond, and by good luck got through the town without trouble. But scarcely had we turned down under the hill towards Petersham, when, at a short distance ahead, appeared a small pony-gig containing two people, a gentleman and a lady. They had the appearance of a young lawyer and his wife, and the whole turnout was as neat as paint. The pony was a particularly clever little fellow, about twelve hands high, fat and glossy-coated, and he made play along the level ground at an extraordinary pace. The lady was beautifully dressed, the grey parasol and the pink bonnet being blameless.

We came up on their off-side threatening to pass them, but the lawyer (we decided that he was a lawyer) gave his pony a short sharp whistle, and the little fellow jumped ahead into a canter and went away. It was some little time before we came up with them again, and then the party, the driver and pony, repeated the same little game, pony leaving us like an arrow, and the driver looking back complacently at us in the rear.

However, after a mile or two of this performance, we approached a few houses, and where the road passed through a piece of water. There was, in fact, a considerable pond, and the footway ran all along by its side high up with post and rail as a defence for passengers on foot, while the roadway was below, and the water covered it for about thirty yards in length, and to the depth of six or eight inches at its higher and shallower side by the footway. The footway was on the left hand, and on the right the ground sloped gradually out into the pond—a piece of deep water of perhaps an acre in extent.

As we neared this place, I called out to the man of law, on getting up pretty close behind him, that he had better let us pass him before he got to the water, as the pony would find it deep, and impossible to keep up his pace when in the water. I told him I could not hold my horse, and that we should slash them all over, as we should come right on them in the pond. But Phaeton was deaf to my entreaties, and pushed on. Now pony had been going at such a pace for about two miles, that he was getting rather blown, and though he had slipped over the level road, where there was no resistance, at a wonderful rate, and kept it up well, yet he was overpaced; and, moreover, he was sure to come to a check, and a sudden one, directly he entered the water up to his knees, and where the gig would drag with double weight on him.

‘Harry,’ said I, ‘I’m sorry for these people—they will be in a mess.’

‘Puff, puff—I suspect they will—but it’s their affair. Puff, puff—good pony.’

‘I’m quite sorry for that pony, for he’s a rare little trump of a fellow, and they’ll beat him long before they get to Epsom if they go on at this rate. Pray, sir (calling aloud), let me go before you through the water.’

‘Puff, puff—what an idiot that lawyer is.’

‘I can’t hold Brownie. I think he pulls rather harder than when we started.—Pray, sir, let me—’

Without a word or a look behind, the lawyer sent his little pony down the sloping road into the water, and for ten or a dozen yards there was little or no check, and then, the impetus ceasing, there was a sudden drop to a walk. As to my having any pull on Brown Windsor down the descent, so as to give the pony a chance of getting through before us, it was a sheer delusion. We went down the slope with a rush, and through the water, as if there were no water. What was up to pony’s knees a clog, was nothing to seventeen-hand legs. The lady and the lawyer were but two-thirds of the way through, and we were close upon them. I shouted. Phaeton turned his head, but it was all too late. ‘To the left,—to the left I cried aloud. Under the walled-up footway he would have been, at all events, safe from any accident; but the lawyer lost his head and pulled pony to the

right, out into the falling ground and deepening water. We came past them in a cloud of spray, Brown Windsor driving the water over them in heavy showers. They were just clear of our wheels, when Phæton, having first turned pony too sharply out into the pond and found him sinking deep into mud, gave him a sudden jerk to get him back to safer ground. But the little fellow was blown; the deep water, nearly up to his chest, prevented him turning quickly; perhaps the ground, soft and muddy, impeded him; pony's head came round, but his body only half followed; he made an attempt to get round, but failed—fell on his side and lay there. Screams succeeded. Phæton whipped the recumbent and struggling pony, but to no purpose, while the pink bonnet desperate leaped into the water gathering her dress high about her, though incompletely, and fled through the treacherous and hostile element, enemy of pony and of her holiday attire.

As Brownie dashed with undiminished powers and unslackened pace up the further slope and away, I looked back. Pony was still down, and the lawyer, erect in the gig, was still flogging him, while the pink bonnet was standing alone on the bank at the water's edge, disconsolately scanning her state—a wreck of happiness.

It is needless to describe her appearance. A lady in Derby-Day attire, robed in gala, become a mop and a sponge up to her knees, the rest of her toilette in disorder, is a spectacle that ought to 'draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.'

'What unfortunate people,' said I.

'Puff, puff—the biggest fool I ever saw. Puff—that comes of an idiot trying to drive.'

'She was remarkably well dressed—pretty woman too. What a beast this Brownie is!'

'Puff, puff—all their own fault. They had warning enough. Puff—she'll get dried at that public-house.'

'She was really pretty; what good ankles she had. Brown Windsor, you are an infernal brute.'

A mixed feeling took possession of me for a time, compounded of a warm sympathy for that pink and injured bonnet, and a conviction that I would rather suffer an accumulation of heavy griefs than be the awkward lawyer in the gig and pass the remainder of that Derby Day in the boots of Phæton fallen and unried.

The cool freshness of the water round his legs, and the splash of it in his face, and in fact all over him, had given Brown Windsor, it seemed, a new vigour, for he now tore along the level road as if fourteen miles an hour was his usual and fancy movement, and a gallop—and he could gallop—was in his mind, or his head, or in that one ear ever and suspiciously laid back.

'Tis as much as I can do to hold him, Harry, 'pon my life. I think he'll break into a gallop, and then—'

'Puff—puff—all the same to me. It's your affair.'

How invigorating a companion is a stoic, when you stand on the edge of trouble!

I was too glad when he had got through 'Ewell without galloping, or a repetition of ambitious ponies, or of grey parasols in distress—without any other impediment than parties slowly wending their way in sad dependence on broken-down and exhausted horse-flesh, or comfortable and not expeditious cargoes of sober respectability—family circles—both much given to loitering in 'Brown Windsor's line of march, and when loud and impatient exclamations warned from his rushing way.

We reached the Downs, and at once drove to the first booth-stabling near where the London-road emerges on the Down, and rejoiced to put the foam-flecked but wilful Brownie—defying as when he started—into safety. He was rather 'troublesome to get out of the gig, but at last we left him haltered, and eating his corn in a tub, and into which he had dived his head greedily and without a moment's hesitation.

What a beautiful and unrivalled scene is the Derby start. There is nothing of the kind in the wide world to be seen equal to it. The old Warren was in existence in the days of which I write; but better than the walk in the Warren was the preparation for the start at the bottom of the hill. There was assembled a select body of the finest horses of the finest races that the earth has ever produced. As on that morning so on a similar one, now once a year, may be witnessed the same scene. The same combination of skill, of knowledge, of unspared wealth, of sense of animal beauty and animal power, presents itself, resulting in the production of the highest known class of that splendid servant and unsurpassed friend of man—the horse.

But everybody knows the season, the hour, the spot, the scene. Twenty young and brilliant creatures are brought out in all the pride of their high ancestry, their pure blood, their symmetrical beauty, their defying power, and as they pace up and down on the smooth turf, or quick or slow, according as their skilful riders know their uncertain ways or happier temper, names are heard from mouth to mouth that tell of the lineage of the Turcoman wastes, of the sands of Africa, and of Arabia's free-roved plains. They are the lords and princes of their kind.

The race between Cadland and the Colonel is a matter of turf history known to all the equestrian world. The dead heat was run amid shouting of astonished and admiring thousands. The race was run over again by these two horses—unheard-of event—two Derby races in one day,—and amidst more excitement, if possible than the first; the second great race was run, and was over. Pigeons were sent up into the sky from every part of the Downs, and the packed mass of carriages and human beings began to move for home.

We went too. Harry and I, for in truth, I was rather anxious to get off the Downs before the rush and crowd of carriages and horses should block up the road, or rather the mouth of it at the corner of the Down, and should make our getting on to it a matter of difficulty, if not of danger.



On reaching the stabling, we found Brown Windsor alone in a corner, and looking anything but happy. In fact, he looked wild and staring. He had a new halter on, the rope of it making a turn round his lower jaw. No horse was within reach of him, although, in all other parts of the large inclosed boothings, the horses were packed as thick as they could stand. A suspicion of wrong came across me.

'That brown horse, if you please, ostler,'

'Well, I be glad you be come for him, sir, for of all the brutes as ever I had to do with, that 'ere is the wust.'

'Why—what has happened?'

'Happen—why he've abeen all over the place, and knocked everything about. I never see such a hoss.'

'Indeed.'

'That he have. Why, he've abroke five halters jist as though they was nothing. I can't tell how many hosses' corn he haven't ahad. When he'd been and done his own, and his water, he wouldn't stand still not a minnit—not he, a mischievous devil. First he tries'—(the angry ostler interspersed his account with short addresses to Brown Windsor)—'where be throwing your great'd to now?—first he tries to pull down the post as he was tied to, then he hangs back and breaks his halter, an' slap he goes at the highest hoss, and begins abiting of him. I jist cotehed him at it as he was a eating of t'others corn. 'No, no—that won't do,' says I, 'and I brings my gentleman back again—yah, you great ox, where be going to? But lor, sir, it warn't no use—he was at it again in no time; and then we couldn't look arte: him allays, we had so much to do with other hosses.'

'He's young, you see, my good fellow, and a little awkward,' said I, apologetically.

'Horkerd—he's regglar bad—that's what he is.' Why, 'twas as much as two or three of us ever could do to coteh him when he was loose. He'd athrow his ugly'd up in the air, and who was going to reach that 'ere?—and he's his daring—why, he'd run right over any of us as soon as not; and direckly some on us here would spy him at his tricks and holler at him—mind yourself. Bill, or I'm blowed if he won't be off now, gig and all—when we'd holler at him, he'd be off from that 'ere hoss and cut away to some other—and bite, and shove, and kick, and knock'em about, and ram his big'd into their tubs—you never see sich a game as he's aplayed here all day.—Yah, you brute! if I'd the driving of you, I'd give you bounty, and that's all about it.'

All the while he was talking, the ill-used ostler and another man were engaged in putting the offending Brown Windsor into his harness—no easy matter—and every bit of which he had got rid of during his pranks except his collar and the traces, and which latter, notted and looking like ghosts of a set of harness, were dangling bout his forelegs. The whole thing had made him quite wild—

a strange place, strange horses, and strange men about him—all these had not tended to soothe his unamiable temper, or to restrain his natural recklessness. It was with no little difficulty that his bridle was got on, and himself fairly in between the shafts. However, time and patience always win; and so, after much soothing of Brownie, and of the irritated ostler and his companions, and paying some extra cash for the additional trouble and for the rent halters—and which were shown to us, though old, yet useful that morning for quiet nags, but now shreds and rags, and much reduced by Brown Windsor's vagaries towards their pristine state of raw material—we got in and started.

Harry had treated the ostler's account with little attention beyond an occasional smile, having been partly engaged in re-lighting his pipe with his old fashioned flint-and-steel apparatus (in common use in those old-world days), and on starting he seated himself as before, and smoked his pipe as unconcernedly as if we had a clergyman's cob before us, and our road were as open as a country lane.

So much time had been spent in getting our unruly animal harnessed and put in, that the crowd of vehicles leaving the course had materially increased; and as we emerged from the boothing inclosure, there was an irregular stream of carriages of all kinds pouring along towards the London-road. I struck into this, and gradually got to the outside—the Down side of the stream, so as to have room—sea-room—at command, in case circumstances should require it, and which probably they would. As we came down the sloping turf towards the entrance to the London-road, the carriage stream was on our right, and the open Down on our left hand. Brown Windsor was like a giant refreshed. The bounding turf beneath his feet seemed to give him what it does to every horse worth a farthing—the desire to gallop—to dash forward—to break away. Then his head being now towards home, the lawless hour or two he had passed in fracture of all bonds, and in victimising of various horses, as well as the quantity of corn he had devoured—all these combined to make him equal to the perpetration of any fierce mischief.

At the corner of the Down the various tracks over the turf converged towards two posts, between which commenced the London-road. A ditch and low fence ran from either post to a field-hedge on the one hand, and to a small fir plantation on the other, and effectually prevented any carriage passing from the Down outside the posts on to the road beyond. There was no way except between them. These were wide apart—very wide for one carriage, but not enough so for two to pass at once.

As we came down over the turf towards the posts, I began to fear that the getting through them would be no easy matter. There was already, in fact, rather a stoppage at the place—at the entrance of this narrow strait—on account of so many vehicles arriving at it at once. Sometimes one set or line would get through, and then another side party would cut in, while others stopped a bit, and waited

for their chance. Now, stopping and waiting were the precise things I could not do, and when we came near the posts, there was no chance of our getting through for half a minute or more, a couple of carriages being in the way, and waiting their turn. Brown Windsor, on being pulled up at the back of one of these, broke away in an instant from his place, and was all for going round in among other carriages in a most devil-me-care fashion; so the only thing I had to do was to give him a turn on the Down, and indulge the hope of having better luck the next time of approaching the posts. But so far from our chances of a passage improving, they seemed likely to become worse as we came round. The plot was thickening. If we were to get off the Down by that road at all, it could only be by a mere chance, or by a plan—a scheme. Now, trusting to chance to help one out of a difficulty is but foolishness, whereas a scheme has a charm about it and a show of vigour.

Harry puffed his pipe rather more coolly than usual it appeared to me, as he quietly said, 'You'll have a job to get through, I suspect.'

'We shall have a little trouble to get between those two posts, but we must do so—eh? What say you to our making a charge at somebody? I don't think we shall manage it without.'

'With all my heart. Puff, puff—a good plan—Brownie will do it.'

'What sort of person shall we choose?'

'Any one you like. Puff—it's your affair.'

Now, I don't for a moment stand up for what followed on the ground of good taste, or propriety, or becomingness—no; on these grounds our actions were most blameable. All I contend for is, that there are circumstances in which such ordinary rules of conduct cease to be guides for poor human kind. For instance, in the shock of nations, violence—personal violence—the law of self-defence—overrides them and rules supreme, and hard blows take the place of polite observances. So *pari passu*, in the ultimate resource of an extreme case of difficulty, should such an one present itself to an individual on a Derby day, the law of self-defence must govern where the usual social laws cease to afford the necessary aid. The secondary law of propriety was inefficient in our case, so we—Harry and I—fell back on the natural and primary law of '*aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*'

In those days there was a young man about London, a city merchant, I believe, who drove a very neat pair of well-bred horses in a phaeton. He was a small and slight dark man, always well and plainly dressed, and his turn-out was in every respect good. The horses were slight, but quick steppers and well matched. I cannot tell why—one never does know why half the odd notions come into one's head—but the notion had got into mine on seeing him about town, that this man was a master sugar-merchant, and so in idea I always called him 'the sugar-baker.'

Now, as we were taking our second turn on the Down, and I was

settling in my mind how I should proceed in the coming adventure, I looked into the growing mass for a suitable enemy with whom to try our passage of arms in self-defence, and suddenly my eye lit upon the little dark man, with his quick-stepping horses and neat phaeton, coming piaffing down the turf towards the posts. I marked him for my own. A friend sat beside him, while another friend sat behind with the groom. Nothing could be more complete than the whole turn-out.

'Harry, there's the sugar-baker. What say you, shall we try a tussle with him?'

'The sugar-baker!—puff, puff. Charge him by all means.'

Just then a drag, covered with men—'Guardsmen and such like' men about town—appeared just behind the phaeton, and I hesitated for a moment between the two, knowing that the leaders of the drag were 'a weak point.' But then came the reflection that it would be 'a confounded shame,' and 'deuced unfair,' and rather cowardly into the bargain, to attack such a very weak place as the Guards' leaders, so I decided in favour of the phaeton.

Now the thing required nicety, to be well done. It required that Brown Windsor should be brought on to the posts sideways, just at the nick of time as the phaeton horses were entering the pass. Good fortune befriended us. There was a momentary check of the vehicular stream. Bringing round Brownie—who was become very savage at these turns on the Down, so disappointing to him—I put his head straight for the opening. The phaeton was coming down nearly at a foot's pace to the converging point, the neat little horses were just entering the strait between Scylla and Charybdis, and their heads had reached the posts when Brown Windsor came on them angularly with a rush.

'Pray, sir, will you allow me to pass through before you,' I called aloud as we came up on the sugar-baker's near side. 'I cannot hold my horse, sir.'

There was no sign of listening to my request or of granting the desired favour, though he heard me and looked round, but made no attempt to check his horses. We came on them.

'For God's sake! sir,' he now exclaimed, in alarm.

'Hi—you,' screamed the groom.

'Where the devil are you coming to?' cried the friend in front, jumping up from his seat.

It was too late to ask questions or to grant favours. Brown Windsor came down heavily in a slanting direction on the near horse, giving him a staggering blow on the shoulder, and throwing the little pair into total disorder. Happily, their master, foreseeing at the last moment the course of inevitable fate, took a hard side pull at them (they were scarcely beyond a walk), and thus partially broke the force of the shock. As it was, the little horses were thrown much on their haunches, and partly into the ditch beyond.

We were well through. Immediately beyond the posts the road-

way widened considerably. The beaten road led straight on, but there was a grass track running along parallel on its right side, between that and a field hedge. As we had entered the pass in a slanting direction, so directly we were through, we pursued the slant and got off the beaten road on to the grass track. The high road was full of carriages; the turf track was empty, and Brown Windsor free to go; and as if the little event had given an additional stir to his blood, he went on his way grandly, like a conqueror.

Loud and angry were the exclamations which arose behind us. Harry looked back.

'Puff, puff—there's no harm done—no horse down, Puff—they're all right, and coming through.'

I was glad to hear this, and turned round too, as soon as I could do so.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' I cried aloud, with my hat off—'I beg your pardon—couldn't hold my horse, sir.'

'Puff—there's nobody hurt. Puff—that sugar-baker was rather surprised, I suspect.' And Harry chuckled, and settled himself comfortably with his pipe, as if the whole proceeding was quite unobjectionable.

Brown Windsor's pace soon left the irate party far in the rear. But as we went, the sound of quick feet of horses on the turf seemed to approach us, and the rattle of pole-chains to be more and more distinct. Looking round, I saw the phaeton and the quick steppers coming up along the turf track behind us at a gallop.

'Harry, I'm afraid here's something unpleasant—the sugar-baker is coming up.'

'He'd better be civil—puff, puff. It was his own fault—you asked him to let us go through—poo—oof.'

'Great want of politeness on his part, Harry—very great.'

Strong and sharp were the expressions of anger in our rear as the party arrived within speaking distance. I was sorry for this, although it seemed but a natural consequence at the occurrence at the posts. It is painful to a man to be treated by another with want of courtesy; but to be rudely and roughly trampled on, whether in a physical or a moral sense—to be without due notice charged as an enemy on a field of battle—to be unceremoniously and of *malice prepense* to be ejected from what is your own—to be violently hurled out of your right of way, and made to look ridiculous in the eyes of your friends and in those of a whole drag of 'men about town'—this is gall to the nature of man, disturbs the order of the secretions, moves irregularly the action of the *jejunum*, and makes a bitter taste in the mouth. Humble pie is not savoury meat.

Now the drag had been close in the rear, and the 'men about town' had witnessed the little occurrence at the posts, and the drag, expecting, perhaps, something amusing, had put on steam in the wake of the phaeton along the turf track, and the party were now within sight and hearing of the arrival of the sugar-merchant in

our rear, and of the exclamations of wounded and bleeding pride. I regretted all this. Again I explained and apologised to the injured merchant ; but broken sentences and words such as ' dare, and gentlemen,' and ' conduct' in reply stirred Harry's bile.

' Puff, puff—take care what you're about, sir, and don't talk too fast.' The stoic was slightly roused.

' No gentleman would——' *from the phæton, the remainder lost amid rattling of pole chains and carriage-wheels on the road.*

' Why didn't you get out of the way ?—poo—oof. We asked you to do so.'

' Shameful,' ' deserve'—confused ejaculations followed.

Poo—oo—oof. Harry raised a stout blackthorn stick, his constant companion, above his head, without looking round, as his sole reply. The drag laughed aloud. The measure of the sugar-merchant's disgust was full. Brown Windsor's pace was beyond that of the little steppers and of the Guards' team, except with much cantering ; the phæton and the drag fell behind, and soon the pole-chains rattled faintly in the distance. I could not but feel that the merchant was ill-used—but then—the law of self-defence. Well, there is no use in arguing the matter.

From the posts—the fatal posts—the turf track ran along for more than a mile parallel with the macadamised road, and then it ceased at a small plantation, the wheel tracks bending round into the high road. Just opposite this point the road to Ewell struck off from the London-road at right angles. Now, our way home by Richmond was through Ewell, and thus we had to cross the London-road at the termination of the grass track, straight across into the Ewell-road.

' Harry we must cross that road. How shall we get through that stream of carriages ?'

' It's your affair —puff—puff. You must manage it somehow.'

' We'll try if anybody will stop and let us cross over.'

' Stop ?—puff—I doubt it.'

' What's to be done then ? If nobody will stop, we must declare war, as before, and charge the enemy—eh ?'

' Of course,' said Harry, quietly.

All this while Brown Windsor was going in a most royal fashion. With elastic turf under his feet, and the ground sloping slightly in his favour, he threw himself along in a grand style. Occasionally he would half break into a canter, and when prevented—very barely prevented—he would shake his head fiercely, while his angry mane waved from side to side in flowing masses ; and then he would lay himself out again to his work, as if he revelled in the bold liberty of his action and the exercise of his abounding strength, and scented already the open park at home where he roved daily at will, tyrannising unchecked over all four-footed beasts, and as though he knew himself to be on his way to recovered freedom and dominion.

Meanwhile we approached rapidly the termination of the turf

track, and I was on the look-out in a calculating way for a 'turn-out' likely to grant a favour. Among the various vehicles was a close chariot and a pair of posters. Ladies were inside, two gentlemen sat behind in a rumble, and two more in front on the box. The whole thing had a Wimpole-street air—thoroughly respectable, unassuming, decorous, grave, substantial. 'Perhaps,' I thought to myself, simply enough, 'these gentlemen will be so good-natured, when they see our predicament, as to pull up for an instant and let us pass: they have a sort of country bred, ready-to-accommodate look—civil people—not too fashionable to be simply polite.'

'Pray, sir,' said I to one of the gentlemen on the box, as we came up alongside, and I took a steady pull at Brown Windsor, 'would you do me the favour to let me cross the road down there where the Ewell-road turns off?—we are not going to London.'

• 'Eh?' said the gentleman, looking at me.

I repeated my request. Wimpole-street grumbled something, but gave me no intelligible answer. I repeated it louder, adding, 'We shall not stop you more than an instant. We must cross over.'

'Go on, post-boy,' said Wimpole-street, in a loud, clear voice; and post-boy whipped his off-horse to keep close up to the preceding carriage. There was no misunderstanding this reply. I had made a mistake, and Wimpole-street was not accommodating or benevolent. I was sorry for Wimpole-street, having a respect for that quarter of London town and for its substantial and business-pursuing and highly respectable gentry-class of inhabitants. Wimpole-street disappointed me. I had made an appeal to its considerateness for others—had counted on its British good-nature—and I had eaten sand. Wimpole-street was on trial—

•  
 'A Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye,  
 But turns to ashes on the lips.'

Ashes were in my mouth.

• 'Hurry,' said I, 'that was not kind, or polite.'

'Just what I expected—puff, puff. Nobody will stop—of course not.'

• 'There is not much time to think about it, for there is the Ewell-road. What shall we do? Suppose we charge the postboy—eh?'

• 'Poo—oof—serve them right.'

There are many laws, human and divine, which a man is perpetually infringing, but there is one which he never breaks—the law of necessity, that rides over every thing, and carries its rider with it. Fate is inevitable. Among its decrees was this, that Wimpole-street's hour had sounded. The circumstances were these. A hedge was on my right hand, a plantation in front, a close column of vehicles on my left, a road too narrow to admit of my turning round—even had such a measure been in my power, and which it was not—and a wild horse, going fourteen miles an hour, with the

perfume of his home in his nostrils ; —a bad position. I rapidly cast my mental eye all round the whole horizon of modes of escape from it, and the entire circumference of exit was obscure, save in only one spot—Wimpole-street. There a ray of light penetrated the gloom—the post-boy was the opening into the cheering world of security from danger.

The turf track swept out into the high road. We came to the turn in accordance with very commendable calculations, and followed its sinuous line, Brown Windsor coming round the flowing curve with a splendid rush.

‘Hold tight, Harry.’

Poo—oo—oof.

‘Take care, post-boy,’ I shouted—‘take care of yourself.’

‘Hi—i—i,’ roared the post-boy—the two gentlemen on the box made fierce exclamations as they saw us emerge furiously from the grass way and come right on them. The post-boy had first whipped his horses when he saw our move, but then calculating that the chances were all against him, he pulled them up with such a sudden jerk as to throw them all scrambling and huddled on to their haunches, and the two gentlemen nearly off the box. The near shoulder of Brown Windsor caught the off-poster on the head, throwing him heavily against the other, our near wheel scraped both their noses and the pole-end, and in an instant we were over, and the gal-lant Brownie was victoriously on his way towards Ewell. Nelson broke the French line on the Egyptian coast—and won ; we broke the Derby line—and did the same.

It is needless to tell how Wimpole-street fared. What could that trampled and conquered street, filled from end to end with its British lion’s heart, do under these circumstances ? It roared. From box and from rumble, and from post-boy, with his horses all in a confused scramble, rose the united roar—a compound of reproaches and objurgations. What could I say in reply ? What excuse or palliation could I venture to offer for the act ? The whole intention had been too patent—the *delictus* too flagrant. ‘There was no time, nor was indeed the occasion a happy one to have expatiated on the severe beauties of the great laws of self-defence or of necessity. No ; all I could do was to turn my head as we rushed away, and shout to the enraged and disordered Wimpolians—‘A young horse !’ We slipped away, and as the sound of angry voices ceased, we heard other voices, cheerful and laughing and not angry ;—they rose in a chorus from the drag—unfeeling witness—unsympathising with Wimpole-street—as it went on its way to London.

How we got through Ewell I hardly can tell, for it was crowded with vehicles of every description. However, nothing of moment occurred to interrupt our course, then or afterwards, and Brown Windsor went as gallantly, with his head as high, and with his one ear laid backwards as vicious and as daring—on and on—mile after mile, along the now uncumbered road, through the fatal piece of



water, through Richmond, and over Kew-bridge—as when he refused to stop and pay toll on the latter in the morning. Luckily, there was no one in the gate when we arrived in the evening, so we managed to pay our dues. Soon we were again at home and within the yard gates, and very glad I was to see that wilful Brown Windsor walked into his stable. The drive was done.

‘Poo—oo—oof—Brown Windsor is a good charger,’ said Harry, as he walked into the house.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

## THE QUAIL.

At Christmas last we introduced to our readers a history of the turkey—as a subject not inappropriate to the season, and at all times inviting. A few months have passed by and spring has returned, bringing with it our summer migratory birds—those, namely, that leave our latitudes in autumn, and pass the winter in more genial climes, to revisit us when “the winter is over and gone,” and the flowers of the earth burst forth in all their beauty and fragrance. The swallow now makes its appearance, and “the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”

It is not, however, to these birds—of which so much has been said and sung—that we now call our readers’ notice, but to another, generally little considered, yet of which the history cannot fail to prove acceptable, the more so as we introduce it at an apt and fitting opportunity. The bird to which we allude is the quail, a migratory visitant to Europe, and decidedly one of the most interesting of those which sojourn in our island.

Few are well acquainted with the habits and manners of the quail. Its local distribution in our island, and that only during a few months of the year, is one great reason of this popular ignorance; to which may be added its comparative scantiness even in the districts it frequents, save in a few very congenial localities. In the northern counties the quail rarely makes its appearance, nor is it much more abundant in our central districts.

The quail is a migratory bird of the Gallinaceous order—a circumstance in itself sufficient to give it interest in the eyes of a naturalist; moreover, it is connected with historical events of remote ages, and is therefore peculiarly interesting to the Biblical critic; it is so, for other reasons, to the sportsman; it is one of the most delicious of the feathered tribe which is brought to the table of the epicure; its spirit renders it a favourite with many, and its beauty with all. No excuse, therefore, is needed for introducing such a bird to the notice of our readers.

The EUROPEAN QUAIL (*Goturnix dactyliscenans*) is doubtless the

*ortyx* (ortyx) of Aristotle. It is *la Caille* of Buffon; *le Crokiel* of the same author; *quaglia* of the Italians; *de wachtel*, and *wachtel feldhuhn*, of the Germans. It is called *soffiar* and *rhine* in the ancient British tongue. According to Col. Sykes, it is the *lohah* of the Mahrrattas. It appears to be the *selav* of the ancient Israelites; *selvai* or *selves* of the Arabs; but on this point we shall have occasion to make some observations.

The quail enjoys a very extensive range; it is found throughout the whole extent of Northern Africa, and probable much farther to the south of that continent than has been supposed. From Africa it is spread over all the countries north of the Mediterranean, and thence eastward to India: whether the ordinary quail of China is specifically identical with our own, has yet to be determined. The exact limits of the northward range of the quail, whether in Asia or Europe, do not appear to be very precisely ascertained; but these, as is ever the case, are, doubtless, regulated by elevation of land and the features of the country. We shall look for the quail in vain along the borders of the boreal latitudes, or among snow-clad mountain-ranges.

The general resemblance in form (of course not in size) between the comparatively small quail and the partridge is very striking; and as the latter, with its short, rounded, concave wing, is not remarkable for great powers of flight, the extent of the migratory journeys of the former have appeared surprising, and, indeed, have sometimes been received with incredulity. Now, although the partridge cannot be called a migratory bird, yet in some of the more southern regions it is said to shift its quarters. We suspect, however, that the observation, if correct, applies to a very distinct bird, namely, the Greek partridge (*Perdix Græca* of Brisson and the elder writers); for our partridge is very rare in Southern Europe. Be this as it may, the quail is far better fitted for flight than the partridge: for example—the first quill-feather of the wings is of equal length with the succeeding ones—giving to the wing a sharpness of outline which we do not see in the wing of the partridge, in which the three anterior quill feathers are exceeded by the fourth and fifth; hence it is less concave, and more pointed; a circumstance which makes great difference as to the comparative capabilities of aerial locomotion. Let it not, however, be supposed that we consider the quail as a bird remarkable for its powers of flight—rather the contrary; all we mean is that it is capable of accomplishing journeys of a considerable extent, at a stretch, and, after resting, in order to recover strength, of continuing such journeys—until, having left Northern Africa, it at last settles for a time in France, Germany, or even in the British Islands—to return thither again when the appointed time arrives. Probably, however, our island-bred birds do not pass beyond the borders of Southern Europe.

We dwell thus upon the migratory powers of the quail, because

we have been led, from childhood upwards, to consider it as a bird of passage. It is introduced to us as such, in the Book of Exodus. We there read of flights of quails opportunely arriving to afford a supply of food to the distressed Israelites in the wilderness; and hence we involuntarily regard this bird with more than ordinary interest. Its name is associated, in our minds, with an event important in itself, but conducive to others, which have changed the very framework of social life throughout the whole of the civilised world.

It must not, however, be concealed that the claim of the quail to this historical position is contested. It has, in fact, more than one rival in the pages of Biblical criticism. Of these, strange to say, one is not a bird, but the locust; this was the opinion of Ludolph. On the other hand, Rudbeck supposed that the supply of food which "at even came up and covered the camp," was presented by shoals of some species of flying-fish. The former opinion is untenable; the latter is astonishingly absurd. All the most able commentators agree that it was a bird. But here starts up the difficulty. The following species suggest themselves as worthy of coming under review:—The European francolin—locality, Southern Europe, North Africa, and Asia (see Gould's "Birds of Europe"); the Greek and the Barbary partridge—both appertaining to the red-legged group, and of which the latter is probably the "Partridge of the Mountains" (Sam.xxvi. 20); the katta or sand-grouse (resolvable into three or four species—*Potrocles alchata*, *Pt. alchata*, *Pt. guttatus*, and *Pt. exustus*), excluding others belonging to more distant regions; and, lastly, the quail. Now, by common consent, the choice lies between the katta or sand-grouse, and the quail.

By able pleaders, much might be said on both sides. Let us look first to the claims of the katta (we leave the precise species for the determination of our great ornithologist, Mr. Gould, in whose magnificent and elaborate work on the "Birds of Asia," now in the course of publication, the Arabian and other Asiatic sand-grouse are figured and described at large. It is known that in Palestine and around its borders, the katta is astonishingly abundant. Whatever may be its habits during the breeding season, it certainly associates in vast flocks during the greater portion of the year; and, in the stony districts of the country beyond Jordan, it swarms in such multitudes, that phalanx after phalanx arise, like dense clouds passing through the sky, and vanishing in the distance. Burckhardt was astounded by their numbers around the precincts of Bogra. He thus graphically writes:—"The quantity of kattas here are beyond description; the whole plain seemed sometimes to rise; and, far off in the air, they are seen like large moving clouds." In the country to the east of the Dead Sea, and among the hilly districts of Edom, their numbers are incredibly excessive: they arise *en masse* from the ground in such dense array, that the Arabs (and especially the boys and young men, who delight in the sport) often bring down three or four at a time

by hurling a heavy jereed among them. In Syria, according to Russell, this bird is to be found the whole year round, but in vast flocks chiefly during the months of May and June; when, even in Northern Syria, the sweep of a clasp-net has been often known to enclose and bring down a tolerable load for one of the spirited little asses of that region. The Turks are remarkably partial to the flesh of this bird; but it is rejected by the Franks of Syria, who consider it dark-coloured and dry. Burckhardt is strongly of opinion that the katta and the selav of the Israelites are identical.

Let us now, passing over much ground, turn to Hasselquist, the pupil and friend of Linnæus. Hasselquist travelled in the East. He was a man of no ordinary talent, and had been educated in the school of rigid accuracy. Now, this able observer, carefully distinguished between the katta and the quail, sent an account of the former to Linnæus, under the title of *Tetrao Israelitarum*. Giving a separate account of the latter bird, he says, "I think it alone worth a journey from Jerusalem to the Red Sea to meet with the partridge of Arabia or the Holy Land, which has never been before described. These birds are, without a doubt, the quails of the Israelites:" remarks which will not apply to our quail, nor to the Continental red-legged partridge.

We extract the following passage from a letter to Linnæus, relative to the katta:—

If natural history can give any information in the interpretation of the Bible, this bird is certainly the same with the quails of the Israelites; and they alone (the quails) would reward the toil of a journey to the banks of the Jordan. So great was my own personal delight in this discovery, that, forgetting myself, I almost lost my life before I could obtain possession of a specimen.

Subsequently he observes that, about Whitsuntide, the Arabs carry many thousands of them to Jerusalem for sale. This, we are informed, is still true, with respect to the katta, but not so with respect to the quail. Unfortunately, Linnæus knew little or nothing about the sand-grouse; and Hasselquist did not give its native name of katta. Hence Linnæus—to whom we are not assured that specimens were ever sent—or, if sent, received by him—makes Hasselquist's *Tetrao Israelitarum* a synonym of his *tetrao coturnix*—that is, our common quail. Here lies the difficulty; but, when Linnæus called the American turkey *meleagris* (adverting to Ovid's fable), we cease to wonder at the mistakes of uncertainty in the dawn of zoological science. That Linnæus should be followed by Gmelin and other compilers, as regards this point, need not surprise us, and is scarcely worthy of notice.

So far with regard to the claims of the katta, a desert-bird. Now, let us turn to the quail. A well-known writer says, that both the katta and the quail are *migratory* birds, and that, as is evident, "the birds which fed the Israelites were in the act of migration." That the katta is partially migratory we by no means deny; but it

is far from being so extensively migratory, or so regularly so, as is the quail. Thus far we gain nothing on either side. In Egypt and Syria, during the month of March, when the wheat is ripening, the quails (as Hasselquist states) spread themselves over the country, in vast flocks; and multitudes, as in ancient days, are caught by means of nets, for the purpose of food: to say nothing of the necessity of destroying them by wholesale for the sake of preserving the grain. They then pass north-wards, returning in the autumn, but not in such numbers as before. They have twice crossed the Mediterranean—first into Asia Minor, thence spreading through Southern Europe, and so onwards; secondly, on their return, and in each journey not without great slaughter. Here we might cite authorities from ancient times to the present, proving that the migratory movements of the quail have remained unchanged throughout the change of Empires.

Something has been said of the wind which brought the quails to the camp of the Israelites. It was south-east wind, drifting over Arabia from the Arabian Sea, and far more likely to hurry forward flocks of the desert-loving katta than the meadow and cornland-haunting quail. Yet the wind might have had a bearing from Southern Persia, sweeping across the Persian Gulf. Now, from Southern Arabia—the *Arabia Felix* of Strabo—and from Southern Persia, multitudes of quails, "thick as autumnal leaves in Valambrosa," might have been carried onwards to the Desert of Sin, east of the Red Sea. The same observations apply, it may be said, with equal if not more force to the katta; but we must not forget (such is our answer) that 3,300 years have passed, altering the whole superficies of Southern Persia, Arabia, and Egypt; rendering vast tracts, once the granaries of mighty nations, now sandy wastes, where the foot of the camel may disturb the katta, and the stone-curlew, or thick-knee (*Edicnemus crepitans*), as it wends its way across the still lion-haunted desert, but where the quail will hardly find itself in comfortable quarters. What, then, is our opinion? We answer with Sir Roger de Coverley—"Much may be said on both sides." While we admit the fact that the quail migrates in overwhelming multitudes, we are not without a lurking suspicion that the Israelitish bird was the katta. Nay, might not flocks of both species have been Providence-directed to supply a rude wandering people, who knew little about the specific distinctions of scientific zoology? Thus then we leave this part of our subject.

Although the quail is certainly a migratory bird, it is not so altogether;—no not even in our own island, where, in favourable spots, some few appear to be stationary, joined of course in the spring by visitors from the South, which rear their progeny and depart on the approach of autumn. In India we believe that the quail is truly stationary; it is more than partially so in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and South-eastern Europe generally: although during winter it is joined

by arrivals from the North, and in spring by accessions from the deserts of Northern Africa, seeking a congenial breeding-place.

The same observations apply to Candia, Greece, the Greek Islands, to the great peninsular projection of Asia Minor, from the Isle of Cyprus on the south to the long line of northern coast thence, over the Black Sea from Schumla to Odessa, and eastward to the Crimea, and beyond. This is a vast extent of country; to which Spain, France, Germany, the Austrian States, and Poland—in fact, the whole range of the south of Russia in Europe—may be added. Throughout this range the quail is both migratory and resident, more resident, perchance, than we imagine, could we ascertain the numbers of permanent settlers—an unobserved remnant, in wilds thinly tenanted by man, and but a little previously covered by myriads. We might here enter into the accounts of the migratory movements of the quail as recorded in the works of the ancients—of the multitudes condensed into vast clouds, which, scattering themselves, exhausted by their journey, became an easy prey to the inhabitants of the numerous isles of Greece. To refer again to the Scriptures is, perhaps, out of place; but, if anything proves the quail to have been the selav of the Israelites, it is the recorded fact that for a whole month six hundred thousand marching men, with women and children in proportion, were supplied with food by these birds, which lighted in numbers beyond the powers of calculation, for some miles, in and around their encampment. “He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the Sea.”—Psalm lxxviii. 27. Refer also to Exodus.

This narrative prepares us for the accounts given by the Classic writers from Aristotle to Pliny, which have been sometimes deemed exaggerations. The latter, after stating that immense flocks, driven out of their course (across the Mediterranean) by adverse winds, are often swept into the sea, proceeds to state, that they sometimes settle on vessels in such numbers as to cause their sinking from the overloading of the masts and rigging; and this, he says, always happens during the night. Looking at the vessels as light craft resembling our fishing-smacks, plying along the coast, and considering Pliny's acquaintance with the shores of the Mediterranean, we cannot refuse credence to this positive statement. Even in modern times, when the quail is perhaps less multitudinous than it was formerly, before the destructive gun was known, the authentic accounts on record are sufficiently startling. During the periodical flights of these birds between Europe and Africa, and *vice versa*, the shores and islands of the Mediterranean are replete with myriads—Sicily swarms with them. Their autumnal visit is looked forward to with great anxiety, and they there encounter wholesale destruction; the gun, the net, and the simplest missiles being all in requisition. On the coast of Naples, according to Montagu, and within a comparatively limited space, 100,000 have been counted as the production

of a single day's work. In this manner we might pass along the European shores of the Mediterranean; but, were we to do so, we should be too long delayed by the "Isles of Greece:" everywhere a repetition of the same wholesale destruction of the quail is as vigorously carried on. According to Baron de Tott, no country abounds in quails more than the Crimea. During the summer, these birds are dispersed over the country: but, at the approach of autumn, they assemble together, and cross the Black Sea, to the southern coasts, whence they afterwards transport themselves to a warmer climate:—"The order of this migration is invariable: towards the end of August, on a serene day, when the wind blows from the north at sunset, and promises a fine night, they repair to the strand, and take their departure at six or seven in the evening, and have finished a journey of fifty leagues by break of day." They might be exhausted, and meet with the usual reception, thousands being taken alive, in addition to those killed on the spot.

But we have said enough, so far, and must draw nearer home.

All who are acquainted with the poultry-markets of London and the principal poulterers' shops, have seen, during April and May, numbers of quails pent up in low cages, waiting—like the friends of Ulysses, or the companions of "Is-Sindibad of the Sea" for their coming destiny. Pretty creatures! who can glance at them, thus cabined and confined, without a feeling of pity? Fair and straightforward is the sportsman, with his gun and dogs; but no sportsman consigned these captives to durance and death. They are the victims of the lure and the net; and are obtained principally in Franco and the Netherlands. These are all, or nearly all, males; hence it is well for the continuance of the species that the quail should be polygamous. Now, the reason why these prisoners are males is simply this: the males, in flocks, precede by several days the arrival of the females; and, like sailors from a long voyage meet with "crimps ashore,"—nets are prepared,—the quail-pipe imitating the low note of the female, is heard, the male utters his clear whistling trisyllable, pee-vor-ree, by way of answering, and in this manner scores at the time are drawn into the trap. The story has a moral, so it be read aright.

Now for the quail as a British bird. It is seldom that the quail visits our island before the middle of May; but here we must except some permanent residents, more numerous in our southern countries, than has yet been suspected. In our midland districts the quail is rare, and still more so as we advance northwards. It is the bird of the lowlands, tenanting plains and undulating tracts under rich cultivation, or chalk hills of moderate elevation, where barley grows abundantly. It is decidedly terrestrial—we have never heard of its taking refuge in a tree. It loves the scrubby borders of cornlands, which afford it shelter; rough stony fields; or the very centre of wide lands, where wheat, canary-seed, mustard-seed, and the like, cover acres. As a proof of the continuance of the quail during the winter

in some of the congenial counties of our island, we may here appropriately introduce the following note, kindly communicated to the writer by Mr. Gould. It runs as follows:—

January 2nd, 1854.

Weather very severe—hard frost, with much snow. Visited Leadenhall-market. Quails at four different stalls—all British killed. One dealer had twelve fresh up from Cambridgeshire; from which county, he informed me, he had quails every week during the autumn and winter. Another dealer had quails from Suffolk, and said they frequently had them at this season from Ireland. It is clear, therefore, that this bird far more commonly remains in the British Islands during winter than is generally supposed. The twelve alluded to above had all been shot, apparently, on the same day, as was inferred from their uniform freshness and similarity. The legs of both sexes at this season are pale straw-yellow on the toes; nails horny; bills greenish olive white; the covering of the nostrils a little darker, that is more olive; eyes hazel brown. As regards weight and fatness, the whole were in fair condition: in *one* specimen the flank feathers were chestnut, except the longitudinal stripe of greyish white down the centre of each; the stem of these feathers quite white; and between this stem and the chestnut a longitudinal line of black. This specimen (probably a young but adult male) had the shoulders, wing coverts, and secondary quill feathers minutely freckled and barred with brown, a fawn stripe running down the centre of each.

Mr. Gould adds a comparison of the quail from Madras, and of a specimen killed on the borders of the Mediterranean with the birds bred in our island. The Madras bird differs in several particulars, into which we need not here enter, and appears to be distinct from its European congener.

The quail, as we have said, is polygamous; and, probably, as in the case of the ruff (*machetes*) and the wild-turkey, some battles take place among the males for the maintenance of territorial right, and the sole supremacy of an Oriental *harém*. The breeding-place is chosen either in the centre of fields of grain, or amidst the covert of bordering scrubs or rough spots of ground. The young bevy varies from eight or ten to eighteen in number. The nest is a slight depression in the ground, either natural or scratched, for the reception of the eggs.

A flock of quails, consisting of one brood, or perhaps two broods united, varying from ten to twenty, or even more, is called, in sportsmen's language, a "bevy." When flushed, they rise with startling suddenness, and, without attempting to soar, sweep along in a straight line with arrow-like velocity. Sometimes the whole bevy rises simultaneously, sometimes only two or three individuals from the same spot at the same instant, but always with a suddenness almost startling to the unpractised gunner—a circumstance which renders quail shooting by no means so easy as might be supposed.



The food of the quail consists of grain, and seeds of various plants, not to the exclusion of insects and their *larvæ*. The feeding time commences with the earliest peep of dawn, or an hour or two before, and continues till daybreak. As the evening twilight draws on it again takes its food. During the middle portion of the day it lies perdue in its covert; basks in the sun; and dusts and preens its plumage. Should rain set in, it retires to a sufficient shelter, under brushwood, rough stones, or on old hedgerow banks, to which the young coveys often resort. When scattered over a field they lie very close.

Among the ancients the quail was not generally served at table. It was supposed to feed on hellebore and poisonous seeds; and moreover, to be subject to fits of epilepsy (see Pliny); hence it was regarded, not as a *dainty*, but a *dangerous*, dish—except, perhaps, by the knowing epicure.

The high spirit, ardour, and pugnacity of the quail, have been celebrated from ancient times to the present. "As quarrelsome as quails in a cage" was a Greek proverb. Quail-fighting, as might be expected, was a favourite amusement with the Greeks and Romans, who kept it in numbers for this purpose, as our forefathers did gamecocks. In India and China, quail-fighting (as well as cock-fighting) is a popular amusement. We do not know what the Chinese *Game Quail* is; but in India, according to Colonel Sykes, it is not our species, but the Argoondah quail (*Coturnix Argoondah*), which is in repute.

From a brief notice of the quail as a fighting bird, we pass on to a consideration of it as a singing bird. Forbear to laugh, courteous reader, for the quail is and has been time immemorial, celebrated for its "sweet voice." Athenæus notices the "song of the quail." Now, the fact is, that all piping sounds were agreeable to the ancients—the Gryllæ and Cicade made music to their ears; and in Spain, at the present day, grasshoppers are kept in little rush cages for the sake of their song. Cervantes, in his "Don Quixote," expressly alludes to this custom. In the east, the stone curlew (*Edicnemus crepitans*) is highly esteemed for its music. Mr. Lane (see "Arabian Nights," Vol. III., p. 82), especially alludes to it, and quotes Hasselquist in corroboration of his own personal testimony. This bird is the *keerawan*; or more correctly, *kārāwan*, of the Arabs. The Turks and Egyptians value it much if they can get it alive, and keep it in a cage for its singing.

Bechstein dilates largely upon the song of the quail. Unfortunately, he puts its voice into words, without meaning, failing therefore to convey his ideas to his readers. A few notes for the piano, or flute, would have been better both for writer and reader; but Bechstein, throughout his book on song-birds, errs egregiously on this very point. Who can attach the same sound as rung in his ears to *made* words? However, we will give the substance of what he says, as a finale:—In the breeding season, the male commences

by softly repeating tones resembling *verra-verra*, followed by *pievoris*, uttered in a bold tone (the last we have heard, not the *errva*.) This tone is given while the neck is raised, the eyes shut, and the head inclined to one side, as if in the attitude of listening. Among the *fanciers*, the birds that repeat the last syllables ten or twelve times consecutively, are the most esteemed. The song of the female only consists of *verra verra, pupu pupu*—the two last being those by which the male and female attract each other's attention. The angry cry of the male is *quillah* (how pronounced we know not); but the note of simple complacency is purring murmur.

W. C. L. M.

*Illustrated London News.*]

## PISCATORIAL PROLUSIONS.

BY THE HAMPSHIRE FLY-FISHER.

## HAMPSHIRE AND ITS RIVERS.—EAST HAMPSHIRE.

BELOW the William Wood, and in the valley to the west of the South down hills, on whose tops the Cromlechs of the Sea Kings are yet to be seen, the Ems, a gentle rivulet, takes its rise; and travelling by the side of the road, passes the church and village of Stoughton in its course to Walderton. In the summer months the tiny stream scarce serves to cover the lichened pebbles that sparkle in its bed; but in the winter, after a thaw, or when an abundance of rain has fallen, the springs burst from the high grounds, the rivulet, forming what is called the Lavant, swells into a brawling current, and pours a volume of water to the cross-roads at Walderton. At this point it diverges, to the left, still fringing the road until it divides—one streamlet bearing to the west, and one wending its quiet way through the meadows to the east. Below this the western branch passes. Lordington, at one time the property and residence of Sir Richard Pole, the husband of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, executed by King Henry the Eighth, who was the mother of Cardinal Pole. Geoffrey Pole, her grandson, sold the manor, which is now the property of Admiral Phipps-Hornby. A part of the mansion has recently been pulled down, but enough remains to show what the place was in the olden times. The rooms are panelled and decorated; the vestibule was originally gilded, and elegant in the extreme; and the staircase is a fine specimen of oak-carving, bearing the Royal Arms previous to the Union. There is a terrace-walk below the garden, and the whole is sheltered by beautiful timber. On the opposite side in a meadow adjoining the road, stands a solitary pollard; there is nothing about it to

indicate the remains of a mansion, but it serves, nevertheless, to mark the site of Racton House, for many generations the seat of the Gounter family, deduced in an unbroken line from Jenkin Gounter, "who came in with the Conqueror." Early in the reign of Henry the Sixth, Roger Gounter, who had acquired large property in Wales from the grants of King Edward the First, in whose army he had served, obtained this manor as a mesne tenant of the Honour of Arundel. The House of Gounter had ever been strongly attached to the Crown, and many had suffered in the Civil Wars; but it was not until the mansion was some years since dismantled, that the history and services of the Gounters were fully appreciated. Amongst the furniture sold on that occasion, an old bureau was disposed of for a few shillings; the purchaser discovered a secret drawer, and in it was found the very interesting and important MS. now in the British Museum, containing an account of Colonel Gounter's services in securing the escape of Charles after the battle of Worcester. In the house of Colonel Gounter, who married a daughter of Sir Lawrence Hyde, Charles found a temporary asylum; and from thence, after a multitude of perils, he made his way, accompanied by Colonel Gounter, to Brighton, where a vessel was obtained for a passage to the Continent. In Racton Church, near which the streams are again united, sleep George Gounter and his trusty wife: there is a monument to their memory, representing them as kneeling on either side of a faldstool, in the attitude of prayer; and in the chancel, the window of which bears three gauntlets argent within a bordure on the Gounter's Coat, there are various mural and monumental slabs to other and earlier members of the family; among the rest of two, a husband and wife, who were born on the same day and died on the same day—the one by a fall from his horse, the other in confinement. Opposite to the church is the road leading through Racton Park, and at a short distance below this point the stream becomes part of the ancient Lordship of Stanstead, in former days parcel of the Honour of Arundel; and where, for many centuries subsequent to the Conquest, the Earls of Arundel resided. It is strictly preserved, and the trout, though not large, are numerous. The bottom is a clean gravel; and, as the current is quick, the fish are usually in good condition. At Westbourne the stream serves the mill, which stands on the site of that mentioned in "Domesday," and uniting with the tributary waters from Stanstead decayed ponds, winds onward to the church of Westbourne, built in the reign of Henry the Seventh, containing a richly carved piscina, and windows once decorated with stained glass, of which no trace now remains. In the churchyard there is an avenue of eight yew trees of singular size and beauty; leading to the northern porch of oak, the doorway of which is carved with the arms, cognisance, and supporters of Thomas, Earl of Arundel, Lord Maltravers, and an inscription, almost illegible, of "Dominus Thomas Maltgavers," and indicating probably that he rebuilt the present church. From the

church of Westbourne, the stream runs due south through the pasture grounds, and were it preserved there would be some fair fishing. Passing the pond below, it serves Lumley mill. Lumley House and premises, of a pretty but fantastic style, were built by Mr. Tollervey, once the owner of this and other property. They are not maintained in their former state, and are painfully suggestive of the strange vicissitudes of fortune. Mr. Tollervey, a wealthy merchant, lived here in luxury and comparative splendour for some years; but reverses came, extravagance beggared his princely fortune, and in his latter days he was to be seen sweeping a crossing at the corner of Fleet-street. In his garden the fish were preserved, and the water below was supplied from this source. After winding south through the meadows, where it is crossed by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and where there is still a good basket of fish to be caught, the stream serves the mill at Emsworth (the village of the Ems, worth signifying village in Saxon), and hurries onward till it debouches into the harbour. It would seem that the river between Westbourne and Emsworth was always a source of profit, for in the Arundel Feodary Book, compiled about the reign of Henry the Sixth, and containing the survey of the manor of Bourne, the "fishery of Emswerthe" is entered as of the yearly value of 3s. 4d.—*The Field*.

### ANGLING.—OLD CRUSTY AND NOVICE.

#### TWO FLY-FISHERS.

*Crusty.* 'Well,—, what sport?

*Novice.* Oh, none; but, 'pon my soul,

'Twas too provoking, for throughout the whole

Day I've been so unlucky, for I should

Have caught a glorious lot if—

*Crusty.* If you could!

*Novice.* No—but it really was no fault of mine.

First, my rod came asunder, and the line—

*Crusty.* You tied your rod, of course?

*Novice.* Why—no—I thought—

*Crusty.* Well, next time, you'll remember that you ought.  
Well, and the line?

*Novice.* With the first fish, I found—

*Crusty.* That it was old and rotten, I'll be bound!

*Novice.* Why—yes—it broke, but always had been sound.

*Crusty.* Well, next time, try it previous to beginning  
And more especially if used for spinning.

*Novice.* The second fish, the finest I e'er saw—

Snap went the gut. •

*Crusty.* There must have been a flaw ! •

*Novice.* Oh, no ; the man said it would hold a horse—

*Crusty.* But not a fish. You'd soak'd it well, of course ?

*Novice.* Why, no ; it was quite new, and so I thought—

*Crusty.* Well, next time, you'll remember that you ought.

What next ?

*Novice.* Why, one hook broke, another bent ;  
Just as I thought I had 'em, off they went.

*Crusty.* That's a bad job. But when you bought the lot,  
You saw them tried ?

*Novice.* No, really, I did not.

*Crusty.* Well, any more misfortunes ? •

*Novice.* Yes, at night

The fish were rising round me left and right ;

I whipt, whipt, whipt, and couldn't get a rise—

Thinks I, I cannot have the proper flies !

I went to change them, when, I do not think,

You ever saw a line in such a kink ! •

*Crusty.* Well, but you had another ready tied,  
And broke it off ?

*Novice.* Why—no ; and while I tried  
To set one up, of wind a d—l—sh puff •

Blew away all my flies. This was enough ;

The rise was over, and I came away.

Cursing it for a d——d unlucky day.

*Crusty.* Well, p'raps it was ; but, in your ear, my buck,—  
Just take more care, and you'll have better luck.—•

*The Field.]* •

## CREMORNE GARDENS.

THE successful issue of the daring aeronautic experiment of last week, attracted immense numbers to this favourite resort, on Tuesday afternoon. Long before the time announced for the ascent, every approach to the gardens was thronged by anxious and expecting crowds, while the gardens themselves presented an unusually gay appearance from the large concourse of well-dressed and fashionable visitors. Shortly before seven o'clock the signal guns were fired, and the majestic machine, with its scientific appendage, immediately afterwards commenced its aerial flight. Mons. Létour at least furnishes evidence of being able to guide his parachute in its descent, so as to avoid unpleasant contact with any obstacle that might present itself in its approach to the earth. This is accomplished

partly by means of two supplemental valves, which can be opened and shut at the will of the aeronaut, who thus regulates the rapidity of his descent, and of course graduates the inclination of his approach to *terra firma*, whilst by means of two large wings, which he can also move like small sails forty or fifty times in a minute, M. Létour is enabled to steer clear of any obstruction that he may find on his nearly reaching the earth. The capability of thus directing the movements of the parachute has now been fully proved, and the two successful attempts made by M. Létour at Cremorne, after two failures, arising from the want of sufficient ascending power in the balloon, at another place of entertainment, must have been as gratifying to the bold experimentalist and the spirited proprietor of Cremorne, as it was satisfactory to the large portion of the public assembled upon both occasions. We understand the descent was made at Tottenham.—*The Field*.

### A KANGAROO HUNT.

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On one occasion we threw the hounds into cover—a “kick in” and a wave of the hand were sufficient, and they went to work in style, although they did riot a little when they came across a kangaroo-rat—an animal about the size of a rabbit, that abounds in the scrub; but a double thong being applied, and “ware rat” bawled in their ears, convinced them of their error. After drawing for some time, the sterm above the brushwood began to “feather,” a whimper or two was heard, followed by a rush of the whole pack, and then a loud burst, and they were away. At the end of five miles we came into a country intersected by deep creeks, the timber thickened, and as we ascended the hills, the grass-fed hunters showed distress, and at last “shut up” altogether. The kangaroo, being determined to cut out good work for us, went right over the range. The pace quickened: we crested the hill, and were quickly shooting down the other side of it, with as much as our horses could do to live with the hounds, who were now careering the scent breast-high down to a tea-tree creek. Suddenly they all threw up their heads—there was a screw loose. A lift forward was tried, then a circular start was made, during which a buck kangaroo started out of a clump of acacias into the middle of the pack; every one thought he must be “chopped,” but he broke clean away through them. The country becoming difficult, the company got very select, the best mounted being thrown out, and at last we viewed the object of pursuit stretching along at a startling pace, straight towards the river Torrens. Cheering on the leading hounds, we forced him into the stream, where he stood ducking hound after hound as they at-

tacked him, till overpowered by numbers and killed. Ye fox-hunters of England, think of bowling along at this rate, thirty miles right off, after an animal that runs upon two legs, of which a squirrel is a miniature portrait.—*Impressions in Australia.*—*The Field.*

## GREAT PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH.

MR. R. Seed, of Preston, has accepted the challenge of Mr. Edwin Wood, of Manchester, to shoot a match at pigeons for £200 a-side, at 210 birds each, four days' shooting; the first three days at fifty single rises each, 2oz. shot; and on the concluding day thirty double rises, 1½oz. shot. It is probable that the match will come off about the middle of next month, the first two days' shooting to take place in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and to be concluded at Preston.—*The Field.*

## HINTS ON DRIVING, FOR BEGINNERS.

### DRIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

RAILROADS are now so numerous, that you can be put down almost at any place in England you may wish to visit, so that long drives are very seldom taken, although in the summer, and if you are not pressed for time, there is no doubt that driving is by far the most pleasant way of travelling. Should you take a driving tour, the following articles you might find very useful in case of mishaps, and they would not incommode you. 1. Lamps with wax candles all ready to be lighted in them; they are rather indispensable in the country, especially if you don't know the road, and they may prevent other people from coming in contact with you.

A hammer and a few nails, and a pick too, may be often required as stones frequently get into horse's feet. A knife, and some strong cord and string, you would be in a fix without, in case of breaking a shaft or spring, or harness, perhaps a long distance from any habitation. Say you are going from fifty to a hundred miles, and don't wish to hurry (if you do, I should recommend the train), as thirty miles a-day is enough for any horse, and a man who is fond of his beast will not drive him more, stopping now and then to wash his mouth out, and give him two or three mouthfuls of wet hay. It is bad to give a horse much to eat on a journey, except when stopping for the night, when they ought to be properly fed and looked

after. Of course they require a feed in the middle of the day, the same as we do our dinner; at such times see to your horse's comfort before your own; have his feet well washed out, and look to his clinches—the nails sometimes protrude too far through the hoof and cut the horse—and rub his shoulders and back, where the collar and saddle have been, with salt and water, if possible, but do not take his collar off until he is cool. The following is a sufficient feed when on the travel—viz., a quartern and a-half of oats, a handful of beans to entice him to eat, mixed with a little chaff, the latter being intended to make him masticate the food; always have the chill taken out of the water before he drinks; shut him up, and let him feed quietly, and after he has done so, have him groomed. Should your horse lose a shoe, drive very gently until you can get another put on, otherwise you break the horse's hoof and make the foot tender. Should you prefer to pic-nic, which is very agreeable in a pretty country and on a fine day, do not forget a nose-bag for the horse, with the before mentioned mixture in it; in such cases you would most likely have to take your own horse out, and then you would find out the necessity of knowing how it should be done, and which you can learn much better by assisting some one who understands it, than by any one telling you. One thing I will remark,—never remove the bridle before the horse is clear out of the shafts. I have witnessed several accidents by such tricks being done. Once, at a race-course, a gentleman, lady, and little child, drove in just behind where I was stationed, and immediately on stopping, the gentleman came from the chaise to the horse's head and pulled the bridle off. The horse, at once seeing to what he was fastened, gave a bound and went through the carriages, when horse, chaise, lady, and child, rolled completely over the ropes on to the course, though luckily there was no fatal result.

It is never pleasant driving unless your horse pulls at you slightly; if he will not do so, and shakes his head when you try to feel his mouth, loosen the curb chain, or put the reins to the check, that being the hole by the side of the bit that is level with the piece that goes through the mouth. In going a long journey, the bearing rein should not be too tight, but just tight enough to allow the horse to carry his head in its natural position.

Many a horse, in going into the country, will shy at an object he is not familiar with, but do not beat him when he does so—it will only tend to make him worse the next time. Coax him, and, if possible, get him up to the object, when his fear will be dispelled. If you flog him, on the next occasion his shying propensity will increase, as, expecting the whip, he will dart on before you are aware of what he is going to do, and will run you against anything that may be in the way. For example, a friend of mine had a very nice young horse that he used to drive, but he was unfortunately given to shying, and my friend being rather hot-tempered, flogged him whenever he did so; the consequence was, that the horse at last got fright



after fright, and one day jumped over a hedge into a field, gig, master, and all; the gig was smashed, and the horse, to my knowledge, never fit to drive again.

With a dog-cart, when carrying more than two, a false belly-band is required; I have been turned out backward for the want of it.

You should always lean forward going up hills, and backward going down. Never drive fast over the top of a hill, as the weight will fly forward suddenly, and cause the crupper to become as suddenly tight, which will very often be the cause of making your horse kick, and perhaps run away. You should not drive fast up hill in taking a long journey, as doing so takes a great deal out of your horse; and I think it a great risk to drive fast down, unless in a four-wheel chaise, when there is no weight on the horse's back. There is a certain steady pace—about seven miles an hour (and your horse well in hand), so that, should he make a blunder, he may be saved, but in going fast, the horse is extended and off his balance, and if there should be a blunder, nothing can save him. From seven to eight miles an hour, and walking up all the hills, is about the pace that ought to be done in going a great distance. Should your horse go lame, stop directly, and examine his foot with your pick, as, by so doing, you may prevent a serious lameness. To show you the necessity of paying attention to this,—once, in driving tandem, my wheeler went dead lame. I immediately stopped, and found a flat-headed nail driven half-way into his foot, and it was with great difficulty I could get it out. Had I gone on any further without looking, I should very likely have ruined a valuable animal, or, perhaps, have been the cause of his death. The interior of a horse's foot is the most dangerous part on which he can receive a wound, as it is almost impossible to do anything for its cure.

I do not know a more fearful or disagreeable sensation than that of being run away with in harness. Some horses do it from vice, others through fear—perhaps a noise behind them will set them off. I have known some start through having been driven fast from a smooth and noiseless road on to stones; some by getting the reins under their tails. Then is the time when safety reins are of great service. Horses that switch their tails when touched with the whip, if not carefully looked after, are likely to catch the rein, and should your horse do so, let the rein loose instantly before he knows what he has done, and you may be able to get it all right again without any mischief. But should you pull the rein, the horse immediately sticks down his tail; the only thing to be done then is, if possible, to get hold of the rein beyond his tail, and pull him up (on such occasions) quickly. This is a dangerous experiment, and not always to be accomplished.

If a horse cannot be stopped when he first makes a start, by violently sawing his mouth, the best thing to be done is to sit still and endeavour to guide him out of danger: should you attempt to

throw yourself out, you are likely to get more hurt than by waiting to let him do it for you.

A gentleman, after having visited me, was driving home alone in a gig, and, in lighting his cigar, let the reins out of his hand, which directly slipped over the splashboard and fell round the horse's heels, who started into a gallop, and ran some distance, when the gentleman, being a tall, long-reached, and good-nerved man, sprawled along the horse's back and got hold of the reins again. But this is not to be always done, and luckily this took place in the country.

Accidents of this sort seldom happen with good coachmen, and by paying attention to what I have stated, they need not happen to you.

No doubt many could explain the art in a clearer way, but I feel that I have done my best, and hope that my feeble efforts will be of some service to the young world. If I have not been sufficiently explicit, I know how it should be managed. I think I was told that I was born with the reins in my hand. I have in my time driven one, two, three, four, five, and six in all shapes, and hope that my readers may all get off, as regards accidents, as scot free as I have done.

Throughout these hints I have only alluded to the driving of one horse, as a man ought to thoroughly understand that before trying more. When he understands that properly, and wishes to try something more scientific, the knowledge may soon be obtained.—*The Field*.

## HOW TO REGULATE THE PACE OF A HORSE.

A GENTLEMAN in Devonshire having read an admirable work on "Horsemanship," written by Captain Richardson, of Rock Ferry, and published by Messrs. Longman and Co., of London, made some enquiries respecting the best method of regulating the pace of a horse, to which Captain Richardson has replied as follows:—"The regularity of the pace of the horse and his method of carriage are entirely and exclusively dependent upon the amount of skill and care in the horseman. From the instant the horse is on the move, until he comes to the full gallop, the attention of the rider to the character of the pace, should never flag. If he retain continuously the delicate and elastic bearing upon the mouth, together with the necessary pressure of his legs, he can regulate with precision the pace of his horse, but not otherwise; he cannot do this by the bearing upon the mouth alone, nor can he effect it by the pressure of his legs, or by the use of his spurs only—they must be used together, and according as he desires his horse to move, either in the collected or the extended walk, so must he regulate the intensity of his own movements to ensure the desired end. If he will depend chiefly upon the hand, then the mouth of the horse may, or will, become too

sensitive, and the horse will require extra pressure of the legs to compel him to have the proper bearing upon the bit, besides being wanting in collected action. Again, if the rider neglects the elasticity and fine feeling of the hand, and makes too much use of his legs, a callous mouth, and *baring* upon the bit, will most likely result from the practice. Without consulting his watch, the horseman ought to tell to a nicety whether he is carried at the rate of three, four, or even five miles an hour, and this throughout a journey of many miles. Five miles an hour is an unusual pace for a horse, and in a march of ten measured miles, a troop of forty horses were kept in the amble or sling trot by the horse that steadily walked the distance, in two hours. It is only by this uniformity of feeling and *surveillance* that the rider is made perfectly alive to any irregularity that may be even in anticipation on the part of the horse, and it is only by these means the horse is taught to act up to the wishes of the rider. When a person rides with this care and judgment, he will prevent even a *daisy cutter* from stumbling. Most certainly the horse will frequently prove as knowing as the man, and can readily distinguish between the good and bad rider. In days long gone by, it was considered a very fine and a very necessary lesson to dance the horse round and round the school, with a thundering bit in his mouth, the breaker stepping backwards, having hold of each rein close to the mouth, sawing the bit and checking the pace, while the assistant lashed the hind-quarters, to compel the poor brute to collect himself together. Happily we now find this showy process to be worse than useless and learn 'the playful yielding mouth' is made by the elastic and fine hand, in conjunction with the elastic and sensitive leg, and by these means only; it can never be perfected by a 'rigid' bearing, or by rude kicking, whipping, or spurring, but gradually, insensibly, day by day, without intermission—by gentleness, firmness, and unwearied attention to your own movements, as well as those of the horse.—Yours, &c., MERVYN RICHARDSON."—*Bell's Life in Sydney*.

## THE THREE DUELS.

BY A CORKONIAN.

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"Mind Tom, keep a steady hand : never fight with your face to the sun, or drink with your back to the fire."—*An Irish Father's Dying Advice to his Eldest Son*.

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TIME was when I little thought I should ever have to refer, in my own *propria personæ*, to "some five-or-six-and-thirty years back," yet such will be the case in my present recital of three of those *things*

called "duels," which are now, thank Providence, of rare occurrence. Yet at the time I write of, in the country which I honoured with my birth (Ireland), duels were as common an every-day occurrence as the other ordinary transactions of the world. Where is the man at that time would think of travelling, even from one country to another, without having his "Joe Manton" with three real-cut-nicks in the butt, thereby showing that three men were hit by the self-same quiet-looking customer, at fifteen or twelve paces, as the belligerent bumps on the pericraniums of the actors may have been? Not from Ireland, I'll swear, if needs be, at that time would a man think of venturing on the wide world, without having his pair of "persuaders" with him.

It is a well known fact that at the time O'Connell went to contest Clare with Vesey Fitzgerald, poor Tom Stee's, *the Peace Pacificator of Ireland*, appointed by the great Dan, took down to Ennis, where the polling was to proceed, a *carpet bag* of duelling pistols. O'Gorman Mahon is not dead yet—I believe he could prove to this fact, and that three or four *little transactions* took place out of the aforesaid election.

In the old House of Commons in Ireland, long before I was born, before the Sassenagh deprived us of a "Parliament House of our own," it is a well-known fact that the Speaker always, when the heat of discussion drew the word "You lie, Sir," from one Honourable Member to another, adjourned the house until the honourable gentlemen adjusted their differences; and it often happened that after the Hon. Mr. A. left Colonel B. quivering on a daisy, he came back, and took up the part of that debate at which he left off, without the smallest allusion to the fact that the next night the Speaker would issue a new writ for the borough of Killenrall, in consequence of the death of Colonel B. *rather suddenly*.

Now people will say, "What savage barbarians the Irish must be!" But quiet, good people, recollect, I am speaking of some sixty-five years ago, when our Parliament flourished in College Green; and believe me, that the higher and middle classes in Ireland can now as proudly take their stand in civilization as the most Saxon of all my readers. Yes, thank Heaven! duels are a past history that few, except those of my years, even in Ireland, can tell of. The greatest Captain of the age, the greatest Irishman that the country ever produced, the immortal Wellington—nay more, another great Irishman, but great in a different way, were duellists. Wellington fought Winchelsea in Battersea-fields: O'Connell fought D'Esterre in Dublin, the Fifteen Acres. Wellington did then, after a hard-fought life, what never happened to him before—he missed his man. O'Connell; in the young blood of his existence, and who never fired a shot previously, laid his adversary at his feet; and his remorse, he said, was so great, that nothing could ever induce him to fight another duel. That it *did* prevent him is a matter of history; but it should also, in preventing him, have been the means of curbing his tongue from using

insulting terms to public men, so gross, that he was often afterwards not only challenged, but publicly accused of cowardice; but the D'Esterre white feather floated, and Dan would not "stand off the daisy." If he was honest in the position he took, viz., his hatred of duelling, he should have held the ground sacred by avoiding insult to others.

But I suppose my readers are anxious to hear of the three duels—so to proceed:—

I think it was in 181— that Christopher Hely Hutchinson was, after a severe struggle with the Corporation of Cork, returned as Member for that city, and afterwards, as a matter of course, at the ensuing assizes, he was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury, of the Grand Jurors on the panel being Gerrard Callaghan—his opponent, I believe, at the election. Some differences occurred in the Grand Jury room between the parties, which ended in one accusing the other of having betrayed the secrets of the Grand Jury room, which was tantamount to an accusation of perjury; not being in the secret then, I cannot now call to mind who it was rumoured began the row, but it ended in Kit Hutchinson sending a challenge to Gerrard Callaghan.

Now Gerrard was a married man with a large family, and Kit Hutchinson, as he was familiarly called, was single; so the matter coming to the ears of Dan Callaghan, Gerrard's brother (who was afterwards, and until his death, member for Cork), he politely sent word to Kit that "he could not think of letting his brother, with a heavy family of children, fight him, a single man; but that he would, not to disappoint him in a morning's amusement, meet him at any time and place mutual friends should appoint." One man was as good as another to Kit; so it was arranged that they should meet next day at the Lough, near Cork—time, four in the morning.

I had this information from a person who was cognizant of the whole transaction from its bud to its blossom; and I went to bed the night before the auspicious morning, with a morbid determination not to close an eye. I attained that unenviable state of misery, a fidgetty half-sleepy night's rest, and at about two was up and dressed ready for my friend, who was to call, that we might be at the ground in time, and not lose the chance of seeing, what we never saw before, a real duel!

Although it was July, the morning was very cold at three o'clock, when we arrived at the place of combat; and if we were not, in duelling parlance, 'quivering on a daisy,' I'll swear we were 'shivering on the sod.' We walked up and down for some time, wondering why those most interested were not as interested as we were, and why they did not arrive. After some time, to me many hours, although, if I was principal, I suppose minutes should be the word, a carriage-and-pair drove up, and the first that stepped out of the carriage, I at once recognized as Kit Hutchinson. I thought his pale, cadaverous countenance had received a touch of carmine; there was

a flush in the cheek; but the compression of the lip shewed the heart was in the right place, and that the blood of the Donoughmores was as fully up as ever. It was that morning stated that Kit never felt so determined to punish, one who, he conceived, broke in on the privileges of his order, and he determined to leave his mark on his opponent. The Callaghans were descended from an humble but prosperous father, who left them wealth sufficient to contend with a proud and haughty aristocracy in the battle for the representation of the City of Cork. Kit Hutchinson was nephew to the Earl of Donoughmore.

I may here mention that it was told of one of the Earls of Donoughmore—whether Kit's uncle or grandfather, I do not recollect; but six-and-thirty years ago I heard the story; it was as follows: He was, after the amalgamation of the Irish Parliament with the English, for the first time at the levee given by George the Third. His Majesty perceiving a little man busy moving about and conversing with every person, asked Pitt—"I say, say, say, Pitt, Pitt, do you see, who is that little chap down there, do you see?"

"My liege," says Pitt, "that is one of your peers lately come over from Ireland; and if you gave him Kew for a palace, England for a demesne, and Scotland for a hunting ground, he never would be satisfied without he got Ireland for a potato garden."

But I ramble from the duel:—A full half-hour elapsed before Dan Callaghan and his second appeared, and by this time it was near five o'clock; however, we were not to be disappointed; they drove up in a private carriage, and with a doctor!—"Symptom of danger," said I to my friend.

Some time was spent in charging the pistols and other preliminary arrangements, when the seconds tossed up for choice of ground; Dan's man won, and at once placed him at an elevated part of the field in the east end. "Well," I thought to myself, "I never fired a shot with a pistol, and I think I could not miss him in the position he is—such a clear mark, with nothing but the sky behind him." The end proved I knew nothing about the matter. Kit Hutchinson took his position in the west end, ten paces distant, and the pistols were placed in their hands, the spectators forming a lane between the parties, when the seconds retired. At that moment the sun broke forth in all the effulgence of a summer morning's glory. I looked in the direction of Dan; but with the blaze of light behind him, I could see nothing; I then glanced in the direction of his opponent, and saw him with a handkerchief in his left hand compressed against his eyes, occasionally taking a glance in the direction of his antagonist.

The dying advice of a father to his son, with which I head this tale, then struck me forcibly; I saw it was next to an impossibility that he could hit his man, while the other, with his back to the sun, had a full and unimpeded view of his mark. "Ready—fire!" was pronounced; Kit quickly drew his left hand from his eyes, and placed

it behind his back, raising simultaneously his right hand from his elbow, which was firm on his hip, and fired. Both reports were as one—it was only by the curling wreaths of smoke at each side you could be assured that both fired. The suspense, in the second of time after the shots, was intense; but both men were firm on their ground. Kit Hutchinson rather hurriedly took his left hand from behind his back, and thrust it into his bosom, and called for another pistol. Some person cried out that he was hit; we all saw blood on his white waistcoat. The people insisted that matters should end there, and on enquiry, it was found that he was hit in the middle finger of his left hand, while placed behind his back; his ball at the same time entering the collar of Dan Callaghan's coat. It was close shaving; both men were crack shots, and the wonder was, amongst those that knew the parties, that one or both were not sent into the other world with a dreadful reckoning to account for. The doctor entered the carriage with Kit Hutchinson, and they at once drove rapidly away, and before the sun set that evening, the foreman of the Grand Jury of the beautiful City of Cork was minus a finger.

The parties engaged in the next shooting match I was witness to, were not so well known amongst the aristocracy as the heroes of my previous tale; indeed, I may say they were almost unknown, if I except one—a Lieutenant Redmond O'Byrne, better known as "Captain Burn" or "Reddy Burn." He was a Peninsula hero, had a commission as Lieutenant in a Portuguese regiment, and, for aught I know or care, may have never seen a shot fired in anger; but "Reddy," (that was his patronymic) discoursed much about hair-breadth escapes by flood and field—of duels fought in Spain "by moonlight alone;" in fact, he was, if we could only believe him, a regular "fire-eater." The duel I am about to recount was caused by a dispute in the Racket Court in Duncan-street, Cork, with a young gentleman of the name of M——, the son of a respectable butter-merchant, about the hitting of a racket ball. The lie was given; and, as a matter of course, time and place were immediately appointed, viz.—time, the next day at four P. M.; place, the Inch, on the river Lee, under Dunscombe's wood.

I suppose the reason they fixed that unfashionable late hour for the business was that, "thank God, we were not then troubled with Peelers;" and the only guardians of the peace or purveyors of the law at that time, five-or-six-and-thirty years ago, were sheriffs' officers and barony constables, any one of which you could purchase to be out of the way in a case of the kind, or even to give yourself notice to be out of the way, had he a bit of sheep-skin to serve on you, for a few testers.\*

However, punctual to the time, the parties interested, drove up, and walked from the road up about half a mile of the Inch, to the spot selected. "Reddy" was enveloped in a large loose coat; the younger

\* A tester, or, as it is pronounced in Ireland, "a teaster," is a shilling.

party was neatly dressed, as if he was going to a party (I avoided the semblance of making the ugly pun of "going to a ball.") They were speedily placed by their friends, when, to my surprise, "Reddy" peeled off his outside garment, and stood as fine as a knife, dressed in a tight black dress—the pantaloons silk—the coat and other garment fitting as close as wax. The "marking irons" were handed to each; and I must say, for a man that said he smelt powder on the Continent, the ludicrous position and conduct of "Reddy" puzzled me; however, we had not time to think, when the word was given, "One, two—fire!" The Captain, the "bould Reddy," fired—I thought in the air, but I was mistaken; it was agitation made him raise the muzzle of his pistol so high; however, no person was wounded that we could then perceive; but each was looking to see whether he could perceive the daylight through his antagonist. At all events, there they stood for a few minutes, the seconds trying to arrange what never should have been allowed to go to such foolish lengths; the spectators became indignant, and swore "the gentlemen should have their own way and fight it out." In the middle of the dispute, a person, evidently of the middle class, came into the midst of the disputants (for I must inform my readers, that duellists, seconds, and spectators, were all in a cluster battling together), and said, "Which of the gentleman did this to me?" at the same time holding up his hand, which received below the elbow, in the fleshy part, a bullet. Dr. Woodroffe was present, and having ripped the sleeve of the coat, found that the bullet entered his arm half way between the elbow and wrist, passed round the bone, and hung underneath by the skin like a teat, he cut the skin, and the ball fell into his hand.

Now the marvel of this duel was, that it was a measured half mile from where the Captain fired to where the man was hit; it was regularly firing at sparrow and shooting a crow; the man was the gardener to the Recorder of Cork, Mr. Waggett, and was going in the evening to see that the necessary work had been done by the men, before he left for the night.

About six months after, I was informed that the wounded man brought an action against the "bould Reddy;" I went into court the day of the trial, to hear the end of the duel; the case was tried before the man's master (the Recorder) and a special jury; and my brave Captain that evening returned to his chamber with a full conviction that he was a poorer man then, than when he rose in the morning, by £100 damages and sixpence costs.

And now my third duel—the last I saw in Cork—remains to be told. I would I could induce myself to pass it over; but if it were only as a lesson to young men, especially military men, I cannot forego the benefit I may, perhaps, cause to some whose circumstance may be similar. Would I had written this some years back, when I first was honoured with permission to take a place amongst the contributors to this sporting periodical: it might have caught the eye of one or other of two noble fellows, brothers-in-law and brother



officers, in the \* \* \*. and one of whom fell by the hand of the other, and it may have prevented a catastrophe which brought misery into the hearths of many a happy home. But I proceed :—

Lieutenants Herbert and Welsh both resided in Cork, one (Welsh) half-pay in the army, the other (Herbert) in the navy; they were dear, nay bosom friends; not a day passed that they did not meet or spend the day one with the other. The following was the cause of this unhappy quarrel; as well as I can recollect; and I am sure there are some alive now in Cork, who will recollect this unfortunate circumstance, and can testify to the truth of my narrative.

At the time I speak of, it was the custom for young gentlemen to walk in the evenings on the Grand Parade and South Mall, in Cork, with peculiar dresses—large hats, high shirt collars, carried to an extravagant size; in fact, caricatures of the then fashions: Lieutenant Welsh invited his friend Herbert and wife to take tea on a certain evening, and that after tea they would, accompanied by their wives, go out to see the “dandies.” It was stated at the time, by those who knew the cause of the quarrel, that Lieutenant W. said, “Be with us at seven o’clock, and after that we will go out; now mind, Herbert, we will not wait for you after seven.”

However, seven o’clock came, and they waited until eight o’clock, when finding Herbert and his wife did not arrive, they took tea, and left about half-past eight. At nine, Lieutenant Herbert and his lady arrived, and were informed that Lieutenant W. and his lady had taken their tea and gone out. It was the rumour then, that upon Mrs. Herbert’s suggestion, her husband immediately proceeded in search of his friend, to demand satisfaction. Would, for the sake of human nature, I could believe otherwise; but I do believe that the fatal business was caused by the imprudence of the lady.

Herbert sent home his wife, went immediately and purchased a whip, and meeting his friend Welsh and his wife in Gillin’s fruit shop, on the Grand Parade, proceeded to lay on the horsewhip. Welsh, being the more powerful of the two, wrenched the whip from his antagonist and laid on him soundly. I was passing at the time—saw the whole transaction, the exchange of cards, &c., and never ceased enquiry, until I was acquainted with the time and place for the arrangement of the difference.

The next day, at two o’clock, I was in the spot selected—a field on the Boreenmana road, between the Blackrock and Passage roads; it was a painful circumstance to notice that Lieutenant Herbert’s house was in view of the spot selected for the duel, and still more extraordinary and more painful the fact, that Mrs. H. viewed the fatal scene when it was being enacted, from her bedroom window.

There was no time lost after the parties took their ground; the pistols were loaded, and each was handed the deadly weapon. Lieutenant Welsh said, before he was placed, “I have no cause of quarrel with my friend, expect his horse-whipping me; but as he supposed my absence from home, when he was invited, was an

insult, and one premeditated, to him, which I here solemnly deny, I will not fire at him."

Herbert, who was a brave man, but who suffered from a bad wound in the head, received in battle, which, when he was excited, caused him to act more like a madman than many incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, swore out a tremendous oath that "he came there for satisfaction, and that nothing but blood would satisfy him." I must confess my feelings at the time were the excess of nervousness and horror at the oath and sentiment; I trembled from head to foot. In reference to the state of my feelings, I often since thought "coming events cast their shadows before."

The seconds finding it useless to interfere, calculated that Welsh's firing in the air would satisfy his opponent, but in this they were mistaken. The words "present—fire" were given quickly; Herbert took deadly aim at his antagonist, who fired in the air. But Welsh was untouched. An endeavour was then made to arrange matters, but wholly in vain. Welsh was willing to do anything that was honourable, but his opponent's obstinacy was not to be overcome. It was awful; I use the word "awful," because he more than once swore fearfully, and only a few moments before his death, by his Maker, using the name of his Redeemer, "that he would pink his man."

I never saw—I never would wish to see—such an expression of hopeless misery as that depicted on Lieutenant Welsh's countenance on hearing the words used by his former friend.

He spoke aloud nearly as follows: "Let God bear witness, I stand here to defend my life against a madman—and I will do so."

Again were the loaded pistols placed in their hands; the seconds retired, and again "present—fire" was quickly spoken. Both shots were as one; but ere the smoke could be said to curl upwards from the weapons' mouth, Herbert fell on his back on the ground, a corpse. Not a sign of life was visible; his was instant death.

I must confess I was not prepared for this fatal termination, and if we were to judge of the lookers-on, neither were they; a panic seemed to take possession of all present, and I found myself, with about fifty others, literally running away from the scene. On getting to the gate of the field, I looked back, and what a scene did I witness; there was the dead body, with Lieutenant Welsh over it on his knees, his hand inside the waistcoat of his former friend, striving to find the beat of a pulse he silenced for ever. In vain his second strove to lead him away; he still hoped against hope; called to his dear friend Herbert to answer him and relieve him from the blasting thought that he was his murderer.

I saw at the time Doctor Sharp riding by the road on his well-known cream-coloured nag, and knowing the doctor intimately, I called to him to come into the field, as I believed a person was killed in a duel. He dismounted, and came to the dead man, and on his looking at him, at once pronounced life extinct; he requested Welsh to leave the place and avoid an arrest, which he reluctantly

complied with, when the doctor said, "Let me see, were did he hit him?" and turning the body round on the side, he found where the ball had entered, between the fourth and fifth ribs; he then laid the body on his back, and actually passed his cane through the body from side to side, and with the utmost unconcern, exclaiming, "Why, here is daylight enough let in to kill a giant." \* \* \*

At the following assizes Lieutenant Wolsh surrendered to take his trial; there was no prosecution—the duel was considered fair; I was present when he was placed in the dock, only to be discharged, but the load of fifty years was added to the appearance and gait of as fine a young man as I ever saw on the day of the fatal duel. \* \* \*

Those duels were originally in themselves, and how different the termination of each! In one, the challenger lost a finger; in the other, the challenger lost £100 damages and six pence costs; and in the last, the challenger lost "his life."—*London Sporting Review*.

## THE RACING SEASON OF 1854.—JULY.

BY CRAVEN.

"Ancient of days—august Athena; where—  
Where are thy men of might? the grave in soul?  
Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,  
First in the race that led to glory's goal—  
They were and passed away."

BYRON.

The turn of the season, on Tuesday, the 4th ultimo, opened with the July Meeting at Newmarket. The first Race on the card was a Handicap of £70, for all ages from three years old, the Suffolk Stakes Course. It was won by Mr. Mare's St. Faith, 3 to 1 against him... Then came the especial Race of the Meeting—the July Stakes, for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lbs., fillies 8st. 5lbs., twenty-one nominations, and three runners. The betting was 10 to 1 on Bonnie Morn, and he won in a canter by six lengths... In my last month's "Racing Season" article, I gave a short paragraph in these words:—

"*Tattersall's*, June 12th, 1854.—The introduction of a new Derby favourite for 1855—'Græculus Esuriens'—the Hungry Little Greek—was the only important feature of the afternoon. As 'coming events cast their shadows before,' I am instructed to conclude that this courser, with the nominal *mauvaise plaisanterie*, is not the real Simon Pure of the party. *Nous verrons* on the other side of '54... Opening at 25 to 1, he speedily advanced, after a heavy outlay, to 17 to 1; a point more was afterwards laid and offered, while the Room continued open. His stable companion, Bonnie Morn, to get on whom, Mr. Bowes' *alter aliter* Aurifer, everybody was eager during

the previous week, was sent to the 'right-about,' which, in process of time, they will discover was not 'about right.'"

Wednesday the 5th, inasmuch as scanty countenance is inimical to Turf success, was worse than its forerunner. Small plates and Sweepstakes of ten Sovereigns each were its sporting staple.

Thursday—the ultimate of the Meeting,—opened like the first day, with a Handicap of £70 for all ages above three years old, Bunbury mile; eleven ran, and Miss Charlotte—the favourite—at 7 to 2 against her, won by a length and a half. A Sweepstakes of ten Sovereigns each, for all ages, New T.Y.C., had four nominations, and all of them at the post. Testy was the best in the market, at 5 to 4 *versus*, and Nicotine was the winner by a neck. This brought us to the second great two-year-old Race, the Chesterfield Stakes of thirty Sovereigns each, twenty forfeit, last half of the Bunbury mile. The odds were 2 to 1 on Alcyone: 5 to 2 against Lord Chesterfield's filly, sire Orlando, dam Boarding School Miss; 7 to 1 against Daffodil, and the same against Clotilde. The start was a discomfiting beginning, but when they did get away, the Boarding School Miss filly soon got in front, and finally finished there, half a length in advance of Daffodil. Thus the sponsor of the Stakes was £780 in pocket for the honour bestowed upon the aristocratic Heath. The three July days finished with a Plate of £50, for all ages, also the last half of the Bunbury mile; nine ran, Dagobert and Langbourne at 5 to 2 each, and finishing as here quoted, a length between first and second.

Thus terminated the speculative pleasures of Olympic tastes, for a season. On arriving in town, and having time for metropolitan gossip, if holders of Crystal Palace Stock, they found its shares already at a discount, with the following consolatory promise of returning to a premium...

*Globe, July 7th* :—"The Crystal Palace Shares have lately been drooping... The impression is very general—judging from the average receipts, and deducting the heavy expenditure essential for the maintenance of the building—that *there is very little prospect of any dividend on the large capital expended.*"

The *Times* of the 8th, in its bulletin of her Majesty's second maternal visit to Sydenham, observed :—"Vigorous steps should be taken at once to stop the 'touting' of exhibitors, for custom." Here we have in the middle of the nineteenth century, an English Palace practising its commercial "calling," after the custom of Whitechapel and Petticoat Lane, despite capital of millions sterling, upon which "*there is very little prospect of any dividend being paid.*"

Several of the June Meetings fell so late in the month, that it was not possible to refer to them in the July number of this work. Carlisle took place on Monday the 26th and two following days, on none of which occurred anything worth notice... Beverly, Hull, and East Riding Races took place on the 28th and 29th, and they were still more insignificant...concluding with the Westward, of £1 each with £10 added!... Ludlow Races occupied the same days, with

events to the subjoined effect :—First day, the Ludlow Stakes of £10 each, £3 forfeit ; a Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added ; the Oakley Park Stakes of £5 each, and nothing added. The second day the Cup Stakes of £5 each, with £25 added ; the South Shropshire Stakes of £7 each, and £2 only if declared on or before the 13th June, with £20 added ; the Old Field Stakes of £5 each, for two-year-olds, colts 8st. 5lbs. and fillies 8st. 2lbs., nothing added, was won by Mr. F. Shirley's ch. f. Cambray, seeing that the other three paid—thereby putting £15, barring expenses, into Mr. F. Shirley's pocket. A Scramble Handicap of £3 each, £1 forfeit, with £20, Mr. Sheperdson's Liberty, aged, carrying 6st. 12lbs., won ; and a Handicap of £3 each, with £25 added, less £8 to the second, Gayhurst carried off ; and thus ended the sports at Ludlow.\*

Bibury Club, Stockbridge Course, brings us back to racing as it ought to be. It opened on the 28th of June, with a Sweepstakes of fifty Sovereigns each, half forfeit, for three-year-old produce ; Mr. W. Etwall's ch. f. sire Robert de Gorham, dam Soldier's Joy, walked over... The Bibury Stakes—Amateur—of ten Sovereigns each, half forfeit, with fifty added by the Club, the owner of the second horse saved his Stake, one mile and a half, nineteen subscribers, half a dozen went (even on Cock Pheasant) and finished in order following :—Mr. Payne's Cock Pheasant, four years old, 10st. 9lbs., Captain Little, 1... Mr. Bevill's br. g. Garforth, aged, 11st. 11lbs., owner, 2... " Won by half length."

The Champagne Stakes—Professional—of ten Sovereigns each, with fifty added by the Club, for two-year-olds. Course—the last three-quarters of the new mile, nineteen subscribers. Half a dozen of these raced—7 to 4 against Contention, 2 to 1 against Lady Alicia, and 7 to 2 on Saucebox ; the issue of the speculation being in this wise... Mr. Bennett's b. f. Lady Alicia, sire Melbourne, dam Testy, first, by a head ; a dead heat for the second place between Mr. Arnold's Saucebox and Mr. William's Lamb's Wool, Redemption well up for the fourth place... The Andover Stakes—Handicap and Amateur—the old mile, fifteen subscribers, brought out seven at these odds :—5 to 4 against Wellsbourne, 5 to 2 against William Rufus, and 6 to 1 against Garforth. Of this lot but two were placed, viz., Mr. Percival's William Rufus, 1, by a neck, Captain Little ; and Mr. E. Scobell's Wellsbourne (h. b.), owner, 2.

Returning again to regular work, came a Plate of £50 for two and three-year-olds, T. Y. C. Five ran, Mr. Megson's b. c. Master Adam, being first home. 5 to 2 on Master Adam, who won by a length and a half.

The list closed with an Amateur Plate of £50, for all ages, a mile and a half. Three runners constituted the field : these were, Mr. Farrance's Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Osbaldeston, 1... Mr. G. B. Price's Orpheus, owner, 2... And Mr. Sargent's Henrietta, Captain Little, 3. They backed the last at even, and betted 2 to 1 each against the others. The favourite finished badly.

\* Stockbridge Races took place on Thursday the 29th June ; com-

mencing with the Third Year of the Fourth Triennial Stakes of £10 each, for four-year-olds, two miles and a half, thirty subscribers, run a trio between Mr. Barber's Cobnut, Mr. Percival's William Rufus, and William Day's Pharos: 5 to 2 on Cobnut, first by eight lengths. To this succeeded the juvenile edition of the produce practice—the First Year of the Sixth Stockbridge Triennial Stakes of £10 each, for two-year-olds, T. Y. C., won by Mr. Bowes's grey colt, The Bonnie Morn, by Chanticleer, with 3 to 1 on him, and 5 to 1 against Dartmouth. "Won by two lengths; Dartmouth a very bad third." Thus did The Bonnie Morn win two rich Stakes after the 12th of June, 1854. With his two first maiden races in succession, will Mr. Bowes's Graculus Esuriens "go and do likewise"?...

The Second Year of the Fifth Stockbridge Triennial Stakes of £10 each, for three-year-olds, the weights as carried in the preceding race by *two-year-olds*—Course, one mile and a half, fifty-five subscribers, brought four to the post:—Mr. Gully's b. c. Andover—winner of the Derby, 1854—with 7 to 2 on him, and heavy penalties also, "*won by a length*!"

How does this handicapping shadow the destiny of the Derby in 1855?

A Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £25 added, T. Y. C., was run for by four of all ages, and won by Mr. Goodered's b. f., sire Harkaway, dam Red Tape. Is this Mr. W. Russell's b. f.—of a similar genealogy, entered in the *Book Calendar* for the Two Year Old Stockbridge Triennial Stakes, won by The Bonnie Morn?

The Stewards' Plate of £100, added to a Sweepstakes of £10 each, two miles, eighty-two subscribers, mustered a field of six; they laid 4 to 1 on the Hermit, wherein they were right, for he won easily by four lengths—a good measurement of his form. Little David, at 10 to 1 against him, was second.

The Mottisfont Stakes, with fifty-one subscribers, was performed a quartet of two-year-olds—Mr. H. Hill's Kingstown, by Tearaway, dam Foinnualla, Alfred Day, 1... Mr. Fenning's b. c. the Border Chief, Marlow, 2. 5 to 4 against the Border Chief. Won by a length. The Meeting ended with the Stand Plate—Handicap—of £50, with £10 for the second—the New mile. Half a score ran, and three were placed:—Mr. Newland's Old Rowley, J. Goater, 1... Mr. Y. King's Narcissus, Alfred Day, 2... and Mr. William Day's Eccleston, Alder, 3. Odds: 5 to 1 against the winner. Thus terminated the day at Stockbridge, with one event of promise and interest.

Winchester wound up the month with half-a-dozen races of no account. The first was the second year of the Third Winchester Triennial Stakes of £10 each, for foals of 1851; a mile and a half, eight subscribers; run a match between Lord Bruce's Bribery, Flatman, and Mr. Snewing's Dan Cupid, Alfred Day. 5 to 1 on Bribery, who won in a canter.

Her Majesty's Plate—Rataplan, ridden by Flatman, 4 to 1 on him, won easily, beating Cobnut and Woodcote.

The Grand Park Stakes of £10 each, with £100 added, for two-

year-olds, T. Y. C., Mr. Greville's br. c., sire Red Hart, dam Refraction, 5 to 1 against him, ridden by Flatman, won, beating half-a-dozen—Saucebox second.

The Old Original Hampshire Stakes brought five to the post; Lord Bruce's Bribery won by a head, Cleveland second, and Lascelles third.

The City Members' Plate of £50, Mr. Greville's Mandricardo, and Harding, 6 to 4 on him, won by a length, The Brigadier second. With a Sweepstakes of £5 each, and £30 added, T. Y. C., and three runners, ended the racing month and its material; Michaelmas Maid, ridden by Wells, with 6 to 4 on her, won by three lengths. The finale was not *allegro*.

The Liverpool July Meeting was inaugurated on Aintree: weather and course were both favourable, but the sport was indifferent, and the management dilatory and unsatisfactory. It is strange that professional races should take the lead in the practices most calculated to damage the interest of those who speculate in them. It is not the turf for which they cater, but dealers in bad dinners, worse liquors, and disreputable guests. If they would, should, or could read Sophocles, there is a line whose moral might mend their "ways and means."

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοῦς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνους.

The list was headed with the Croxteth Stakes, seven subscribers: four of these ran, and two only were in the betting—Orestes, at 6 to 4 against him, and the same against Knight of St. George. The pace was "poor indeed!" it was not till close to the chair, that there was an apology for a gallop: then the pair in the odds set to in a match wherein Orestes had the best by a neck; Charlton rode the winner—well, under the circumstances.

In the Mersey, for two-year-olds, three ran. Odds—5 to 2 on Lady Palmerston, and 4 to 1 against Sicily. The pair had it all to themselves, and in a bitter struggle, Lady Palmerston just landed her backers by a head. Wells rode the winner—worthy of his hire.

The third Race was the Sefton Stakes. The odds were 6 to 4 on Rosaline—nothing else named. Flatman, on Mr. Payne's Strutaway, cut out the work, the favourite waiting. As his custom is, Charlton came in earnest at a hundred yards, or thereabouts, from home, and won easily by half-a-dozen lengths. Meliora was the worst.

The United Kingdom Trainers' Stakes, to be ridden by professional trainers of five years' standing, or who do not ride publicly, or for pay in either flat races, steeple-chases, or hurdle-races, brought out a distinguished quartet, whereof the best, or more properly speaking, the first at the finish, was Billy Richardson.

The Lancashire Oaks, thirty-seven subscribers, while the field consisted of five—Mr. S. Hawke's Midsummer, first, and Mr. C. Peck's Sister of Mercy, second. The odds were 6 to 5 against Midsummer, and 5 to 2 against Sortie. After "*various casus*," Charlton on his old policy crept up, when the running was "free and easy"—

beat his adversaries "hand over hand," and won without an effort by four lengths. The tailing terrible.

At two years old, Midsummer won The Hopeful, beating eighteen, without being named in the betting. In the York August Meeting she ran for the Convivial Stakes, won by Lord Derby's *Meteora*, in a field of ten, but did not get a place. She also ran at the Yorkshire Hunt Club Races, for the Farewell Selling Stakes, but was not placed.

The Selling Stakes of £5 each, with £30 added, optional selling weights, T. Y. C., five subscribers—four at the post. The odds were 6 to 4 on the Child of the Mist, and 5 to 2 against *Hyacinth*. The favourite won in a close race by half a length.

A Handicap Plate of £60—Course, one mile and a quarter—was run for, at a hodge-podge of weight, by four, and won by Miss Emma, four years old, carrying 6st. 2lbs.

Thursday came in heavily with clouds, and a company, as its custom is, more eminent for quantity than quality. The professional gentlemen of course were busy from the setting of Wednesday's racing to the rising up of Thursday's: the long sighted were quietly nibbling anything they could catch about Bonnie Morn, and rising at 25 to 1 like a hungry pike at a minnow. *Græculus Esuriens* was at 11 to 1; Bonnie Morn at 25 to 1—takers on both, "heads or tails."

"I could a tale unfold."

But I hate such practices.

The first event on the list was the Derby Handicap of £10 each, play or pay. The muster half-a-dozen: the betting, 2 to 1 on *Orestes*—proof the first of the excellence of handicapping; 5 to 1 against *Snowdon Dunhill*—*Orestes* won by two lengths; the second favourite beating the third in the race by the same distance, and "boots" nowhere.

From this we will hasten the *venue* to the magnet of the million, the Liverpool Cup, brought down to a field of nine, that finished in the following order:—

Mr. Murland's	<i>Ammonia</i> ,	5 yrs.	6st. 2lbs.	(T. Cliff)	1
Lord Chesterfield's	<i>Typee</i> ,	4 yrs.	7st. 10lbs*	(Flatman)	2
Mr. Morris's	<i>Kingston</i> ,	5 yrs.	8st. 12lbs.	(Alfred Day)	3
Mr. H. Hill's	<i>Dr. O'Toole</i> ,	3 yrs.	5st. 10lbs.	(Salter)	4

Hungerford, Talfourd, Ireland's Eye, The Early Bird, and Jujube also started, but were not placed. 3 to 1 against Hungerford, 9 to 2 each against *Typee* and *Dr. O'Toole*, 5 to 1 against *Early Bird*, ditto *Kingston*, 7 to 1 against Talfourd, and THIRTY TO ONE against *Ammonia*, the easy winner by two lengths. Thus, by grace of handicapping and patience, she put a pleasant little Stake of one thousand Guineas into her owners pocket!

A match for £100, T. Y. C., Mr. J. M. Stanley's *Rosaline*, three

\* Including 5lbs. extra.



years old, 8st 2lbs.—betting, 4 to 1 on her, ridden by Charlton—won in a canter by two lengths, beating Lord Glasgow's Coalition, four years old, 8st. 7lbs., ridden by Flatman.

For the Foal Stakes of £100 each, for three-year-olds, Mr. Payne's Boer walked over.

In the Liverpool St. Leger four only ran—Acrobat, Arthur Wellesley, Roscommon, and Floratio; with 5 to 1 on Acrobat: he made play from end to end, and cantered home first by a length and a half.

The Eglinton Biennial Stakes had six at the post, viz.—Sicily, by Touchstone, Cerebus, Brother to Twinkle, Cockspur, Spencer, and Tom Hines. Betting—2 to 1 on Sicily. Won easily by two lengths; the second beating the third by three lengths.

Sweepstakes of £5 each, with £30 added—had three runners: the winner Mr. E. R. Clark's Dear Me.

Her Majesty's Plate looked like a certainty for Kingston. The work, however, was cut out by Domino, and by dint of honest running he won by three-quarters of a length: Clement rode him. Thus ended the Cup day, which, but for the race after which it is called, would have been as "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" for the fielder's anniversary as ever Aintree saw.

Friday was a climax of abominations: weather wretched, bad attendance, and a glut of sport.

A Handicap Plate of £50: course, half-a-mile; nine ran, and four were placed:—Mr. J. M. Stanley's Rosaline, first, Mr. Wilkins's Dear Me, second. 6 to 4 on Rosaline—winner by half a length, 6 to 1 against Dear Me, and the same against Voucher. Altogether it was a bad bungle.

For Renewal of the Great Lancashire Produce Stake, for two-year-olds, six appeared. 5 to 4 on the Lady of Lyons, and 3 to 1 against Cloud—the issue being the topsy-turvy of the odds—Mr. Bradshaw's Cloud, first, and Mr. Inman's The Lady of Lyons, fourth. The distance being so short, the half-dozen might have been covered with half-a-dozen stable suits—Cloud winning on the post by half a length—a short head between the second and third.

For the Licensed Victuallers' Handicap Plate ten ran, and two were placed. Betting—3 to 1 against Catherine Parr, 4 to 1 against Roscommon, 5 to 1 against Patience, the same against Octavia. Thus was the result—Mr. J. Osborne's Helena (half-bred), first; Mr. C. Spence's Catherine Parr, second. A slashing finish ended in Helena's favour—the half-bred winning by a neck: the tailing long drawn out.

A Produce Stakes of £200 each, for two-year-olds, was awarded to Lord Derby's Paletot, sire Touchstone, out of Canezon, beating Lord Glasgow's Miss Whip, filly, and Lord Eglinton's Dirk Hatteraick. 2 to 1 on Dirk Hatteraick, and 3 to 1 on the Miss Whip, filly. A stirring race from start to finish: won on the post by "a head" in two senses of the term.

The Bentinck Testimonial—a Handicap Stakes of £10 each.

Four ran, finishing with Aribbas in front, and Gamelad second. The winner the favourite; The Knight of St. George a bad "boots."

The Stanley Stakes, for two and three year olds, gave us four runners—Mr. Jones's b. f. Excitement, in next year's Oaks, (1); Mr. Worthington's b. f. Lady Palmerston, (2); Mr. Henderson's Nelly Hill, (3); and Mr. Osborne's Cherry Brandy. The odds were 5 to 2 on Lady Palmerston, Excitement beating her by a head..

The Selling Stakes—Humphrey won, beating Voucher and Maid of Balmoral.

Third year of a Produce Match; one to the Post Course. Lord Derby's br. c. Umbriel won, beating Lord Glasgow's b. f. Miss Sarah.

The Knowsley Dinner Stakes of £100 each, for three-year-olds, Lord Derby's Acrobat walked over for.

So closed the Liverpool July Meeting. We have fallen upon days in which the principle of our national sports and the object of our popular recreations is turned "clean from the purpose of the thing itself." The Turf was inaugurated in England as a successor of the antique chivalry, whereby the breed of our horses should be promoted and rewarded in Olympic tryst. As long as it was merely a pastime, this goodly effect was brought to pass. The first "heavy blow" dealt to its prosperity, was the introduction of the Handicap, whose ostensible design was to "bring together" race-horses of all classes, by means of weight, more or less, according to quality. This looked a fair practical proposition—too practicable to be passed without a counter effort to turn it to account. The agent selected was "Ropin"—"holding hard," as the term is in the noble science. After a sufficient exhibition of this specific, the tackle "was let go with a run," and 50 to 1 greedily taken *sul rosa*, five years old, with 6st. 2lbs. on its back, won a pretty little fortune. "The great discouragement" was the system of penalties for winning, instead of winning being its own reward. I am not, of course, here referring to legitimate racing, but to the spurious substitute which the *chevaliers d'industrie* have got up. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes puts 8st. 7lbs. upon three-year-old colts, and 8st. 4lbs. upon three-year-old fillies, half forfeit for nominations that do not start...The Licensed Victuallers' Great Metropolitan Stakes involves penalties of 10lbs., upwards of a year's difference on the side of Royal Plate articles.

To sum up the charge of desirable management, the two following items may for the present suffice: the account will of course be correct. The ubiquity of nomination leaves the identity of proprietorship a problem that would puzzle the Oracle of Delphos, were that temple of interpretation in existence. *Exempli gratiâ.*

For the Bibury Stakes, at the Bibury Club Meeting, June the 28th ult., Mr. Arnold's br. f. Hermitage ran sixth—and last...For the Great Northern Handicap, at the York Spring Meeting, Mr. Delahay named the br. filly Hermitage...For the Great Northamptonshire

Stakes, at the Northampton and Pytchley Hunt Meeting, Lord Euston named the br. filly *Hermitage*...For the Chester Cup Mr. Hepworth named the br. filly *Hermitage*...And for the Wiltshire Stakes, at Salisbury, Mr. W. Smith named the br. filly *Hermitage*...Thus for five engagements the brown filly *Hermitage*, sire *Cqtherstone*, had five sponsors, which is not plain sailing over sea or land.

July the 19th ult., at the Marlborough-street Police-office, Frederick Harding, the alleged keeper of a betting-office and coffee-shop, 22, Panton-street, Haymarket, was summoned by the Police under the New Betting Act, for that he, being the occupier of a room, No. 22, Panton-street, kept and used for the purpose of betting with persons, did receive half-a-sovereign from Lionel Rayner, in consideration of paying the sum of £3 on an event relating to a horse-race... After the usual exhibition of sheer question and answer, Mr. Preston asked Rayner what he was?...Rayner said he was a comedian. Then Mr. Preston inquired was he not in the habit of writing for a *newspaper*? Rayner admitted he had written something. "Under what name?" said Preston. "*Joe Muggin's Dog*" said Rayner. There the fun ended...Mr. Hardwicke pointed out the positive declaration of Rayner to Harding's identity, and the corroborative evidence of the constable, who was called in by Rayner to take him into custody, for obtaining money under false pretences.... This was a case, and the first of its kind, under the new Betting Act—a most useful and salutary Act, passed for the repression of gambling. It was notorious that betting offices were the means of leading persons into gambling, who could ill afford to lose anything, and who, if they did lose, seldom failed to plunge their families into ruin. It was the purpose of the Legislature to remedy this mischief, and the present salutary Act was passed in the expectation that it would accomplish that desirable object. The penalty imposed by the Act was £100, or six months' hard labour—without a penalty. The present case being proved, he (Mr. Hardwick) should inflict a fine of £50, or three months' hard labour. The full penalty would always be inflicted on a recurrence of the offence...Here is the *premier pas* in the right direction; followed by a general course upon a similar principle, the good old days of the turf may dawn again.

Newton Summer Meeting occurred on the 18th and 19th ult. As usual at most races, it opened with a Trial Stakes Handicap; five ran, and Mr. Ewbank's *Snowdon Dunhill* won, with 6 to 4 on him.

The Golborne Stakes, for two-year-olds, was declared in favour of Captain O. V. Harcourt's b. f., sire *Chanticleer*, dam *Ellerdale*—an easy winner, though with a 5lb. penalty.

A Handicap Plate of £50, half a mile, was won by Mr. W. H. Scott's *The Cripple*—6 to 1 against him—in a canter by half a dozen lengths.

A Handicap Plate of £70 went to Mr. G. Robinson's *Donskoy*. 5 to 2 against *Snowdon Dunhill*, 3 to 1 against *Donskoy*, and the same

against Mr. W. T. Park's Thalia filly. Won cleverly by half a length.

Mr. W. H. Scott's br. c. sire Young Priam, won the Selling Stakes, beating three; and there the list finished.

Wednesday's running commenced with the St. Helen's Purse. Five ran, and the winner was Captain Harcourt's Ellerdale filly; beating a field of four.

For a Gold Cup, value £100, the gift of the Lord of the Manor, there were eight runners, Lough Bawn, six years old, the first; Morning Star, five years old, second; and Gamelad, three years old, third.

The Scurry Handicap, half a mile, Miss Emma, four years old, won; beating Mr. Saxon's Antonia (2), Mr. T. Vernon's Menzie, two years old (3), and six others. This closed the Newton Summer Meeting.

The Nottingham July Meeting was run on Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st ult., "under the same rules and regulations as last year." The opening Race was the Scarborough Stakes; one mile and a-half. It was run a trio, between Lord W. Powlett's Sharavogue, Mr. Montague's Burlington, and Mr. Store's Wingenund. 5 and 6 to 1 on Sharavogue; and he warranted such odds, winning in a canter by three lengths.

The Robin Hood Stakes, for two-year-olds, brought out four runners; the issue in favour of Mr. J. Osborne's gr. c. Lord Alfred, sire Chanticleer, dam Agnes, despoit of 7lbs. extra. 5 to 4 against Lord Alfred, who won by a neck; the second and third finished close together.

For the Nottinghamshire Handicap nine ran, and four were placed. Mr. Bailey's b. c. St. Andrew, four years old, 6st. 7lbs., first; Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Typee, four years old, 7st. 13lbs., second. 6 to 5 against Typee, 5 to 1 against Barrel, 7 to 1 against King of Trumps, 8 to 1 against Orestes, 12 to 1 against Lady Vernon, and 100 to 6 against St. Andrew—the winner; a warrant for the practical production of handicapping.

Plate of £40, given by the County Members, won by Mr. Montague's b. c. Motley—at 5 to 4 against him—in a canter by a length.

The Sherwood Handicap; six ran, on the following terms:—Mr. E. Beville's br. g. Garforth, aged, 11st. 6lbs. (Capt. Little), 1... Mr. Saxon's br. g. Friendless, 6st. extra (Clement), 2... 3 to 1 against Garforth, the same against Freedom. Won by half a length.

The Short Stakes, six subscribers, Jenny Wren, with 6 to 4 on her, won by a neck.

The Castle Handicap, Domino, with 5 to 4 on him, won in a canter by a neck; and so the first day closed.

Its policy and detail have been given with precision so "long drawn out," that it may not pass without an apologetic cause being pleaded in mitigation. So soon as the practical racing season is over,

I purpose a general analysis, and a comparative consideration of the system that has been substituted for the British turf—in its instituted system—as a legitimate and serviceable national sport.

Friday opened with the Bunney Park Stakes, for two-year-olds. Mr. H. Lewis's Helena, 9st. 12lbs., ridden by Whitehouse—5 to 4 on her—won by three lengths, in a canter.

The Grand Stand Stakes, T. Y. C., Mr. Bearup's Dogobert, ridden by Palmer—at 3 to 1 on him—won from the post to the chair, finishing first by a length.

The Chesterfield Handicap—Mr. Barber's br. c. Domino won, with 3 to 1 on him, in a fast-run Race, even for the short distance.

The Portland Handicap—Mr. Blyth's b. c. Florist, ridden by Kendall, won by a head.

Her Majesty's Plate—Domino, ridden by Clement—with 7 to 4 against him—won by half a length.

The Forest Stakes of £5 each, £25 added—Gabriel walked over for, and the Meeting ended.—*London Sporting Review for August.*

## THE BLACK STAG OF CORRIE-GARRAN.

BY GREYBEARD.

READER—are you a disciple of Scroope? Do you swear by that Man of the Mountain, that inimitable Biographer of, the Bothy, who brings before you, in a few graphic lines, just such a misty, heathery sketch of the wild Highlands, as Landseer would paint with brush and easel, and ticket, for the admiration of the world, with some such unassuming title as “Getting the wind of them,” “Hinds on the hill-side,” or mayhap simpler and pithier still, the “Stalk”—that one word which comprises, monosyllable though it be, the hopes and fears, the triumphs and misgivings of a life-time? Are you one of those who delight to chase the stag—not indeed shorn of his branching honours, and turned out of a box, looking very like an over-grown calf, to be pursued by two well-mounted officials in scarlet and gold lace, who are in their turn overtaken by a pack of weedy fox-hounds, drafted from their original profession for the various faults of delicacy, riot, and want of nose,—but free and glorious on his own wild hills, where the very breath of your body taints the pure keen breeze, and his instinct of liberty, taking the alarm from your grosser corporeal exhalations, bids him shun you though as yet unseen, and “stretching forward free and far,” place glen and muir and moss and corrie between his precious person, in its “pride of grease,” and you his natural enemy—less proud indeed, nay sufficiently humbled with your failure—but, shall we say it? not a little

greasy too, with the superhuman efforts you made at that last interminable "brae"!

In short, do you love deer-stalking in your heart, with all its accessories and all its charms? the grey early morning, chill and dull upon the hill-side, the wreathing mists curling away upon the mountain-tops, or driving furiously athwart the glen, as though impelled by spirits of the air on some ghastly errand—the bonny heather-bells and the black juniper-berries that brush your cheek in such close proximity as you crouch in your lair, or creep stealthily towards your prey; the wary forester, keen and cautious too, a man indeed of few words, yet in whose quick eye there is a game sort of glitter that looks like business; the gaunt grim deerhound, with his sharp lean head and continual yawn; the shaggy pony, whose trusty instinct bears him ever on the path of safety, and whom no forty-jockey-power could force into a peat-moss or other difficulty; the wild mountain scenery and the bracing mountain air, not forgetting the exhilarating mountain dew (in moderation of course?) when evening has set in, and stretching your legs before the glowing embers, you wander in a very kaleidoscope of imagination through all the enjoyments, the excitements, the events, and the scenery of the past day? Reader—I love it all, even to the very smell of the peat-smoke, and I hope you agree with me.

Alas! it is now some *forty* years since I was stalking in Glen-Garran, a wild remote district towards the far north; yet do I recollect as well as yesterday one long, toilsome, although most enjoyable day's sport, the events of which led to my learning the wild legend of "The Black Stag of Corrie-Garran," and I may add, losing the best chance of a quiet shot at one of the finest animals in creation. Yes, there are certain scenes, as there are certain faces, indelibly daguerreotyped on the mind; we cannot tell the reason any more than we can understand the process, yet in that mysterious repertory termed the human intellect, memory will too often conjure up with startling vividness some long-forgotten drama with all its accessories—aye, its hero and heroine, its walking gentlemen and subordinate characters, till we feel that the past is again our actual being, nay, that the present is not, and life has for the time flowed upward once more towards its source. Then comes a familiar sound—a ring at the door-bell—a servant waiting for us to order dinner, and lo! the vision melts, the curtain falls, and we are ourselves again, sadder and soberer for the change. Well, it seems to me that I am even now stalking in Glen-Garran; it is the first week in October, and the stags are unusually late, yet a night's frost or two has brought them on wonderfully, and already they may be heard in the glooming, bellowing all over the hill, answering each other in notes of pride and defiance; there is a bright autumnal sunshine on the mountain and the moor, deepening the heather into purple in the foreground, and melting the distance into a misty blue that mingles indistinctly with the sky; far below me the Garran is roaring and

tumbling down his rocky bed, fringed here and there with alders, ere he disappears in a wood of stately pines—glorious old Scotch firs—a tree that when in its indigenous beauty and free natural growth, shall not yield in “pride of place” to the cedar of Lebanon itself; above me beetles a bare grey crag, amongst the pinnacles of which, year after year, the wild falcon makes her eyrie, and trains her young to their lawless predatory life; far a-head of me a loch with an unpronounceable name signifying “the resort of the water-kelpie,” lights up the distance, as it gives back the sun’s rays like a sheet of burnished gold; whilst old Ben Wyvis, the giant guardian of the north, shuts in the whole, his lofty head, hoary with last year’s snow, glistening and sparkling against the clear blue sky. I am knee-deep in heather, and striding manfully after Peter, the trustiest, as he is the most unsophisticated of hill-men; we have espied a parcel of deer feeding unsuspiciously enough on the opposite side of the glen, and we are now engaged in that indispensable operation which is termed “getting their wind.” In those days, it was a most important matter not to throw a chance away. Forests were not then as strictly preserved as now; in fact, Glen-Garran could hardly be considered a regular forest at all; deer were by no means so numerous, neither was the sport of deer-stalking nearly so general; therefore was it no uncommon thing to bring down a magnificent hart that would weigh from twenty to five-and-twenty stone after he was *gralloched*; therefore did *heads* adorn the hall, decked with branching antlers, to which the “royal” trophies of the present day are but as a four-and-nine-penny gossamer to the helmet of Achilles; and therefore were the qualities of patience, waryness, and sagacity far more prized than in these “faster” times. Now you go into a well-preserved forest about eleven; you are correctly attired in a suit of shepherd’s plaid, with a pair of white-kid gloves; you are armed with a Dollond telescope that mocks the very eagle’s power of vision, and two double-barrelled rifles (stops and hair-triggers complete at 80 guineas), with which you never *ought* to miss the bull’s-eye at 100 yards; you ride an easy pony till one of the foresters, told off to take care of you, bids you alight and walk; you follow him unsuspiciously, first erect like a man, then on your belly like the serpent, to the detriment of the white-kids. When a sufficient time has elapsed, he brings you to a grey stone, from behind which you contemplate your destined victim feeding securely at the point-blank distance of eighty paces; the careful forester bids you get your wind, puts one of the rifles into your hand, and offers you his own sturdy shoulders for “a rest.” Notwithstanding all this, should you make an unpardonable miss, what does it signify? Crack goes the rifle—away go the deer; never mind! there is another parcel undisturbed in the adjoining “corrie,” and you can eat your sandwiches, take a puff at your flask, bid your indulgent attendant reload the rifle, and so “at’em again;” or perhaps the considerate Highlander opines “the gentleman is tired,” so he arranges a nice little “drive” for you—that is to say, you sit

down for an hour or so in a sheltered spot overlooking a narrow gorge or "pass," whilst the two or three men at the pony you brought out with you, by a few skilful manœuvres, contrive to frighten half the deer in the forest towards your lair, so that they are compelled to pass under your very nose; your weapon is now brought to bear upon something very like the "run in for the Derby," at a distance of from ten to fifteen yards. It is very odd if you don't bag *one* out of the brown of them, and so ride quietly home to a seven-o'clock dinner, a self-satisfied sportsman.

But 'twas not so when I was young—single barrels and flint-and-steel locks were the order of the day; early starts at sun-rise, long fatiguing tramps over hill and dale, and often a fog home by star-light, only felt to be severe when following an unsuccessful stalk. On the day in question, we had indeed our share of real hard work; we had espied the deer in the early morning, feeding quietly down by the loch-side, on a bare flat expanse that promised but little covert, even if we could get within shot. "We'll no win at them," said Peter, "with the wind on this 'airt," unless we come round the bit lochy;" so the "*bit lochy*," a sheet of water at least three miles in length, we were forced to circumvent accordingly. We got round certainly, but, alas! so did the wind, changing as suddenly as it often does in these mountain districts. Our tactics, of course, required to be varied with the breeze, and "bock agin" was now the order of the day. Once more we coasted the loch, and tried them on the other tack. "Contrary deevils!" said Peter, when, without any apparent reason, they moved away up the hill-side to a sunny platform, where we could only get near them from above—always, by the way, when practicable, the best method of approaching deer. A stiff climb brought us over the mountain-brow; a long trailing stalk on back and sides and belly placed us within three-hundred yards, when "cock, cock," "whirr"! up got a jealous old patriarch of a grouse, I firmly believe the only bird of that species within twenty miles, and away went the deer, lurching along the hill-side apparently much at their leisure, but nevertheless at a pace which it would have taken a good horse, let alone a Highlander, to catch. "Diaoul!" said Peter, and his brow grew black; but I administered something consolatory which had paid no duty, and we sat down to consider our plans. After a time the deer settled on the opposite side of the glen; the sun was getting low—the days are not very long early in October—and there was no time to be lost. Again we set to work with a will; again we walked and ran and crept and climbed, and the twilight was just approaching, when I found myself peering cautiously through a tuft of heather, as nearly as I could guess some hundred and fifty yards at least from my prey. I confess I am not very fond of "the long range," and never did *Chasseur de Vincennes* nor English riflemen look more eagerly for covert in the direction of the enemy, than did I. It was no use: the ground between us was as flat as my hand, and as bare as my chin was then; I had left Peter



some distance in my rear, in order that the attacking force might be as small as possible, and I now gloated over my destined prey, as the tiger couching by the spring may be supposed to glare upon a "dear gazelle." What a magnificent fellow he was! It was getting too dark to count his "points;" but if those branching antlers were not "royal," I was indeed mistaken; and that swart hide, dyed black, I concluded by the peat-moss in which he had been "soiling himself,"—what a weight of venison must it cover! Yes, the reward had come at last; labour, pain, weariness, longing and anxiety had been mine all day, and now for fruition! I could shoot him right through the heart from here; I had a capital rest with my left elbow on the ground; he had lifted his head, but not in alarm, and stood perfectly still, save that ever and anon he stamped one fore-foot sharply on the heather; already I covered him—already was my finger on the trigger, when I felt a tug at my jacket, and looking round, was aware of Peter gesticulating like a madman, his white face convulsed with terror, his lips perfectly blue, his eyes glaring in their sockets, and his whole countenance working like that of a man in a fit. "Lord-sake, Sir," he hissed out, in scarcely articulate accents, "haud yer hand! haud yer hand! dinna do't, mon; dinna do't—'tis the Black Stag of Corrie-Garran! and me to be the instrument, Gude forgive us! for my sake, Sir, haud yer hand!" What between surprise and alarm, for I thought Peter had gone raving mad, it is not wonderful that I turned somewhat uneasily in my chair; neither is it a matter of astonishment that the deer took the hint to be off, with their usual quickness of apprehension, and that the Black Stag moved rapidly away into the darkness, never again to greet my mortal vision, or come within the range of my disappointed rifle. I was, I am ashamed to say, much inclined to wrath, still totally disarmed by Peter's state of obvious terror and discomfort, a state from which he did not recover during our fifteen-mile walk home in the dark. From the disjointed narrative of my panic-stricken hillman, as well as from the gentle lips of my hostess, now alas! in her grave, I gathered the following wild Highland legend of "The Black Stag of Corrie-Garran":—

The Maclures of Glen-Garran have held patriarchal state and feudal sovereignty in their own wild district, from the earliest period of Scottish history. Half-barbarians as they were, not a chivalrous Norman cherishes a greater pride in the exploits and even the crimes of his comparatively polished ancestors, than does a fierce Maclure. "Red John" had followed The Bruce in his wanderings, and was one of the nine who landed with that monarch in his desperate and successful attempt to win a crown. It is said that "Red John" supplied the starving hero and his retainers with venison, when on the point of famine; and there is a dark report that the meat was procured by fouler murder than that of a noble hart, and that "Red John" paid the sportsman whom he discovered breaking up the quarry with three inches of his dirk and a bed of

heather, in return for his remonstrance at being robbed of his prey. Certainly the Maclures have ever since borne a "stag's head" on their shield, and to this day they consider "Red John" rather a credit to the family than otherwise.

But the legend of "The Black Stag" is of far later date than the era of Scottish independence, and the victories of the Bruce: like many other traditionary tales of the old Highland families, it is connected with the unfortunate house of Stuart, and originates in the first half of the eighteenth century, when the Maclure of that day, who by the way bore the same Christian name as his red-bearded ancestor, came into his possessions amidst the rejoicings and triumphant demonstrations of his clan. John Maclure of Glen-Garran was a handsome spirited youth, tall and clean-made as became a Highlander, with a frank, fearless countenance, and the sunny open brow that so seldom outlasts a few years of manhood's disappointments, hopes, and passions. As he sat in his own old hall, surrounded by his feasting clansmen, all in national costume, and armed moreover to the teeth, he looked the beau-ideal of the young Highland chieftain. When the wassail was at its highest, and the "mountain dew," we may be sure, throbbing wildly in the brains of the good company, old Eachan, the privileged bard of the house, burst forth into one of those rhapsodies which were then esteemed the very inspiration of poetry, and in high-flown language detailed the glorious qualities of the young heir, the power and pride of his clan, the extent of his possessions, and the high hopes in store for the Maclure of Glen-Garran. But even as he spoke, the old man's lips trembled and his voice failed: Eachan was a seer, and the fatal gift of second-sight was upon him in the midst of his triumphant declamations; the busy hum that had greeted his early eloquence was now hushed; the cup was passed untasted by: each high-hearted clansman, with a thrill of superstitious terror, gazed on the prophetic bard; and as the old man shrunk back into his seat, with his eyes glaring on vacancy and his countenance working convulsively, the low creeping tones in which he spoke chilled the very life-blood of his listeners, and many a gallant spirit that would have revelled to ecstasy in the shout of battle and the clash of steel, now cowered in child-like terror, horror-stricken, yet fascinated by the words of doom:—

"The fir-tree grows straight and tall" said the prophet, "and its roots strike far and wide as it clings to its native soil; but the tempest is lying hushed in the caves and corries of Berr Wyvis, and its might shall awake in the morning, and the fir-tree's roots shall be torn bleeding from the earth, and its pride crushed into the dust. The eagle mounts upon the blast, and screams her shrill defiance as she soars away into the blue heavens, exulting in her freedom and the wings of her might; but the bullet is moulded that shall reach her heart, and the eagle shall fall and perish, and rot like the sparrow-hawk and the kestrel. There is a life growing on the castle-

wall to the west of the postern : the sun smiles down on her with a chastened ray ; the south wind kisses her gently, and passes on lest he should ruffle her petals or bend her slender stalk. Nature loves the lily ; and man passes by, and smiles on her beauty, and his heart aches to think how fair she is. But the frost comes in the clear star-light, and he is keen and pitiless. So when the south wind returns, he finds the lily crushed and soiled and withered, and the sun cannot revive her, and man grieves for her in vain.\* I see the Maclure, with his plaid around his knees ; they are driving the herd to fall by the chieftain's hand ; his deer-hounds strain in the leash, and a mighty black stag is brought to bay in the waters of the Garran ; old Bran would fain be at his throat, but the wide branching horns pass through the dog's body, and Bran floats away down the brawling stream. Luath fastens on his haunch ; when was the chieftain's eye dim and his hand powerless ? The bullet speeds through Luath's trusty heart, and the black stag flies away to the hill, free as the wind upon the loch.

"I see the Maclure with his plaid around his middle. The chieftain walks silent and slow, and his head is bent down as he muses on the tones of a gentle voice and the touch of a soft hand ; a bunch of white heather grows in his path. Gather it whilst thou canst, my chief ; it will look white and pure amidst the braids of silken hair, and to-morrow may be too late. But he passes on to the chase, and again the herd are driven through the glen, and the black stag leads the van of the noblest harts, and he tramples on the modest bunch of bonnie white heather, and his cloven hoof cuts asunder its tendrils and crushes its blossoms into the soil. The Maclure passes homewards, and he seeks for his posy, and finds it withered and destroyed ; then the chief looks up once more, for he thinks of the fair face that shall smile on him, and he recks not of trampled flowers or fond hopes that blossom but to die.

"I see the Maclure with his plaid around his shoulders ; he is fording the Garran where it rushes down the glen raving and whirling in its *spate* ; strong and undaunted my chief wades on ; can he but reach that huge grey rock in the middle of the stream, he may rest awhile and recover his breath and strength ; but the waters are rising fast, and the fleet foot is stumbling—the manly limbs are failing at their need. Oh for a hand to help ! Where are thy clansmen now ? Why didst thou cross the stream in its wrath ? Why must thou breast the waters unassisted and alone ? Can you keep the hound from the quarry ? the hand from the sword-hilt ? the lover from his mistress ? or a Maclure from the chase ? He has fol-

\* It was a common superstition amongst the believers in second-sight (we say *was*, though in these days of spirit-rappings and table-turnings, there may be, for aught we know, people who place credence in every description of magic still) to suppose that the mode in which the plaid was worn by the vision denoted the approaching period of its decease : the higher the folds, the nearer the catastrophe. The *gens togata* of the north have an immense respect for the plaid.

lowed the black stag from Corrie-Garran—he has stalked him since sun-rise ; shall his heart fail him now for the angry waves ? The waters rise to his breast ; the wind moans sadly above the roar of the maddened river. Dark is the heaven—unchanged and pitiless the frown of the mountain that looks down upon its lord. I see his plaid whirling amongst the eddies—the sun breaks forth into a transient gleam ; the bird carols in the copse ; there is light once more in the sky, and life on the hill-side ;—but, where is Maclure ?”

As the old man ceased his ill-omened prophecy, his whole frame collapsed as it were, after the past excitement of the vision, and he sank back powerless as a child, with his limbs trembling as though palsied, and the foam yet wet upon his lip. The young chieftain sat calm and unmoved, but already murmurs of indignation were heard amongst his clansmen, who, notwithstanding their respect for second-sight in general, and old Eachan in particular, did not quite appreciate the merits of a prophecy which bore so dark an omen for the future of their lord. Brows were knit, eyes flashed, and hands grasped at the handle of dirk and broadsword. The chieftain's own foster-brother, Angus “ the Hawk-eyed,” as he was surnamed, being amongst the most violent, when Maclure arose, and filling a bumper to the brim, drank it to the health of old Eachan “ the bard,” said he, “ of fate, who has not shrunk from fulfilling her behests, and who shall find the Maclure ever ready to meet his destiny, and to dare man and fiend as becomes his clan and his name !”

“ The evening passed with more than usual revelry ; if any solemn thoughts or dark misgivings remained in consequence of Eachan's prophecy, they were speedily drowned in floods of wassail and debauchery ; only Angus sat apart moody and thoughtful, brooding apparently over the insult that, to his idea, seemed to have been put upon his chief—and so night sank upon Glen-Garran and the grey towers that surrounded the Hold of Maclure.

When the sun rose in the morning, his light disclosed a foul and impious deed : the dead body of old Eachan was discovered lying on the moor within a few hundred yards of the castle ; there had been a struggle at the spot, and the heather was torn and trampled all round the seer's last resting-place ; stabbed to the heart, he lay on his back, his venerable grey hair twining amongst the wild flower and heather-bells, and there were no traces by which his slayer could be discovered, nor was it apparent whether he had been murdered or killed in fair fight, for the old man was no mean swordsman. So time passed on, and Eachan and his prophecy were alike forgotten.—*London Sporting Review for August.*

(To be continued.)

## NOCTES VENATICÆ.

BY SCRIBBLE.

*Conversation the Fourth.*

*Nephew.*—Glad to see you have returned safe from Ascot, my dear uncle ; that's a very dangerous place for respectable old gentlemen, upon whom lobster salad, and pink-bonnets, are apt to make serious impressions. "I hope you liked the racing.

*Uncle S.*—I liked my company ; and it's more than I always do. As to racing, I told you before, that Newmarket was the only course in the world on which to see that. However, independently of the racing, I did a little in my own line : I saw a pack of hounds, and remarkably nice-looking hounds too.

*Neph.*—That's exceedingly liberal of you, Sir, to allow that. I never knew any one, who pretended to be a judge of fox-hunting, who did not make it a point of abusing his neighbour's pack. So far from adopting old Jorrock's style of safe commendation, as to "good limbs" or a "niceish lot," they are all "crooked-legged devils" and "throaty curs," unless they belong to our country. I think you must have had a quarrel with your county member, or been blackguarded by the master, or—

*Uncle S.*—Our master, young gentleman, never blackguards any body : if we are not kept in the best order, we are treated like gentlemen at all events.

*Neph.*—But whose hounds are these, whose praises you were about to sing so cheerily ?—Mr. Wheble's ?

*Uncle S.*—No : Her Majesty's.

*Neph.*—Whew ! staggers—is it possible ? Why, if I had said one word in favour of such a thing, I should never have heard the end of my calf-hunting propensities, as you used to call them. But I congratulate you, my very worthy uncle, upon a victory over your prejudices, and shall be delighted to mount you with the Baron, in the winter. And you really like the stag-hounds ?

*Uncle S.*—I do, very much indeed—the bitches especially. Davis, the Queen's huntsman, whom I have known for years as one of the finest huntsmen and most excellent fellows alive, gave me permission to amuse myself in my own way, before the races began : I, and two gentlemen who went with me, walked across the heath to the kennels, than which nothing can be better in arrangement ; we saw everything worthy of notice, excepting the horses, down to the very finest and tamest badger you ever met with. The young hounds seem very promising, and his old hounds are well-known to be of a first-rate character ; they are a large class of *fox-hound*. The old original stag-hound, to which the great guns of the last generation bumped along on a bobtailed cob has long been got

rid of. In their place, you find some admirable blood ; and though, as I imagine, the first requisite is pace, they are by no means deficient in substance. The bitches I prefer to the dogs. Here and there you might have selected a perfect model for beauty : their appearance too, as to health and condition, reflects the highest credit upon the whole establishment. However, for that you want one great essential, which these hounds possess : I mean, a huntsman who, distinct from all sport is himself *fond of a hound* : Davis's delight is a *hound* ; independently of all hunting or riding, he loves the animal ; and his brother has immortalised some beauties upon canvass, and the original pictures are hanging against the walls of the cottage on the heath.

*Neph.*—Ah ! I know the style of place ; most comfortable thing in the world for a hunting man : little thatched cottage—cocoa-nut matting.

*Uncle S.*—On the contrary, a most comfortable house, such as you will never live in, if you have to wait till you deserve it.

*Neph.*—Hounds nothing like the Pytchley of course, Sir.

*Uncle S.*—Something of the same form ; but not averaging the height by about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch. The buck-hounds average about  $23\frac{1}{2}$  ; the Pytchley about 25 inches.

*Neph.*—Two or three that I saw at Brixworth were certainly as large as a young jackass.

*Uncle S.*—You ought to be a better judge of the size of a young jackass, than of a fox-hound.

*Neph.*—May I ask who assisted you in your inspection of the Royal kennels.

*Uncle S.*—Two gentlemen, as I told you before ; the one, a very young man, a master of bounds, however, and certainly with more taste and feeling for the points of a hound than any man of his age I ever met with. The fact is, that generally speaking, young men are bored beyond expression by a visit to the kennels : they go through the ceremony of the morning's ride, the long whip and the long grass of the establishment, the stink and the pedigree, the distemper, foot-lameness, and Scotch meal, with a philosophy which, in other distasteful things, one cannot but envy. As to caring for a hound, or knowing any more about them when they come away than before they went, that does not happen to be part of the business. To go, is one thing ; to carry away any information on the subject, is another.

*Neph.*—Was your other friend equally interested.

*Uncle S.*—Perhaps not ; but he knows what a hound is, if being along-side of them in a good thing will teach him. You know little Drowsy : I should scarcely, perhaps, pick him out as the most considerate man across a country, and I think he would rather have been riding a steeple-chase, than standing on damp bricks, in a drizzle, to look at the beauties ; but he bore that as he does many other things with a great deal of pluck, and I honour him for it.

*Neph.*—Drowsy? Surely he was the well-known Ch. Ch. man, who excited such intense admiration among the Oxford cads, in the start with the drag: "I say Bill, who's him? What, not know him! why that's young Drowsy, of Ch. Ch.; a — of a pluck'd un." Strong expressions, which bore most unequivocal testimony of his pluck, whatever they might have thought of his judgment; but you know the story very well, my dear uncle.

*Uncle S.*—Oh! perfectly: a lady's man too, in his way—they all are; Tibullus knew human nature.

"Audentes Forsque Venusque juvat."

*Neph.*—I should hardly think Mr. Cecil, of N. S. M. celebrity, could have caught sight of our friend on the day which he describes with the Pytchley. He's not half considerate enough for a crack country. The notion of your hunting a fox in Northamptonshire, in that absurdly slow manner which has been adopted in the provinces—I mean by allowing the hounds to do their own work—is rather too good a joke. The man must be mad to have expressed his surprise; and his friend, Mr. Henry Hall, must have been hum-bugging him (*il se moque de tout le monde, ce Monsieur-la*), when he led him to expect that the thing was done in the ordinary way. I say, uncle, can't you imagine what a pretty figure old Cecil must have cut, waiting for the hounds to acknowledge the scent, while little Drowsy, and a few choice spirits, set-to over the grass, and another hundred-and-fifty along the turnpike, to that single couple of hounds; which had sense enough to know, that unless they went away at score, they were safe to be ridden over. Fancy the old fellow's astonishment at seeing Charles blowing his heart out, but riding just as hard as if he had *toute la boutique* before him; while Jack whipped in his spurs, leaving Ned to see after those one or two couples of hounds which appear to have been left in cover, with a chance of finding a second fox, and having a day's sport to himself. 'Cute fellow, Jack; much 'cuter than Mr. Cecil!

*Uncle S.*—What, by the bones of St. Hubert, are you talking about?

*Neph.*—Here, Sir, read that: N.S.M., page 52, July number, You call yourself a sportsman, and the Pytchley men sportsmen; Oh! fie, governor! "One couple of hounds, and about one hundred and fifty men along the road." What would you have said to me? You, who call me a *brown-booted Leamingtonian*, and a *elbow-squaring steeple-chaser*, because I don't like to be behind-hand in a start: when I attempted to spin a yarn about the sport of the N.V.S.D. hounds, or the D.W.R.N.K.Q. pack, I am always stopped by the *Pytchley*. Whereas it really appears, Sir, that you are made up of half-a-dozen old fogies, would be sportsmen, who see nothing; and some hundred and fifty road riders, trying to kill the fox themselves.

*Uncle S.*—Cecil's remarks have some truth in them, I am willing to admit. There is too much over-riding of hounds; too great an

eagerness to get away, arising however chiefly from the enormous difficulty of recovering a good place, if once out of it; and the hounds are themselves so extremely fast, that the same liberty cannot be taken with them which may with many others. *Catching* them on a good scenting day is almost impracticable. To hold one's own is no easy matter alongside of them, amongst the crowd of thrashing rascals to be seen at every good meet:—

“Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.”

It is not every man's good fortune to be a Corinthian. Cecil, however, though thus far right, is wrong upon one point. A good mount should make everything “*couleur de rose*.” Did his hospitable friend figure amongst the one hundred and fifty? or did he stop behind, to take care of Mr. Cecil, and bring up the body of the pack? What's the use of a whipper-in if you give him nothing to do? Threading a crowd of horses makes hounds handy; besides, who cares about a run, when runs are as common as blackberries? The fact is, the Pytchley fields have not more to do with the Pytchley country than with Change-alley: not so much, now I think of it. If Cecil waited behind, how came he to see all that went on in front? and if not, I suppose he was about as keen as the rest of them. What with a mineral bath on one side, a barrack on the other, and a few hard-riding farmers, jealous of one-another's wheat all round, you cannot have things quite on the square. If they were, the country would never hold the crowd. It's all that. “Now then, Sir, *are* you going, or *are* you not?” that disgusts some and frightens others; so that the sport is still supportable, with all its disadvantages.

*Neph.*—I wish I were master for a week.

*Uncle S.*—Yes, that's about the time you would take to tire of it yourself; we should have had enough of you before: but what would you do?

*Neph.*—Take the hounds home on one or two occasions.

*Uncle S.*—Really? that would stop it effectually, for the day; but you might happen to disappoint some of your very best customers: a gentleman who had lost all his chickens, or the owner of some well-stocked covers, or a dealer with his horse to sell, or a parson with only one holiday a week (and that not Sunday); or if you were as fond of the sport as some masters, you might disappoint yourself, and that you know would never do. Depend upon it, a master of hounds, though in an enviable position, is not so because of his hounds.

*Neph.*—I do not see that.

*Uncle S.*—Because if he takes the pleasure of it, he must also take the pain; not the paying, because that is but a small item in the affair. He must know men he has never seen; ride over a fence, when he would rather go through a gate; go out to dinner, when he would rather be at home and in bed; subscribe to every conceivable thing in the county, from the Spring Handicap to the Dorcas Society for Lying-in



Females; get up when he would prefer to lie in bed; mount his friends, or those he thinks so; stick covers, satisfy demands for apocryphal turkeys, and hear his servants blown up, and his system-condemned by every jackanapes who wants to let off his bile. In fact, he is as dependent as a Member of Parliament on the caprices of others, with the additional chance of breaking his neck: in polite countries it might be first to be sure, but they stand upon no such ceremony here. I say nothing about the paying for it, because that's the real pleasure after all. What costs nothing, can be of very little value.

*Neph.*—As you get old, you get worldly, uncle. I call it a noble ambition.

*Uncle S.*—No word in the English language is more abused. If a fellow wants to provide for himself and his family, with a place in the Customs for his butler's son, he gets into Parliament, votes with the Minister, and calls it a noble ambition. When you first thought of the army, a red coat was a noble ambition; or the grocer's daughter at whom you made eyes during church-time from your tutor's pew, and who ran away with that good-looking apprentice in a cotton apron and an imperial. I do certainly think, that as money has to be spent, and foxes are to be hunted, it would be difficult to find a more gentlemanly, agreeable, healthful, or even rational amusement, than the pursuit of Reynard under difficulties; and as poor men cannot, and *parvenus* ought not to be masters of hounds, we ought to be very grateful to men of fortune and position, who take the responsibilities of a crack country upon their shoulders.

*Neph.*—By the way, have you seen Whyte Melville's new work, "Tilbury Nogo?" I know he's a favourite writer of yours: your wish that he might follow up Digby Grand with some more of the same class literature, has been unexpectedly accomplished.

*Uncle S.*—I know the book, and am delighted to hear it; it came out originally in numbers, in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and few things in that excellent periodical have amused me more. Whatever that gentleman puts his hand to, evinces an union of admirable, I regret to add rare qualifications: the zeal and vigour of the sportsman, with the taste and reading of a public school. Every line that he writes exhibits the style and feeling of an unmistakeable gentleman and the scholar. Dogs, horses, mess-table slang, even fashionable conventionalities, are easy matters to string together, so long as they keep within the beaten track of the professional penny-a-liner; but when you have to join them with development of character and those contrasts of light and shade which alone make a book on such subjects readable, it becomes a very different pair of shoes. A magazine article is one thing—a two volumed novel is another: one may be the work of a ready-witted impostor; the other must be the work of an observing and analyzing mind.

*Neph.*—What's your favourite picture: Nogo weighing for Saraband "before the storm comes on," or the Widow weighing for Nogo, pre-

paratory to the matrimonial breeze? I could forgive him for falling in love with Kate Cotherstone; but how he managed to walk into the trap, baited with so strong a piece of cheese as Mrs. Montague Forbes, I can't imagine.

*Uncle S.*—Vanity, my dear boy—all vanity. The rock he split upon shoals thousands of us: nothing more natural in life, and shews the author's full appreciation of the character he was drawing. Mrs. Montague Forbes is admirable: I can hear the rustle of the bellooned and befurrowed silk dress, and see the very strings of the cap she laid wait for him with, in the shrubberies of Tophthorne Lodge. Nogo was a child in her hands for love-making, as he had been in her brother's for steeple-chasing: you would have been just the same. Take an old man's advice: get rid of your self-conceit, and then you'll see that your friends are only making a fool, and the women a fool of you. The moral of Mr. Whyte Melville's work, as I read it, is this—"Vanity is the root of all evil;" and 'tis a root out of which grows a fool, and the rogues of the world feed upon it. Segundo is an excellently drawn portrait, more common perhaps in the sister country than in this, though they have been subjected to so much transplantation and borne it so well, as to have become almost indigenous; and the hand that drew it, placed the picture cleverly in juxtaposition with the thoughtless but highly principled guardsman; a character which, if it imbibes some bitter poisons in the public schools of this country, gets the most powerful antidote against their ill-effects from the same great sources. I hate your cant, so prevalent just now, about the horrors of public-school malignity. If you wish your boy to turn out an imbecile, or such an outrageous black-guard that you dare scarcely acknowledge him, send him to a genteel seminary, where he writes what he calls his Latin exercise over a mahogany table, and has thin bread and butter, and a feather-bed to go to sleep upon: to make quite sure, mind 'tis at a watering place; if fashionable, so much the better, as he will have every opportunity of getting into mischief with the maid-servants of the neighbouring young lady's establishment: when very precocious, he may present you with a house-maid and daughter-in-law rolled into one. Moral restraint, not physical, is the thing that makes the gentleman.

*Neph.*—That's all very well about public schools, but you seem rather to have run your engine off the line: how about Mr. Whyte Melville's book? I want to hear your opinion of some more of his creations, I think you literary people call them. How do you like Bagshot?

*Uncle S.*—Joe Bagshot? Admirable! that's one of the qualities which distinguishes Whyte Melville, and one or two more writers of that class, from the old school of sportsmen. Formerly, if a clergyman was fond of a horse or a dog—a good shot or a good rider; *volens volens*, he was compelled to become a two-bottle man at least; to share in every debauch which his half-civilized patron thought

proper to indulge in ; to back his lies, his bills, and his horses, and to disgrace the sacred character he had assumed, by every species of immorality. The Squire Westerns and the Tom Joneses of the day favoured the hallucination : a previous reputation made the parson of the parish twice as bad as he had any inclination to be : they kept him up to the mark for the sake of seeing somebody worse than themselves ; and book-makers acted by his reverence much as the world acts by the devil, in painting him about as black again as he really was. Mr. Melville acts upon a different principle ; he paints things and men as they are, and when the original is not fit for representation, he leaves it out of his canvas. The clergyman of the present (what is called the sporting clergyman, pre-eminently so) is a gentleman : the fact of his being so and having been brought up amongst gentlemen, is at once an apology for his recreation partaking a little of the lay character ; but it makes him no worse a parish priest, nor less alive to the wants, physical or moral, of his parishioners. Methodist parsons and fat pluralists are seldom fond of the sports of the field ; the one has never lived amongst them, the other is incapacitated for any active exercise but carving the " haunch " or playing a rubber. But there are plenty of Joe Bagshots about the world, and long may they live. At a certain time of life, a clergyman becomes either a Joe Bagshot, or an obese dignitary, a mass of self-conceit and censoriousness, thanking God that he is not as other men are—a feeling of gratitude in all probability reciprocal. But I did not mean to enter upon a discussion as to the relative merits of clergymen and their pursuits : another time I may do so : it is a subject that will well bear a little investigation. I admire the character that our author has drawn, and I believe every reader of the book will acknowledge its beauty and its truth.

*Neph.*—If I may be allowed to remark upon its truth, it occurs to me that the author has made a slight mistake in poetical justice, if not in the probabilities of life, by uniting our friend Joe in the holy estate of matrimony to such a Circe as Kate Cotherstone.

*Uncle S.*—If Joe Bagshot had been an Ulysses, he had principle enough to keep himself out of such a mess ; but in this case it appears that in plain prose Mr. Whyte Melville has only sacrificed poetical justice to probability. A middle-aged country parson is just the fish to have been taken by such a bait. Guileless and simple as a child, do you think he saw breakers in such an unruffled sea ? I never knew a good-hearted ecclesiastic, say Fellow of a College (if he had not already what has been facetiously called in a well-known speech on the Oxford Bill, a venerable Eve already waiting for him in the garden) who did not consider it his peculiar privilege to fall in love with the first pretty girl he came across ; make love to her while his house was being furnished—he locating at her father's, of course, in the meantime ; marry her almost before the paper on the walls was dry, and take her home to repent at leisure ; or to be the most uxorious, hen-pecked, miserable specimen of domestic hap-

pineness in the world, shunned by his old friends and pitied by his new.

*Neph.*—Perhaps you're right, Sir: *experience* make fools wise, or I should be brighter. By the way, as we are on the subjects of books, it reminds me of some pictures which I have lately seen at Fores's, the publishers, at the corner of Sackville-street: you remember those clever hunt pictures, by Herring, which were engraved last year, called "The Ruin of the Season;" they seem to have been painted as pendants to those; the subject, however, less in your line than mine. They are four pictures, admirably painted, representing four scenes of a race-course: I need hardly say that the horses are wonderfully painted in every conceivable attitude; and the figures, which are not sparingly introduced, are as life-like as possible: indeed, some are portraits. There is a bloom on the horses quite beyond anything I have seen.

*Uncle S.*—You are quite right; I have seen them, and if there is one thing which Mr. Herring succeeds in better than another, it is the condition he manages to throw on to his horses: in this new series this is particularly remarkable, and, on the whole, I prefer them to the "Run." Fores, at all events, knows what he is about in employing such talent, and deserves success: such enterprize wants nerve, and should have the support of all lovers of the turf. If racing ever becomes a dead letter, the world will appreciate such, life-like productions.

*Neph.*—And as to the characters, I could have sworn that I saw half of them, at least, at Tattersall's, on Sun—Saturday last; touts, prophets, and thumble-riggers of every degree.

*Uncle S.*—Come, speak out, like a man: say Sunday, as you were going to: well-bred persons, like myself, never speak disrespectfully of Tattersall's being open on Sunday: who could, when the company consists of so goodly an assemblage as dukes, marquisses, lords, idlers, and swindlers? Now that a herd of vulgar persons should wish to open the Crystal Palace, to draw metropolitan dirt into a wholesome atmosphere, and to tempt Sabbath-breakers from their dogs fighting, badger-baiting, and other subterranean iniquities of a still worse kind, does seem to me a most preposterous proposition. What! let the Great Unwashed enjoy themselves on the Sabbath rationally?

Oh! no! Bagnigo Wells if you like; beer and baccy to repletion; but no high art, no science, no fresh air. That's our prerogative: we don't buy and sell on Sunday, you know: we only make a book, or *respect* the goods we mean to bid for on Monday. Ring for candles, *Bar* *parlie: we're in the dark.*—*London Sporting Review for August.*

## A WEEK AT LEINTWARDINE.

BY GREY-DRAKE.

THE mayfly having now begun to appear upon the water, the most interesting period of the whole year to the fly-fisher, a friend belonging to the Leintwardine Club kindly invited me to meet him at Shrewsbury, and from thence accompany him for a week's fishing to the Teme. Accordingly, taking the three o'clock railway train from the former place to Ludlow, we reached the Craven Arms' Station, and from thence proceeded in the chaise to our destination, where we arrived about half-past six o'clock, passing through a highly wooded and very beautiful country. Leintwardine, which is situate within the Hundred of Wigmore, is a small village, with an old church, and a very unpretending, yet comfortable inn, at which the Members of the Fishing Club generally assemble about the end of May, as on the 1st of June the grayling season commences; the trout fishing having begun some time earlier. The village is of the most humble character, containing but a few gentlemen's houses, and the rest are mostly cottages, with one or two shops, and the whole features of the place are of the most primitive nature; nevertheless, amid so scanty a population of the genteeler kind, two medical gentlemen find custom sufficient to induce them to reside there; and a retired Colonel, formerly in the Indian army, also lives in one of the best houses in the place. An old-fashioned but very picturesque stone bridge of three arches spans the river, which at times is subject to great floods, the rich meadow grounds on each side being completely covered with water, and forming a vast lake. At a little distance from the village, and almost surrounding it, may be seen very high hills, if not deserving the name of mountains, many of them clothed with oak timber to their summits, and forming deep valleys and passes between them of the most beautiful character. Down the middle of the principal valley, the river Teme winds its course, tacking and twisting about almost every hundred yards into horse-shoe shapes, and forming heavy sluggish pools, the delight of the grayling, and succeeded by rapids as eagerly sought by the trout. Several remarkable places are in the immediate neighbourhood, well worth a visit on non-fishing days. Downton Castle is a splendid modern building, now belonging to Sir Rouse Broughton's family, through the unfortunate death of the only son of the late Mr. Knight, the former proprietor, who was killed by accident in a shooting party. The property is now let to J. Tarrat, Esq., who has lately taken it from the beautiful situation of the Castle, and for the sake of the fishing and sporting, the river running through the grounds for several miles, commencing at Beau-bridge, a wild romantic glen, with a bridge and road across it, where the club water ceases, and distant from Leintwardine, by the road, about six miles, but following all the sinuosities of the river, gives a

distance of near twelve miles for fishing. Another place of much notoriety and interest to the visitor, is Wigmore Castle, a fine old ruin of large extent, and in tolerable preservation, situated on a commanding eminence, beneath and adjoining a higher hill at its back, but built long before gunpowder was known, or any fear was entertained of the Castle's being commanded from the height above it, which is now, and probably was then, crowned with oak wood, and forming a part of the very extensive country called Wigmore Chase. As far back as Henry the Third's time, the forests and chases in this country are particularly alluded to, and mention is made of the Chase of Wigmore, the resort of deer and wolves in those days, and which, with other adjacent places, was afterwards incorporated, by an Act of Henry the Eighth, into the Hundred of Wigmore, comprising large tracts of woods and wilds.

In Henry the Third's reign (1238), Peter Corbet, who afterwards became a Baron, was ordered to use all possible means to destroy the wolves in the forests and other places adjacent, where herds of deer were then living in their native state; and indeed, even in the present time, so extensive are the woodlands in the neighbourhood, that small herds of deer are still to be met with, breeding and living quite wild; but these are fallow deer, and not the red deer as heretofore of bold Robin Hood's time. Wigmore Castle formerly belonged to the powerful Earls of March, and the Lords Mortimer, the latter of whom gave no little trouble to Henry the Second to put down their rebellious attempts against him; but in 1158, the Lord Hugh was obliged to surrender the castle to the King's forces then sent against it and other strong places in the neighbourhood, but whether this Castle was then or more recently dismantled, does not appear. Through various marriages, the property eventually came into possession of the Harleys, Earls of Oxford, and now belongs to that family, together with other large estates in the neighbourhood, the principal of which is Brampton Bryan Castle, derived from Sir Edward Harley, and named after the original owners of the place, whose Christian names were generally Bryan, or Brian, situate a few miles distant from Wigmore Castle and the village of Leintwardine, and until lately Brampton Bryan Castle was the chief residence of the Oxford family, comprising a fine domain and deer park, with beautiful woodland scenery around it, and situated upon a most commanding height, looking down on the rich vale below, along which flows the river Teme, there being two rivers of that name, the little and the larger Teme; but the former of which, owing to the excessive drought we found in many places, had entirely disappeared for a considerable distance, leaving only pools of water here and there, totally unconnected with each other. This Castle and place are allowed now to fall into bad condition, the deer are destroyed, or nearly so, and a bailiff is the only resident in this fine Castle. Not far from the Castle of Wigmore, is the site of Wigmore Abbey, very little of which is now to be seen, the destructive hand of the builder having incorpo-

rated or pulled down most of the old monastery, to form a farmhouse and buildings therewith. This monastery was included with other of the larger monasteries, and suppressed in 1538 by Henry the Eighth, of all-destroying memory, he having tried his power upon the smaller class of monasteries in the first instance ; but, during its existence, it shared the protecting influence of the warlike lords of the neighbouring Castle, against the invasions of the Welsh and other borderers ; the abbott and holy brotherhood, in return, no doubt, attending to the lord's and his retainers' spiritual welfare. The fine meadow grounds adjacent to the abbey were called Wigmore lands, well adapted for their beeves and other cattle to fatten in ; and the neighbouring river, the larger Teme, amply supplying them in those days with salmon and other fish—though salmon cease now to frequent the river, being prevented coming up so far by the weirs on the Severn, into which river the Teme falls. With deer in the forest, salmon in the river, and beeves in the pasture lands, these holy fathers may be supposed to have had little else to think of but spiritual matters. Brandon and several Roman encampments, and other remarkable places, are also to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood, and the ancient Roman way, or Watling-street Road, as it is termed, crosses near the village and underneath the Castle of Wigmore : indeed, the whole of this part of the country presents constant sources of attraction to the antiquarian, the naturalist, and traveller ; and the beauty of the surrounding hills clothed with wood, the deep rich valleys, and fine old ruins, altogether form a prospect not easily to be surpassed, affording to a contemplative mind almost endless subject for reflection and amusement. Amongst other customs still kept up in this country, is that of placing flowers on the new made graves of deceased friends. Wandering amid these secluded scenes, or seated beneath the ivy-covered walls of the old castles, where the mind is involuntarily led back to the past, and memory again brings to life that dear and never-to-be-forgotten object which was once the guiding star of all our earthly hopes, though now no more, may we not fancy, while casting besides us the fresh-plucked barebell or lowly violet, that these humble flowers are lightly falling from our hand upon the grave of her we loved so well, the emblems of her innocence, and the answering solace to her hovering spirit's prayer—

" Wilt thou (—) shed a gracious tear  
On the cold grave, where all my sorrows rest !  
Strew vernal flowers, applaud my love sincere,  
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast" ?

Although a true fisherman, inspired with the quietude and beauty of the scenery around him, is never lost to the sentiment it engenders, he must not, even in a favoured spot like this, indulge too much in these day-dreams of the past, though they may afford him a melancholy enjoyment more pure and fervent than all the realities of active life can ever again produce.

At the conclusion of our journey, we were received most kindly by the landlord and his wife, formerly servants in a gentleman's family, and finding ourselves the first of the Club Members who had arrived, we were entitled to choose our rooms; and accordingly, instead of entering upon the large Club-room which the Members are accustomed to use in common, we selected a small parlour upon the ground floor, with a separate entrance, opening into a little garden in which was a grass plot, close to the river side, enabling us to walk out without the trouble of going through the house; or, while sitting within our little chamber, uninterruptedly to see the distant hills and picturesque country around us; and a more comfortable and handy place for fishermen to retire to could not be, the room being furnished with a sofa, easy chairs, and just long enough to admit of our rods being hung up, ready for the next day's use, on hooks placed beneath the ceiling, within reach to receive them. In front of the door, on the little grass plot, was a large yew tree, whose lower boughs age had deprived of leaves; and between the branches, the fishing boots, baskets, and other apparatus, were put to dry, and gave an additional feature of rural simplicity to this pretty retired place. A table was laid out ready for dinner, and everything was tidy and neat as fishermen could wish. After dinner, the head-keeper made his appearance and informed us, of what indeed we were previously aware, that the river was exceedingly low, and to an extent scarcely ever known before—very unfavourable for our sport; but that the mayfly was just appearing on the water, and although several Members of the Club had been trying their skill, they had met with but little success. Having looked over our tackle, selected the most likely flies for the next day, and talked of past and future scenes of similar enjoyment, we took a short evening walk, and retired rather early to bed, with anxious feeling of expectation for the next day's sport. We found the following morning, as we did nearly every one during our stay, very cold, and beset with a keen north-east wind, a bright sun breaking forth occasionally in the middle of the day: but a good fisherman should, it is said, be able to make the fish bite, let the weather be however discouraging it may. The first morning we obtained a gig, and got our landlord to drive us to Beaubridge, the farthest end of our water, intending to fish the river homewards, should we not find enough to do in the first two or three meadows from our commencement. The river is so much overhung with bushes and trees in many places, and requires to be crossed so often, that very little good can be done except at particular parts, and very much of the fishing must otherwise be lost, unless the fisherman is prepared for wading; accordingly my friend started from our little inn equipped in wading boots of most formidable dimensions, which took him in nearly to the waist and gave him a great advantage. The first day, I declined my friend's kind offer of his water-proof stockings, as he termed them, huge Indian-rubber kind of boots, which came nearly up to the hips, with no soles, and over the feet



of which, to prevent being cut by the stones and shingles, it was necessary to wear strong short boots, with woollen socks between them and the Indian-rubber stockings ; so that what with the clumsy appearance of the boots, and the socks hanging over them, and the other apparatus, it gave one the appearance of a person whose lower limbs were swathed up and suffering from a severe fit of illness ; and after a time, as the boots would not keep their shape when wet, but the points turned inwards, something like the hoofs of an aged goat, one's lower extremities formed no unlike representation of those satyrs one is accustomed to see in old pictures, half-animal and half-man ; nevertheless, I found these habiliments when I did take to them, of the greatest use and comfort, though a slight flaw somewhere showed they were not, as they professed to be, entirely waterproof.

To see my friend and myself rolling about in the shallows, and while crossing over the river, nearly hip deep, and the water just reaching to the tops of our boots, and sometimes a trifle over, was high delight to two boys who attended us to carry our luncheon and spare things. These two lads were particularly active and civil, and had, like all the other boys in the village, a natural turn for fishing, and a pretty good knowledge of the most likely spots and the best flies to use, and when luncheon time arrived, their sport was fully equal to ours, as our careful landlady had not forgotten to put up bread and cheese and a bottle of beer for the two "helps," and at that work well did they deserve their name, and glad were we to see them so handy at their avocation. Sitting down on the grass, beneath the shade of the overhanging trees, having now tried various kinds of flies, and finding the coldness of the weather interfered very much with our sport, as the fish were very far from being eager, we refreshed ourselves, counted over our fish, and consulted as to the most likely and tempting flies for the evening part of our stay by the river-side, though we did not forget we should have some six or seven miles to walk home to an eight o'clock dinner. Our sport had hitherto been but indifferent to what we expected ; though more beautiful scenery could not be conceived, nor a river better adapted for the preservation of fish, of which it appeared to be full, and though the Mayfly was out pretty fully, the fish were not yet inclined to take it with any freedom ; and the lowness of the water was greatly against us. We found, however, upon leaving the river to gain the road homewards, we had killed thirteen brace of nice trout, all above the club size for keeping, though but few of them reached a pound in weight ; all the smaller ones were turned in again in accordance with the rules of the club—my friend being much more fortunate than myself, which I attributed to his being enabled to wade, which I was not the first day. I would recommend fishermen, when they find the fish shy and not disposed to be caught, not to change their fly too often, and thus lose time and trouble, but to continue with the fly then on, and that which is about to come on

the water : the fish will take one or other of these, or decline all invitation.

Our way home was somewhat wearisome, but when we had arrived there, we found everything ready for our reception, and a most comfortable fire burning cheerfully in our little parlour : the boys took off our wet things, put our fish in a dish, some to be dressed for dinner—though they are never so good as on the second day, if kept in the cool—placed our baskets and rods in their right situations, and left us to enjoy our well-earned dinner ; after which, and sufficiently resting ourselves, we took an easy stroll, talked to the keepers, looked at the river, mended our damaged tackle for the next day, and went to bed, well tired and well amused with this our first day's sport ; though I cannot but mention the difficulty we constantly met with, owing to the water being so low, and the overhanging trees and bushes, screening the river as it were, so that it was only in particular places we could get to throw at all ; and often, as it would be termed in racing language, we came to grief, by our flies fastening in boughs, with no means of getting them undone ; but I found that most useful invention, the Fisherman's Friend of the greatest service—to be obtained of Mr. Hills, No. 4, Haymarket—consisting of a small hook or circular knife, which fixes loosely on the point of the rod, with a stout string attached, and when lifted up by the rod, the hook is placed over the bough, and the rod pulled back, leaving the hook hanging round the twig to which the fly is fast ; then with a sharp jerk of the string, the bough is cut through, and down it and the fly come together : my friend not having one of these with him, more than once kindly invited me to creep along slender boughs, on which he had got his tackle hung, just so far as to get his flies off for him, as they overhung a part of the river where he could not reach them, and the water underneath was some twenty feet deep ; but, not being quite so active or light as a squirrel, I declined the attempt, to the great regret of his lad, whose business it was to do those kind of jobs when practicable. I had myself become fast several times during the day, but with my Fisherman's Friend generally contrived to get undone without loss or the aid of my boy "David the little," who had a sharp eye for most things. On one occasion, little David came very cautiously down the bank of the river to the shallow below, where I stood, and creeping quietly towards me, said, "Sir, please there is a big one under yonder bush ;" thinking it was a large trout, I looked in vain towards the place he pointed out on the opposite side of the river, till suddenly he cried out, "There it goes, sir !" whereupon I found the object of David's excitement was an old buck rabbit, that had been quietly sitting near the river side in its form, and having taken him into David's attention, he was very anxious that I should try to get him with my fly, and bring it across to our side of the water to the first day with the fish, but this was beyond my art ; though I stockings, as years ago, when a friend was staying with me in the which came near learning the art of fly-fishing, of which he after-

wards became a perfect master, having hooked various bushes and trees and disturbed the economy of many thistles and other plants overhanging the narrow brook we were fishing in, but which, narrow as it was, held some goodly sized trout, I saw a water-rat crossing the stream below, and I begged my friend to throw steady and try his hand at the rat, as he had been unfortunate in striking any of the fish that had risen at his fly, when taking a cast, sure enough he hooked the rat through the back and brought it to land, where the keeper's son, who was in attendance, took up the rat to unhook it, but the lad dropped it like a hot potato, as the rat gave him a sharpish bite and was off in a moment, thinking, no doubt, a most unsportsmanlike advantage had been taken of him. Strange to say, my friend almost immediately afterwards became an excellent thrower of a fly, leaving the thistles and boughs alone, and taking to catch fish in real earnest ; and so accurately does he now throw his fly, that I believe, were a rat to make his appearance on the water, he would certainly hook it, for he tells me he has often caught them since, and adds, *if you pull the rat pretty sharply after being hooked, he has no time to bite your line through, and you have him*; a hint I venture to mention for the benefit of other fishermen, who, perhaps, like myself, may not be aware of such being the fact.

The next morning, if not up with the lark, we were up pretty early, and enjoyed the fresh morning air, though it was accompanied with a rather cold easterly wind. We found our table laid out ready for breakfast, neat and clean as before : fried fish, coffee, tea, eggs, and other good things awaiting us, and a very pretty and attentive maid to attend upon us. After examining the state of the river, still unequally low, and talking to the head keeper as to the best place to begin our day's operations at, and what other Members of the Club had arrived and were likely to be out, we fell to our breakfast with good fishermen's appetites. Our two boys, Arthur and David, soon made their appearance, holding in remembrance, no doubt, the luncheon of the preceding day ; and having got our tackle in order, these young valets brought us our fishing boots and stockings, and helped us to put them on, and in a pair of which, with rough woollen socks, I this day determined to try my fortune ; and when fully accoutred, Dirk Hatteraick himself might have envied my appearance : with basket and landing-net slung behind, a wide-awake hat (the fashionable wear here) and a short-tailed shooting jacket, the upper man bore a respectable appearance ; but as to the nether portion, that indeed was a sight to see ; but my friend turned out in a much more fishermanlike and genteel form. We this day determined to walk instead of drive, and to begin much nearer home, fishing down stream instead of upwards, calculating, as the weather was so cold, we should find the fly most out about two o'clock, and lower down the river ; accordingly we carried our rods ready, and commenced fishing a little below the bridge called the Black-bridge, it being a new one, built of white stone. But we met with no encouragement at first ; there was little fly as yet out, and few or no rises from fish were to be seen, and we gave up

for a time. Numbers of the pretty little summer snipes or sandpipers were to be met with, and heard, on the shingly shores and along the banks of the river, where they had formed their nests : scarcely a turn of the river or a little lake left by former floods, but a pair of these beautifully marked birds were to be seen, and in one place we found a young one, but unfortunately dead, apparently but a few days' old. Marks of otters appeared in many places, and with which these wild regions, like the name of the river, team, as the keepers state, attracted by the vast quantity of fish and the quiet secluded nature of the river and country around. The carrion or corby crows seemed almost in endless numbers all along the wooded part of our walk, the vast range of woodland country affording them a safe retreat from all harm ; and the game not being much preserved in the neighbourhood, the keepers leave them to increase and multiply. Great quantities of wild-fowl were said also to resort to the river in the winter time, and to breed in the low swampy places in the summer months. Having again tried a few casts with our lines unsuccessfully, we proceeded lower down the stream, till we came to a place called the Parson's Pool, a deep spot with a rapid run from it, and difficult to get at except by wading : 'above the main pool and deep water, a small rill or off-shoot of the river formed itself into a tiny brook, which fell again into the main stream a short distance below, and running under a bank, formed at an angle a very small pool at the point where the water curved round, and not apparently larger than sufficient to find accommodation for a couple of herring-sized fish ; but by standing at a distance, and with careful throwing, I contrived to extract from this small space three brace and a half of nice-sized trout, and one fully equal to 3lbs., had it been in good condition, but being too large for the hole, it had wasted, and was thin ; these seven fish I was enabled to bring to shore without any landing net, by sliding them on the shingly bed of the river, then quite dry. Further on, near the steep cliffs, we saw some very fine fish, which could not be less than from three to four pounds each, but not to be got at in any legitimate manner ; and now the mayfly and grey-drake were beginning to come more on the water, with the aid of wading we met with some very nice sport lower down the river, though but few grayling would rise. My friend complained much of his fish getting off his hooks and not being fully struck, though he was an excellent fisherman, but with rather too gentle a hand ; he had, however, a device which I had not met with before, namely, a very fine watchmaker's file, with which to 'sharpen' the points of the hooks broken and blunted by coming in contact with boughs and stones, &c., and a very few touches of the file gave a subtle point to the hooks, of which the fish had little idea until they felt them ; but either from the quantity of the natural fly upon the water, enabling the fish to select their food easily and late, or from some other cause, they certainly, except at times, did not take the flies eagerly, as is usual upon the mayfly's first appearance—making several playful attempts at the same fly, and then letting it pass altogether. We

however consoled ourselves with the reflection that the fish, like the fishermen, would probably, as time passed, become more hungry and inclined to bite, we therefore in the meanwhile selected a shady spot to lunch at, determining at any rate to satisfy ourselves, and afterwards to endeavour to do the same by the fish; and to see the two lads devour their portion was enough to excite the appetite of all the fish in the river. After we had had enough of creature comforts, we devoted ourselves to supply the fish with theirs, and not unsuccessfully; for as the sun clouded over, and the grey-drake came out more full, we had better success, and I basketed fourteen and a-half brace of trout, and my friend a considerable number more, besides a grayling of about a pound and a-half weight, an excellent fish on the table. We had this day six miles to walk home, along a hard, but not bad road, except that my fit-out for wading was not equally well adapted with my friend's stout boots for road duty; the water had had the effect of turning my loosely buckled boots heel-ways before, or at least crossways, and crippled me so much that to get on at all was very painful, and, at a distance, made one look like some poor creature taking his first walk after, or rather during a severe fit of the gout; but a bold heart, and the full conviction there was no help for it, carried me safe home at last; and having put out our catch of fish, refreshed ourselves heartily at dinner, having the benefit of the club wines, at night we both slept soundly as the two babes in the wood.

The next day was Saturday, on which I had originally intended to have returned home, but the pressing kindness of my friend, whom I was unwilling to leave entirely by himself in the evening—two other Members of the Club, who promised to join him in London, having failed to do so—together with the comfortable quarters we were in, induced me to comply with my friend's request, and stay with him till the Wednesday following, thus making out a week from our arrival. During this period, notwithstanding the sequestered spot we were in, thanks to the railroad, we had daily news of what was going on in the world; our little inn, besides its other avocations, being the post-office as well; and the *Times* newspaper duly made its appearance upon our breakfast table each morning, together with my friend's London letters—mine I begged might bide their time till my return home. On this day there were some threatenings of rain, but none unfortunately fell, though in most other places there had been a good deal. We were about to start in a sort of gig two before and two behind, David the Little taking a turn at walking, with the promise of a ride back if the conveyance should come for us in time, as we proposed fishing towards home; all ready and in the act of setting off, our landlord suddenly pulled up, in consequence of the Ludlow fox-hounds appearing in view as they came over the crown of the bridge, and in a few minutes the huntsman appeared in plain clothes, and his whip in scarlet, with about fourteen or sixteen couple of young and rather ragged-looking puppies, going out for exercise; but at this season of the year condition

was not to be expected. In the huntsman, I recognised Nicholls, the late whipper-in to the Albrighton hounds, a very civil and active fellow in the field, with whom I had had many a sharp gallop in former days. These hounds are kept a short distance off by subscription, but chiefly supported, as I was informed, by Mr. Sitwell, who last year took the mastership, rather than they should be given up on the cessation of their former master, Mr. Frederick Stubbs, a thorough good and hardy sportsman, who hunted the pack for many years with a very humble subscription, in a very wild woodland and severe country, taking the part of huntsman himself. After a few minutes' talk of the past and future prospects of hunting, we proceeded on our destination, but found the sun came out very glaring and hot at times—unfavourable for fishing—and violent gusts of wind rendering it very difficult to throw at all, without snapping off a fly or getting entangled in the trees, which latter we often did. Our success, in consequence of these adverse events, was much diminished; but still we found, later in the day, better sport, and as the grey-drake made its appearance more fully on the water, by using the Alder and other dark fly as a drop fly, we did better, and caught thirteen brace of killable fish and one good-sized grayling, besides the many undersized fish we turned in again. It was somewhat singular that we found, from the information of the keeper who visited us occasionally, as he went down the water, that the other gentlemen had had little or no sport with the artificial fly; some had caught only one or two fish, and none, as he told us, had exceeded four or five brace at the most. The mayfly and grey-drake were very strong on the water after mid-day; but though the river seemed at times quite alive with fish rising, and the quantity must have been immense, still but comparatively few seemed really to take the fly—rising at the same fly over and over again, but letting it pass. However, it so happened that the previous day, after trying various kinds of may-flies dressed in different ways, some with reversed wings, and obtained from almost every maker in London, I had luckily discovered amongst my old stock four may-flies dressed in a particular manner, and made many years ago by a friend now dead, but an admirable sportsman in every way, and, though a clergyman, at one time joint-master with his brother, another clergyman, of a pack of excellent hounds, which were for several years hunted by the two brothers, with a man to whip-in to them, and most capital was the sport they afforded; but then, bishops were not so very particular. These four flies, of which I gave two to my friend, were regular “gay deceivers;” they were made very full-bodied and large, and what fishermen call well-buzz’d, and though apparently, to our eyes at least, not so like as others we had to the natural fly, their charms were irresistible; and with one of these flies alone, I caught upwards of twenty brace of fish, and finally lost it round a stake with a fish fast hooked: this fly I termed the “family fly,” as it caught all the fraternity of fish living in the same part of the river, and if changed for another gay-fly exactly like the one on the water, the one substituted for the ~~gay~~ family fly caught but few fish, but when

the latter was put on again, it was pretty sure to make them rise ; but unfortunately the four flies were not of long duration, and either became soon worn out from their constant use, or were lost round the stakes in the river. I should here state that the inconvenience of the extreme lowness of the water, and the innumerable quantity of wooden stakes driven into the bottom of the river, and the iron holdfasts which were drilled into the rocks, to prevent the river being netted, rendered it almost impossible to strike a fish in the deeper water and get him safe to shore, without its twisting round some of these impediments, and either getting off the hook, or, which was worse, breaking away with one's tackle, scarcely three yards in any of the shallower parts of the river being clear of stakes ; often and often a fish would rise, be struck, twist round a stake, and get away ; but these drawbacks to fishing do not occur, I was told, when the river is fuller of water, and in its usual and proper state. We were in one instance much disconcerted, in consequence of a good-sized fish being lost round one of these stakes : my friend had on his line one of the before-mentioned favourite flies, and unluckily in rather deep water, struck a fish, which getting entangled round a stake, broke all his casting line away, with two flies attached ; this occurred in a very favourite spot for all the Club to try their skill in as they were passing by. The next day several of the Members told us of a fish they had seen lying dead at the place before-mentioned, but none could get at it, and which they stated they supposed was one we had lost ; at length, on myself and friend coming that way, we determined to make an effort to obtain the fish for the sake of the tackle which he supposed to be still attached to it, and on account of the favourite fly forming a part ; after trying in vain to reach it by wading, I exhorted little David to strip and go in for it, with a promise of a shilling if he brought the fish out ; but no, David declared, like the Welshman when drowning, he was too short ; then Arthur, the other and taller lad, was persuaded to go in, which he at length did, after much persuasion ; as it was a very awkward looking place, more for the sake of recovering the wonderful fly than for the shilling, and after many efforts with the landing-net, and going in as far as ever he dared, he did succeed in bringing the fish to land in the net ; but what was our surprise and mortification to find that it possessed, like Caliban, a very ancient as well as fish-like smell, and in truth turned out to be an old dead fish some one else had lost weeks probably before, with not a bit of tackle attached to it : the two lads laughed heartily at our do, and we could not but smile at our own simplicity, in not bargaining for the recovery of the tackle as well, instead of only getting a dead and putrid fish for our shilling.

On Sunday, we went to church ; a fine old building, but much neglected, and a part of it given up as a place for pigeons to breed in, though there appeared several monuments under that portion of it. This neighbourhood must be healthy, from the circumstance of the number of long lives of its inmates recorded on the tomb-stones, many

being seventy years and upwards. The singing was very beautifully performed by two lady singers in the gallery, who were, I believe, the school-mistresses, but much in want of a bass voice to assist them. After church, we found it too far to walk to Downton Castle, as kindly invited by my friend, Mr. Tarrat, and we went instead to Wigmore Abbey and Castle.

The following morning we were again by the river-side somewhat early, but there were now several other parties fishing the waters ; we did not find the weather so favourable as before, and caught but about twelve brace this day. On our return homewards, one gentleman, a visitor, came up with an old man who had been a former keeper, and said he understood I had some kind of patent fly which would catch the fish whether or no, which he expressed much desire to see, and know how it was made ; I showed him the fly, at which he shook his head, and seemed to think it was too fascinating to be refused by any fish ; and later in the day, several others of the Members overtook us, and intimated the same thing ; I showed them the "family fly," expressing also my regret I had not another of the same sort left to give them ; they had, it turned out, scarcely caught any fish with an artificial fly, but had employed a helper, who had been a former keeper there, and a great adept it was said in taking fish, and who, like the serpent of old, had been all day creeping along on his belly, peering through the bushes, and dapping with a grasshopper or natural fly, stuck on the hook at the end of a twenty feet rod ; by this means he had, like the tempter of Eve, beguiled with his coaxing ways five fine trout, weighing three pounds a piece, together with some smaller ones, and in beautiful condition ; but these proceedings, though they ended in catching fish, could not be called fishing. Most of the Club, we afterwards found, were accustomed to adopt this method of filling their baskets, when otherwise unsuccessful.

The minnow fishing, for which the river seems particularly adapted, if the stakes do not interfere, is not allowed till the May-fly fishing is over, only commencing from the 15th of June. During this day, along the secluded parts of the river, I saw several of those, in other places, rare and shy birds, the water-ouzel, or dipper, which frequently build here.

On the Tuesday, which was my last day, I was more fortunate than before, owing to my wading the river, and I caught seventeen brace of trout in beautiful season, and I became almost tired of catching fish, as none proved to be large ones, though all above the size for keeping, besides those I turned in again. It being somewhat inconvenient and uncertain sending fish away to any distance, I really felt unwilling to catch any more, as we had already made presents of them to the clergyman and doctors and the people of the house, besides supplying ourselves liberally both for dinner and breakfast ; but some of the fish were not so good as they looked to be, and none of that pink colour so much praised by the learned in such matters : many of them, though beautiful to look at when first caught, were



quite white when cut, and somewhat soft. On the whole, a more beautiful river for fishing could not be, and the number of fish seemed endless—at least, as to trout; and I was told the grayling fishing in the proper season was splendid; the trout fishing being considered as quite a secondary consideration, and only followed because the other kind had not begun.

The Club consists of twenty Members, paying an annual subscription of ten guineas each, with three keepers or watchers to look after the water, and attend upon the Members. The Club-room is used in common; the Club supplies its own wine, and the people of the inn find all else that is necessary, with four or five comfortable bedrooms, though many of the Members go to friends' houses near, or lodge elsewhere, and seldom more than four or five are staying at the inn together.

Thus ended a week's fishing at Leintwardine, after catching from eighty to ninety brace of trout and a few grayling. For this most agreeable and excellent week's sport, I was indebted to the kindness and hospitality of my friend, who supplied me with everything friendship could require, and was once my pupil in the gentle art of fly-fishing, but is now become such a proficient, that he is not only able to lure the shyest of the finny tribe from its native element, but to capture the crafty rat, should it venture to cross the stream within his reach.—*London Sporting Review for August.*

## ENNORE REGATTA.

A FRIEND has kindly put us in possession of the following account of the late Ennore Regatta. We must take the opportunity of repeating our lamentation over the decayed taste of Madras Society, for aquatic amusements. The preference for Mount Road dust, South Beach congregations, and stifling evening entertainments, is less judicious than that of a former generation, which cultivated enjoyment beyond the Presidency, and of a more exhilarating and health-giving kind.

The Annual Regatta at Ennore took place on Saturday, the 2d September. The season was too far advanced to expect more than a moderate breeze, but even this failed, and a more unpropitious day for testing the sailing qualities of the yachts could hardly have occurred. There were but three entrances for the Pottinger Cup, a Handicap, and to be won twice by the same party. Mr. J. H. Cochran had won the race last year, and his cutter *Banshee* was entered this year to carry off the prize, but fortune was unfavorable, and the lubberly conduct of her crew, in fouling the *Emerald* in the first heat, threw her out of the race, and lost her owner the Cup, which he seemed certain of carrying off, but for this unfortunate contretemps.

The yachts entered for the Pottinger Cup were :—

- The *Ragged Jack*, latteen, Mr. Teed.
- The *Emerald*, latteen, Mr. Hooper.
- The *Banshee*, cutter, Mr. J. H. Cochrane.

The signal gun to start was fired at three minutes past seven, when the *Ragged Jack* slipped her moorings, followed in half a minute by the *Emerald*, and in three minutes more the *Banshee*. There was a light westerly breeze, and the yachts crawled along at a snail's pace to the Eastern Buoy, which was rounded by the—

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Ragged Jack</i> at ...	7	14	30
<i>Emerald</i> ...	7	16	0
• <i>Banshee</i> ...	7	17	0

In the beat up to the Club Buoy, the *Banshee* recovered her Handicap time, and rounded the Buoy, within ten seconds of the *Ragged Jack*. The *Emerald* was out of the race, having evidently no chance against the other two in a light breeze. In the run down again to the Eastern Buoy, the *Banshee* headed her competitor and passed the winning flag at 49 minutes past 7, beating the *Ragged Jack* by two minutes.

In the 2nd heat for the Pottinger Cup, the *Ragged Jack* and the *Emerald* started, but the breeze was still very light, and the former had it all her own way.

For the Club Cup, the *Ragged Jack* and the *Emerald* were the only yachts entered; the former winning both heats easy; the lightness of the breeze not giving the *Emerald* a chance against her formidable competitor.

The sport, such as it was, having concluded thus early in the day, a Sweepstakes of one Gold Mohur entrance was got up, for which three yachts were entered, viz. :—

Mr. Key's	schooner	<i>Witch</i> .
Mr. J. H. Cochrane's	cutter	<i>Banshee</i>
Sir V. Stonhouse's	schooner	<i>Columbine</i> .

They started at 4 P. M., with a light topsail breeze at south west. In the run to the East Buoy, the *Columbine*, which had a bad start, passed her competitors and rounded the Buoy 15 seconds before the *Banshee* and 20 seconds before the *Witch*. In the beat up, the *Banshee* took the lead, rounding the Club Buoy 1½ minutes before *Columbine* and 3½ minutes before the *Witch*. They kept these respective positions till after rounding the East Buoy again, when the wind having veered to south east, the *Columbine* again got the lead, and was, to all appearance, the winning boat, when she lost her advantage by the unaccountable conduct of her helmsman, in making injudicious and unnecessary tack, which threw her astern of both her competitors. The race was won by the *Banshee*, beating the

• <i>Witch</i> by	1 m. 15s.
<i>Columbine</i> by	2 m. 15s.

# CRICKET MATCHES.

## CRICKET AT THAYETMYOO.

### THE 1st FUSILIERS *versus* THE FRONTIER

THIS Match, which had for some time past afforded food for discussion at Thayetmyoo, came off at that station on the 7th and 8th August. The hour fixed for the commencement was seven o'clock A. M., and both Elevens were present and ready for action as the clock struck. That of the Fusiliers, though by no means a bad one, was not considered equal to the Elevens which had previously represented the Regiment. Within the last thirty days, sickness had deprived them of the Captain, Mr. George Battye, a gentleman, who in bowling, batting, in placing a field, and in scientific knowledge of the game, would be distinguished on any ground. A severe fall from a horse had also placed *hors de combat* Captain Cunliffe, one of their steadiest bats. Nevertheless, there was no lack of confidence, and the Eleven were backed at evens. The Frontier Eleven was represented by four gentlemen from Meeaday, and five Officers, a Sergeant and a Private from Thayetmyoo. As they had never before played together, the result was looked forward to rather hopefully than confidently, although the Eleven were observed to back their side with considerable spirit.

The Frontier having won the toss put in their opponents. Messrs. Bosworth and Rumley bowling to Messrs. Brown and Marshall. These two made fourteen by some pretty play, when a fine ball from Mr. Bosworth sent Mr. Brown back to the tent. Mr. Wheeler succeeded him, and contrary to his custom, began playing very cautiously; after marking seven singles, however, a rattle behind caused by a very fine ball from Mr. Bosworth, forced him to retire. Two wickets and 28 runs. Private Sutherland was the next man, but after scoring four, he sent the ball into the hands of the point, who held it fast. Three wickets and 35 runs. Captain Salusbury then joined Mr. Marshall, who had been playing very finely, but after scoring 1, Mr. Bosworth found out his wicket. Mr. Parsons then handled the willow, but soon lost the company of Mr. Marshall, who was caught out by the cover point, after having scored 18 by very steady play. Five wickets and 43 runs. Mr. Hall took his place, and with Mr. Parsons, began adding to the score, when the latter gentleman succumbed to one of Mr. Rumley's "peculiar." Davis was the next man, and he at once shewed that he was bent on mischief, for the ball was hit to all parts of the field. At last Mr. Hall, playing to a ball of Mr. Bosworth's, sent it back to him. Seven wickets and 60 runs. Ward and Hoey followed, but were quickly disposed of by Mr. Bosworth, without scoring. Stevens (for whom Mr. Lambert played) shared the same fate at the hands of Mr. Rumley, and the innings concluded for 65 runs, Davis bringing out his bat, having scored 13. Confidence now began to play upon the countenances of the "Frontier," as they sent Messrs. Malletson

and Rumley to the wicket. Messrs. Brown and Davis bowling. The first ball from the former gentleman warned Mr. Malleeson to retire. Mr. Speke succeeded him, and with Mr. Rumley ran up the score to 12, when a twister from Mr. Brown worked into his wicket. Captain Richardson came next, but after scoring 3, Davis gave him notice to quit. The confidence before, referred to quickly gave place to gloom, as the score proclaimed three wickets down and 15 runs. Mr. Bosworth then went in with a determination to restore the fortunes of the day, and most completely did he do so, Mr. Rumley ably seconding his efforts. When at last the latter gentleman was bowled by Mr. Brown, there were four wickets for 45 runs. Mr. Hilton then joined Mr. Bosworth, but he was disposed of by Davis without scoring. Gunner Mander was the seventh man, and so effectively did he hit the ball, that the bowling underwent a change, Mr. Wheler coming on in place of Davis: as this was not effectual, Mr. Marshall came on in room of Mr. Brown, and finally Sutherland was put on at Mr. Wheler's end. At last Mr. Bosworth was caught by Mr. Brown at the long field, after scoring 43 in first rate style. Six wickets and 55 runs. Mr. Annesley was the next man, but the second ball was given out leg before wicket. Mr. Montgomery came next, but did not trouble the scorers. Serjeant Major Telfer followed, and scored one, when he was run out. Mr. Combe was the last man, and he brought out his bat, Mander being bowled by Sutherland after scoring 24. The innings amounted to 164, being 36 in the majority.

Both parties now adjourned for breakfast, but the rain coming on immediately after, the match was postponed to the following day.

On the 8th the game was resumed, but two of the Frontier side, Messrs. Hilton and Combe having declined to stay to finish the Match, the Captain of the Eleven was compelled to avail himself of the aid of two Artillery men to play in their room.

In their second innings the Fusiliers made 102 runs, of which Mr. Wheler scored 25 and brought out his bat, Mr. Hall 28, Mr. Parsons 18, and Davis 13, thus leaving the Frontier 68 runs to get. They were able, however, only to make 60: neither of the "dark horses" scored, and the game, which was a very exciting one throughout, was lost by 6 runs. In the second innings of the Frontier, Captain Richardson distinguished himself by some hard hitting, and nearly succeeded in bringing up the runs. Throughout the game the ground was dead and damp. As both sides could not win, the closeness of the Match rendered the result as gratifying as anything could be to the defeated party.

and adjourned is the score:—

1st FUSILIERS.			
competitor.	Innings.	2nd Innings.	
Bosworth	8	Bd Bosworth	.. 2
Montgomery	18	Bd Rumley	... 4

Lieut. Wheler, bd Bosworth	...	7	Not out	...	25
Private Sutherland, ct Malle-son, bd Bosworth	...	4	Bd Bosworth	...	0
Captain Salusbury, bd Bosworth	...	1	Bd Rumley	...	3
Lieut. Parsons, bd Rumley	...	5	Ct and bd Rumley	...	18
Lieut. Hall, ct and bd Bosworth	...	6	Bd Rumley	...	23
Private Davis, not out...	13	Ct Rumley, bd Bosworth	...	13	
Private Ward, bd Bosworth..	0	Bd Bosworth	...	1	
Private Hoey, bd Bosworth..	0	Ct Malle-son, bd Rumley	...	1	
Private Stevens, bd Rumley	...	0	Bd Bosworth	...	2
Byes	3	Byes	...	10	
Wide Balls	...	1	Wide Balls	...	0
Total.....		66	Total...		102

## THE FRONTIER ELEVEN.

## 1st Innings.

## 2nd Innings.

Lieut. Malle-son, bd Brown	0	Ct Hall, bd Brown	...	9	
Dr. Rumley, bd Brown	18	Bd Brown	...	0	
Lieut. Speke, bd Brown	4	Bd Sutherland	...	5	
Captain Richardson, bd Davis	3	Run out	...	20	
Lieut. Bosworth, ct Brown, bd Marshall	...	43	Ct Salusbury, bd Brown	...	6
Lieut. Hilton, bd Davis	...	0	Bd Davis	...	0
Gunner Mander, bd Suther- land	...	24	Bd Brown	...	6
Lieut. Annesley, leg bef. wt. bd Marshall	...	0	Bd Brown	...	5
Lieut. Montgomery, bd Mar- shall	...	0	Bd Sutherland	...	0
Sergeant Major Telfer, run out	...	1	Not out	...	4
Lieut. Combe, not out	...	1	Bd Brown	...	0
Byes	...	7	Byes	...	5
Total.....101		Total....		60	

The Fusiliers winning with 5 runs to spare.

Herewith I enclose the score of the Return Match between the Elevens of the 1st Fusiliers and the Frontier, which took place on the 9th and 11th September. Both sides appeared on the ground at 6 A. M. of the former day, apparently equally confident of success.

The result of the first innings, though it dashed the hopes of the Frontier Eleven, by no means dispirited them, and they went to the wickets with a determination unshaken and spirits undiminished; nor when they beheld their best bats fall for very few runs, did they show the slightest diminution of confidence, and on Saturday evening one of their number was heard to say that he felt like Marshal Saxe at the battle of Fontenoy, that notwithstanding all unfavorable appearances, the day was their own. Monday morning, however, told a different tale. The Fusiliers, with a pluck which is as natural as it is becoming to that gallant corps, resisted for a long time all the efforts of the Frontier Eleven to dislodge them, and finally only succumbed when they were in a majority of 261. To accomplish the Herculean task of equalling this score, the Frontier applied all their energies, but in vain. For no other result but defeat did Mr. Bosworth hit the balls to all parts of the field, and scored 35 by very brilliant play. In vain did every man on the side, animated with superhuman zeal, exert himself to the utmost. All would not do. The game was decided in favor of the Fusiliers with 182 runs to spare.

Subjoined is the score:—

*Return Match.*

1st Innings.		FUSILIERS.		2nd Innings.	
Stevens, bd Chambers	...	4	Bd Malleson	.	20
Marshall, bd Bosworth	...	0	Bd Speke	.	17
Hall, ct and bd Malleson	...	59	Ct Maunders, bd Malleson.		29
Cunliffe, bd Malleson	...	19	Run out	.	1
Wheler, ct Telfer, bd Bosworth	...	15	Run out	...	1
Davis, bd Malleson	...	0	Ct and bd Richardson	...	78
Parsons, bd Malleson	...	23	Bd Richardson	...	0
Salisbury, bd Malleson	...	0	Bd Malleson	...	8
Cox, ct Richardson, bd Telfer	...	4	Bd Richardson	...	1
Sutherland, ct and bd Malleson	...	4	Ct Richardson, bd Malleson	...	1
Brown, not out	...	0	Not out	...	9
Byes	...	14	Byes	...	1
Wide Balls	...	6	Wide Balls	...	11
Total	...	148	Total	...	198

FRONTIER.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Malleson, leg bef wt. bd Davis	6	Ct Hall, bd Brown	4
Maunders, bd Hall	30	Ed Davis	5
Bosworth, bd Davis	0	Bd Brown	35
Chambers, bd Davis	2	Bd Davis	11

Telfer, bd Davis	... 22	Ct and bd Brown	... 1
Brazier, run out	... 2	Bd Brown	... 0
Richardson, ct Hall, bd Davis	3	Ct Hall, bd Brown	... 0
Speke, bd Davis	... 8	Bd Brown	... 2
Annesley, bd Davis	... 0	Not out	... 5
Baugh, bd Sutherland	... 0	Run out	... 0
Burke, not out	... 6	Ct Hall, bd Brown	... 4
Byes	... 8	Byes	... 5
Total	87	Total	72

The Fusiliers thus winning with 182 runs to spare.

OFFICERS *versus* MEN.

On Friday, the 25th August, this station was again enlivened by a Cricket Match, the Officers of the Frontier playing against the men of the 1st Fusiliers. It was supposed, prior to the commencement of the game, that the Officers would win easily. The result of two matches, however, has shewn a balance of power little anticipated. This is the case at least if we judge merely by the totals on both sides; but if the scores of individuals be minutely examined, it will be seen that the slashing hitting of Mr. Bosworth on both occasions saved the Officers from ignominious defeat. On both occasions, viz., on the afternoon of Friday, on which the first match was played, and of Saturday, when the Return Match came off, the ground was surrounded with eager and anxious spectators, who shewed by their cheers how they sympathized with the champions of their side. On Saturday especially, when the Officers were defeated, the scene was worthy of description from an abler pen than that wielded by your correspondent. No sooner was the result announced, than the welkin rang with shouts, and as the Manager of the opposite side gracefully stepped forth, and bowed in pleasing irony to the Officers, the cheering, mingled with laughter, was tremendous: nay more, it was contagious, and the losers joined in it with hearty good will. The conquering Match will be played in a few days.

Subjoined is the score on these occasions:—

*First Match.*

MEN.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Rowbotham, bd Brown	... 41	Bd Bosworth	... 0
Sutherland, bd Brown	... 11	Ct Malleson, bd Bosworth	... 10
Mr. Marshall, run out	... 2	Bd Bosworth	... 2
Davis, bd Brown	... 0	Bd Brown	... 4
Hoey, bd Brown	... 0	Ct Brown, bd Bosworth	... 1
Morgan, ct Bosworth, bd Brown	... 1	Ct and bd Brown	... 1
Stevens, bd Brown	... 20	Bd Bosworth	... 26

Hannigan, ct Malleson, bd				
Bosworth	...	0	Ct Parsons, bd Bosworth	8
Ward, not out		7	Ct Bosworth, bd Brown	5
Holford, bd Brown	3		Not out	3
Barrow, bd Bosworth	1		Ct and bd Bosworth	0
Byes	40		Byes	4
Total...	86		Total...	64

## OFFICERS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Malleson, bd Davis	... 12	Bd Sutherland	3
Hall, ct Sutherland, bd Davis	8	Bd Sutherland	2
Wheler, bd Davis	... 10	Bd Sutherland	1
Bosworth, ct Sutherland, bd			
Hoey	... 52	Not out	44
Brown, bd Sutherland	... 1	Bd Davis	0
Richardson, bd Hoey	... 7	Bd Davis	2
Parsons, bd Hoey	... 4	Bd Sutherland	0
Speke, bd Hoey	... 5	Bd Sutherland	6
Combe, bd Davis	... 0	Bd Sutherland	3
Birch, not out	... 0	Bd Sutherland	0
Walters, bd Davis	... 0	Bd Davis	1
Byes	... 5	Byes	8
Total...	104	Total...	67

The Officers thus winning with 21 runs to spare.

## Return Match.

## MEN.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Rowbotham, bd Brown	... 9	Run out	14
Stevens, bd Bosworth	... 5	Ct Walters, bd Hall	0
Hoey, bd Bosworth	... 0	Bd Hall	4
Hannigan, bd Bosworth	...		
Morgan, ct Malleson, bd			
Brown	... 6		
Sutherland, ct Hall, bd Bos-			
worth	... 2	Not out	12
Marshall, run out	... 8	Bd Hall	8
Davis, bd Brown	... 2	Not out	46
Ward, bd Brown	... 4		
Barrow, not out	... 3		
Holford, ct Combe, bd			
Brown	... 5		
Byes	... 11	Byes	4
Total...	68	Total...	92



OFFICERS.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Malleson, bd Sutherland	...	4	Bd Davis	...	2
Hall, run out	...	4	Bd Davis	...	2
Bosworth, bd Davis	...	15	Bd Davis	...	66
Wheler, run out	...	3	Bd Davis	...	0
Parsons, bd Sutherland	...	17	Ct Morgan, bd Hoey	...	8
Brown, bd Sutherland	...	1	Bd Davis	...	9
Speke, bd Sutherland	...	4	Bd Sutherland	...	1
Combe, bd Davis	...	1	Bd Sutherland	...	2
Dale, bd Davis	...	3	Bd Sutherland	...	3
Birch, bd Davis	...	0	Bd Sutherland	...	0
Walters, not out	...	0	Not out	...	2
Byes	...	4	Byes	...	4
Total...	56		Total...	90	

The Men thus winning with six wickets to go down.

CRICKET AT ENGLAND.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE MARYLEBONE CLUB *versus* THE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

IN this Grand Match the Gentlemen of England were the victors by 49 runs. The Gentlemen of the Marylebone Club were short of double scores, seeing that two of them only obtained two figures in their hands—namely, Mr. P. Knight, who was not removed until he had placed 38 runs upon the paper by means of a six, a five, 2 fours, a brace of threes, ditto of twos, and a balance made up by singles; and Mr. Drake, who contributed 11 by a three and four twos.

The ultimate state of the score was as follows:—

ENGLAND.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Sumner, ct Haygarth, bd					
Drake	...	1	Bd Du Cane	...	10
F. Miller, ct Du Cane, bd					
Drake	...	0	Bd Du Cane	...	0
F. Blore, bd Du Cane	...	16	Bd Du Cane	...	12
C. Lane, ct Haygarth, bd					
Drake	...	15	Ct Haygarth, bd Drake	...	0
E. Napper, st Nicholson, bd					
Drake	...	17	Ct Kynaston, bd Du Cane	...	8

W. J. Kempson, ct Knight					
bd Du Cane	...	1	Bd Drake	...	10
W. Leake, ct Drake, bd Du Cane	...	1	Ct Nicholson, bd Du Cane	...	22
H. Andrews, ct Haygarth, bd Drake,	...	0	Not out	...	36
W. Napper, st Nicholson, bd Drake	...	1	Ct Gordon, bd Du Cane	...	21
H. Marshall, bd Drake,	...	0	Bd Du Cane	...	22
J. S. Weston, not out	...	0	St Nicholson, bd Drake	...	4
Byes	...	3	Byes	...	4
			Leg Byes	...	3
Total	...	55	Wides	...	4
					<hr/>
					Total ... 156

## MARYLEBONE CLUB.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
W. Nicholson, ct Sumner,			Ct and bd Miller		3
bd W. Napier	...	1	Ct Marshall, bd Miller		1
C. Gordon, bd Sumner	...	5	Ct Marshall, bd Sumner		7
A. Haygarth, bd Sumner	...	1	Bd Napier		0
H. Vernon, bd W. Napier	15		Bd Miller		3
J. Walker, bd Sumner	...	0			
F. Walker, ct Kempson, bd Napier	...	25	Bd Miller		9
E. T. Drake, bd Sumner	...	8	Ct Lane, bd Miller		11
R. Kynaston, bd W. Napier	...	1	Not out		5
P. Knight, ct W. Napier, bd Sumner	...	7	Ct and bd Miller		38
Earl of Stamford, not out	...	8	Absent		0
A. Du Cane, run out	...	1	Bd Sumner		4
Leg Byes	...	2	Byes		1
Wides	...	2	Leg Byes		1
No Balls	...	1	Wides		2
Total	...	77	Total		85

The Gentlemen of England thus won by 49 runs.

UNITED ALL ENGLAND *versus* OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

THIS Grand Match, between Fourteen Gentlemen of the University, and the Eleven United All England, was played on the Christ Church ground, on Monday 26th, Tuesday 27th, and Wednesday 28th June. The University went in first, against the excellent bowling of Grundy and Nixon, and on the fall of the last wicket, succeeded in making 86 only, a comparatively small number for fourteen of the best bats in the University. The "United" ran up their score to 110, being

in advance of their opponents 30 runs. Hunt began his score with a drive for four, which he increased by singles, another four, a pair of threes, and a pair of twos, to 31, when he was admirably caught by Balfour, off Hankey. The fielding of the University was as usual of the very first order, no less than six of the All England being caught out. The University, in their second innings, made a most successful and determined stand against the bowling opposed, and ere the thirteenth wicket fell, the great score of 270 had been obtained. That old and first-rate Cricketer, Mr. W. Ridding, writing 50, made up of 2 fours, 3 threes, four pairs, and the remainder singles; Mr. Hankey 57, comprising a five, 5 fours, 3 threes, and 11 singles; Mr. Bateman 44, consisting of a pair of fives, a pair of fours, 4 threes, 4 twos, and 6 singles. The "United" had to obtain 231 to win, but owing to the interruptions caused by the heavy showers, the game could not be played out, and, consequently, the Match was a drawn one. The players, as the score will show, pulled up well, having obtained 105 for the loss of half their men, leaving a balance of 126 for the remaining five to rub off. It should be stated during this innings, that the showery weather had made the ground very slippery, and as several substitutes were suddenly enlisted to field for some of the fourteen who had left Oxford without their cricketing shoes, the consequence was, that several chances were missed in the field. The play, on the whole, was a rich treat to the numerous spectators.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Armitstead, ct Picknell, bd					
Gundy	14		Ct Hunt, bd Lillywhite	...	24
Hon. E. C. Leigh, bd					
Gundy	...	0	Ct Wright, bd Lillywhite	...	0
Bateman, ct Lillywhite, bd					
Nixon	...	1	run out	...	44
Fellows, bd Grundy	...	4	run out	...	4
Balfour, bd Nixon	...	17	Bd Buttress	...	8
R. Hankey, bd Nixon	...	3	Leg bcf. wt. bd Hankey	...	57
Willes, bd Grundy	...	8	Ct Sampson, bd Lillywhite	...	6
Marsham, bd Grundy	...	1	Ct Buttress, bd Lillywhite	...	19
Payne, bd Buttress	...	1	Ct Wright, bd Lillywhite	...	6
Fuller, bd Grundy	...	11	Ct and bd Nixon	...	20
Ridding, not out	...	7	Bd Buttress	...	50
Longe, bd Grundy	...	2	Not out	...	19
Law, bd Buttress	...	8	Hit wt., bd Nixon	...	2
A. Payne, run out	...	5	Ct Mortlock, bd Lillywhite	...	1
Leg Byes	...	4	Byes	...	3
			Leg Byes	...	6
			Wide	...	1
Total	...		Total	...	270

## UNITED ALL ENGLAND.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Grunjy, bd Marsham	... 0		
Dean, ct Bateman, bd			
Marsham	... 12	Ct Leigh, bd Marsham	... 14
Hunt, ct Balfour, bd			
Hankey	... 31	Ct Armitstead, bd Marsham	7
Sampson, ct Willes, bd			
Marsham	... 14	Bd Payne	... 20
Lillywhite, ct Hankey, bd			
Marsham	... 2	Bd Marsham	... 44
Chatterton, ct Marsham, bd			
Payne	... 12	not out	... 9
Picknell, ct Hankey, bd			
Payne	... 10		
Wright, not out	... 14	Ct Leigh, bd Hankey	... 0
Mortlock, leg bef wit., bd			
Marsham	... 10	not out	... 4
Nixon, run-out	... 0		
Buttress, bd Hankey	... 1		
Leg Byes	... 4		
Wides	... 5		
No Balls	... 1	Wide Balls	... 6
Total	... 116	Total	... 104

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND *versus* THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX.

THIS Match was resumed at Lord's, June 20, and, after some fine play, was brought to its termination in the afternoon, Sussex being proclaimed the winners by four wickets.

## M. C. C. AND GROUND.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Royston, ct Box, bd Wisden	1	Not out	... 21
Hon. S. Ponsonby, bd Wisden			
... 12		Bd Challon	... 17
Mr. A. Haygarth, bd Wisden	10	Run out	... 28
Chatterton, bd Wisden	... 0	Bd Wisden	... 9
Mr. H. Vernon, ct Wisden, bd Dean	3	Bd Dean	... 4
Mr. W. Nicholson, ct Wisden, bd Dean	... 16	Bd Wisden	... 12
Mr. E. Burley, bd Dean	... 0	Run out	... 1
Adams, ct W. Napper, bd Wisden	... 10	Ct Box, bd Wisden	... 8
Grundy, ct Wisden, bd Dean	6	Ct Box, bd Wisden	... 15
Mr. E. T. Drake, ct Wisden, bd Dean	8	Ct Lillywhite, bd Wisden	... 12

Nixon, not out	...	4	Bd Challen	...	0
Byes	...	3	Byes	...	11
Leg Byes	...	4	Leg Byes	...	2
			Wides	...	4
Total ... 77			Total ... 134		

SUSSEX.

1st Innings.

2nd Innings.

Dean, ct Ponsonby, bd Roys- ton	18	Leg bef. wt., bd Grundy	2
Challen, Jun., bd Nixon	37	Bd Drake	1
John Lillywhite, ct Nixon, bd Royston	7	Not out	33
Wisden, bd Royston	16	St Nicholson, bd Drake	0
Mr. E. Napper, ct Adams, bd Royston	5	Ct Chatterton, bd Drake	2
Mr. J. Hale, ct Vernon, bd Nixon	4	St Nicholson, bd Drake	2
Box, bd Grundy	34	Bd Drake	4
Wells, bd Grundy	10		
Mr. E. Fredcroft, run out...	13		
Mr. W. Napper, bd Drake...	0		
Mr. H. M. Curtis, not out	1	Not out	10
Byes	3	Byes	5
Leg Byes	1	Leg Byes	1
Wides	3		
Total	152	Total	60

Sussex therefore won by four wickets.

THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND *versus* ENGLAND.

THIS Grand Match having been resumed on August 2, at Lord's, was brought to its conclusion at an early hour, when it was announced that the Marylebone Club had gained the day by two wickets. The final score was as follows:—

ENGLAND.

1st Innings.

2nd Innings.

Hunt, bd Nixon	...	3	Bd Dean	...	10
Mr. F. Miller, ct J. Walker, bd Grundy	...	3	Ct and bd Drake	...	0
Mr. E. Napier, bd Nixon	...	1	Bd Grundy	...	17
John Lillywhite, bd Nixon	63		Ct Royston, bd Nixon	...	11
Lockyer, ct Grundy, bd Dean	10		Ct Dean, bd Drake	...	18

Wisden, st Nicholson, bd Drake	0	St Nicholson, bd Drake	5
Martingell, ct Grundy, bd Dean, ...	1	St Nicholson, bd Drake	5
Mortlock, ct Dean, bd Drake	8	Ct Adams, bd Grundy	1
J. Challen, bd Nixon ...	9	Bd Grundy	4
Mr. H. Andrews, ct Adams bd. Nixon	4	not out	10
Sherman, not out	0	Ct Adams, bd Nixon	0
Byes	6	Byes	1
Leg Byes	5	Leg Byes	1
Total	113	Total	78

## MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND.

## 1st Innings.

## 2nd Innings.

Mr. W. Nicholson, bd Martingell ...	2	Bd Martingell ..	13
Hon. S. F. Masonby, bd Martingell	8	Ct Wisden, bd Martingell ..	6
Dean, bd Martingell	0	Ct Challen, bd Martingell..	3
Mr. F. Walker, bd Martingell ..	35	Bd Wilson ..	1
Royston, bd Wisden ..	0	St Lockyer, bd Lillywhite ..	17
Mr. E. Balfour, bd Martingell ...	0	St Lockyer, bd Wisden ..	
Mr. E. T. Drake, bd Sherman	26	Not out	18
Adams, ct Napier, bd Wisden	12	Bd Lillywhite	20
Grundy, not out ...	0	Ct Hunt, bd Lillywhite	0
Mr. J. Walker, bd Wisden	0	Not out	0
Nixon, ct Mortlock, bd Wisden	0		
Byes	3	Byes	5
Leg Byes	1	Leg Byes	1
No Balls	3	No Balls	2
Total ...	90	Total	102

HARROW *versus* ETON.

THIS Match was resumed at Lord's, August 8, where, as on the preceding day, was a numerous gathering of lookers-on. The result of the play, however, went to prove that the Harrovians had been far more effectively trained and "worked up" than their opponents from Eton. Hence the large victory obtained by the former. At the close of the Match the state of the game was follows:—Harrow

winning by 104 runs. Thus Harrow have this year won both Matches. Mr. Northey's 42 were ably got.

		HARROW.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Hon. R. Stewart, bd Morton	8	Bd Mordaunt	... 2
Lord Garlies, ct Heathcote, bd Mordaunt	14	Ct and bd Morton	... 5
Mr. C. Crawnley, ct Mordaunt, bd Morton	18	Bd Morton	... 6
Mr. K. Digby, ct and bd Northey	0	Bd Morton	... 53
Mr. V. Walker, bd Mordaunt	29	Ct Heathcote, bd Northey	16
Mr. G. Holmes, bd Morton	3	Bd Yeo	... 12
Mr. W. Church, ct and bd Heathcote	23	Ct and bd Heathcote	... 7
Mr. R. Burroughes, bd Morton	0	Not out	... 4
Mr. G. Hodgkinson, bd Morton	4	Bd Heathcote	... 0
Mr. G. Lang, bd Heathcote	2	Bd Morton	... 0
Mr. H. Linton, not out	2	Bd Heathcote	... 0
Byes	8	Byes	... 7
Leg Byes	9	Leg Byes	... 2
Wides	10	Wides	... 13
		No Balls	... 1
Total	130	Total	128

		ETON.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Mr. W. G. Heathcote, bd Linton	4	St Digby, bd Walker	... 6
Mr. E. J. Tremlett, bd Stewart	7	St Digby, bd Stewart	... 7
Mr. F. F. Northey, ct Hodgkinson, bd Walker	14	Ct Garlies, bd Stewart	... 42
Mr. A. H. A. Morton, ct Digby, bd Linton	1	Leg bef. wt., bd Stewart	... 5
Hon. M. Rolle, bd Lang	10	Bd Walker	... 2
Mr. E. Fane, ct Church, bd Lang	10	Bd Walker	... 16
Mr. J. C. Pinney, bd Stewart	2	Ct Church, bd Walker	... 0
Mr. F. Norman, st Digby, bd Walker	14	Ct Stewart, bd Lang	... 1

Mr. F. Coleridge, ct Gar-					
lies, bd Stewart	...	1	Not out	...	3
Mr. W. A. Yeo, not out	...	2	Bd Linton	...	0
Mr. J. M. Mordaunt, bd					
Walker	...	3	Bd Linton	...	0
Byes	...	1	Byes	...	1
Wides	...	1	Wides	...	3
No Balls	...	1	No balls	...	3
Total		71	Total		89

Harrow won by 90 runs.

#### THE MARYLEBONE CLUB AND GROUND *versus* THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THIS Match, as stated in our columns on Saturday, was commenced at Oxford on Thursday. The contest was resumed on Friday morning, June 9, at the accustomed hour, and brought to its conclusion upon the evening of that day with such result as will be the best understood by a perusal of the ultimate score, which presented the following appearance:—

#### MARYLEBONE CLUB.

##### 1st Innings.

Dean, ct Bateman, bd Ful-	
ler	...
Nixon, bd Marsham,	...
Mr. E. T. Drake, bd A.	...
Payne	...
Grundy, leg bef. wt., bd A.	...
Payne	...
Mr. G. W. Barker, ct B/te-	...
man, bd A. Payne,	...
Mr. R. Kynaston, bd	...
Marsham	...
Mr. A. Wilson, bd Fuller	...
Mr. G. Lacy, bd Veitch	...
Mr. F. Martin, not out	...
Mr. H. O. Nethercote, bd	...
Veitch	...
Mr. J. Randolph, bd,	...
Veitch	...
Byes	...
Leg Byes	...

Total ... 121.

##### 2nd Innings.

Bd Payne	...	12
Bd Payne	...	4
Ct Longe, Bd Marsham	...	5
Bd Fuller	...	20
Ct A. Payne, bd Marsham	...	3
Ct Wills, bd A. Payne	...	1
Bd Marsham	...	5
not out	...	
Bd A. Payne	...	1
Bd Marsham	...	3
Bd Fuller	...	2
Byes	...	4
Leg Bye	...	1

Total ... 68



THE UNIVERSITY.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Mr. W. G. Armitstead, bd			
Nixon	15	Bd Nixon	2
Mr. E. L. Bateman, bd			
Nixon	4	St Nethercote, bd Nixon	27
Mr. A. Payne bd Grundy	1		
Mr. A. F. Payne, run out	13	Ct Drake, bd Nixon	1
Mr. E. H. Willes, bd			
Nixon	0	Run out	1
Mr. C. D. Marsham, bd			
Grundy	5	Not out	30
Mr. W. Fellows bd Grundy			
dy	45	Bd Grundy	3
Mr. E. D. Longe, bd Nixon	1	not out	0
Mr. E. Balfour, ct Wilson,			
bd Nixon	2	Bd Grundy	13
Mr. H. Veitch, not out	3	Bd Grundy	0
Mr. G. Fuller, bd Grundy	2		
Byes	3	Byes	1
Leg Byes	1	Leg Byes	2
No Ball	1	Wides	2
		No Balls	2
Total	101	Total	84

And thus the University won by three wickets.

THE ELEVEN OF ENGLAND *versus* TWENTY-TWO OF ST. HELEN'S.

THIS great Match was brought to its conclusion on Wednesday, June 21, with a result which showed that the Eleven were victors by 69 runs. Thus stood the ultimate score:—

THE ELEVEN.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
T. Parr, bd Buttress	11	Ct T. Pilkington, Bd Bat-	5
ress			
Cæsar, ct A. Clark, bd But-			
tress	4	Bd H. Tickle	7
Willsher, bd Armitage	0	Bd Buttress	6
Anderson, ct Dixon, bd Ar-			
mitage	0	Bd Anderson	4
Caffyn, bd Armitage	16	Ct Stephenson, bd H. Tickle	25
Parr, ct Wilson, bd Armi-			
tage	41	Ct Perris, bd Buttress	23
R. Tinley, bd Buttress	13	Ct Brown, bd Armitage	16
Morton, not out	21	Run out	2

A. Mynn, Esq., ct Perris, bd				
Buttress	20	Bd Armitage	...	4
Bickley, ct Lead, bd H,		Run out	...	0
Tickle	0	Not out	...	5
Clarke, ct Lead, bd Buttress	0	Byes	...	3
Byes	6	Wid	...	2
Leg Bye	1			
Wides	3		...	102
Total	15			

## ST. HELENS

## 1st Innings.

Buttress, ct Morton, bd				
Clarke	6	Ct Tinley, bd Bickley	...	5
Atkinson, ct Parr, bd Clarke	4	Bd Bickley	...	1
A. Clarke, ct and bd Clark	4	Ct Tinley, bd Bickley	...	6
W. Pilkington, run out	7	Ct Caffyn, bd Clarke	...	3
Dixon, bd Clarke	5	Bd Clarke	...	3
Thompson, run out	0	Bd Bickley	...	0
J. Tickle, bd Clarke	4	Bd Bickley	...	1
G. Browne, bd Clarke	0	Run out	...	2
Armitage, ct Parr, bd Will-				
sher	12	Leg bef. wt., bd Bickley	...	2
Stephenson, bd Tinley	21	Leg bef. wt., bd Bickley	...	9
L. Lead, ct Caffyn, bd Will-				
sher	14	Ct Wynne, bd Willsher	...	
W. Tickle, ct Mynn, bd				
Willsher	0	Bd Bickley	...	0
Webster, bd Caffyn	3	Bd Willsher	...	0
H. Tickle, ct Tinley, bd				
Clarke	3	Ct and bd Bickley	...	0
Fiddler, ct Morton, bd Caffyn	0	St Morton, bd Clarke	...	8
T. Pilkington, bd Caffyn	2	Bd Bickley	...	0
Daglish, bd Caffyn	1	Ct and bd Clarke	...	6
Johnsont, bd Tinley	5	Bd Bickley	...	1
Perris, bd Tinley	3	Ct Tinley, bd Clarke	...	2
Ross, not out	0	Bd Bickley	...	1
Wilson, bd Tinley	4	Not out	...	3
W. Johnson, ct Bickley, bd				
Tinley	0	Bd Clarke	...	0
Leg Bye	1	Byes	...	4
		Leg Byes	...	3
Total	102	Wide	...	1

Total ... 6

Thus the Eleven won by 69 runs.

# PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

## LAHORE RACES.

NOMINATIONS UP TO 1st SEPTEMBER.

### First Day.

*First Race.*—The Derby, for all Maidens.

Mr. Hickey's .....	b. a. h.	Commissioner.
" " .....	c. a. g.	Barabbas (late Lord Arthur.)
Mr. Catapult's .....	b. c. g.	Glentilt.

*Second Race.*—The Claret, for all Horses.

Mr. James' .....	b. e. m.	Pulcherrima.
Mr. Catapult's .....	b. e. g.	Oregon.
" " .....	g. v.d.l. g.	Mercury.
" " .....	c. n.s.w. g.	Forester.
Mr. York's .....	g. n.s.w. g.	Chanticleer.

*Third Race.*—The Ravee Stakes.

Not filled.

### Second Day.

*First Race.*—The Lahore Cup, for all Horses.

Mr. Catapult's .....	g. v.d.l. g.	Mercury.
" " .....	b. e. g.	Oregon.
Mr. James' .....	b. e. m.	Pulcherrima.
Mr. Slender's .....	g. a. h.	Banker.
Mr. York's .....	g. n.s.w. g.	Chanticleer.
Mr. Hickey's .....	c. a. g.	Barabbas.

*Second Race.*—The Tankard, for all Horses.

Mr. Catapult .....	Nomination.
Mr. Piper .....	Ditto.
Mr. Nogo .....	Ditto.
Mr. Hickey .....	Ditto.
Mr. Adams .....	Ditto.
Mr. McPhun .....	Ditto.
Mr. Philips .....	Ditto.
Mr. Charles .....	Ditto.

(Name 15th October.)

*Third Day.**Third Race.*—Punjaub Stakes, for Arabs and C. B.

Mr. Slender's .....	g.	a.	h.	<i>Banker.</i>
Mr. Nogo's .....	b.	a.	h.	<i>Cigar.</i>
Mr. Piper's .....	g.	a.	h.	<i>Aristotle.</i>
Mr. Hickey's .....	c.	a.	g.	<i>Barabbas.</i>

The Turf Club, Purse and the Great Welter close 1st October.

CHARLES W. C. OAKELEY,

*Secretary.*

## SONEPORE RACES.

## NOTICE.

The original Prospectus of the Sonepore Races for 1854 not having filled, the Stewards, (with reference to the notices dated the 8th of April and 5th of May respectively,) have determined upon substituting for it the following Prospectus:—

## SONEPORE SKY RACES.—1854.

*First Day, Saturday, 28th October.*

*First Race.*—The Chumparun Cup, value —, presented by Maharajah Nowd Kishore Sing Bahadoor, of Bettiah, for all Maidens. 1½ mile. Entrance 2 G. M. English horses 12st. 7lbs. Colonials 11st. 7lbs. C. Bs. and Arabs 10st. 7lbs.

*Second Race.*—The Dumraon Cup, value —, presented by Maharajah Moheshur Burch Sing Bahadoor of Dumraon, for all horses, 1 mile. Entrance 2 G. M. 11st. 7lbs. each. Arabs allowed 1st., C. Bs. 7lbs., and Maidens 7lbs. English horses to carry 10lbs. extra.

*Third Race.*—A Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all horses. ½ mile. 11 stone each. Entrance 1 G. M. Winner to be sold for 400 Rs.

*Fourth Race.*—The Galloway Stakes of 50 Rs. from the Fund, for all Galloways 14 hands and under. ½ mile. Entrance 10 Rs. 14 hands to carry 11st. 7lbs., and 7lbs. allowed for every inch below.

*Second Day, Tuesday, 31st October.*

*First Race.*—The Durbungah Cup, value —, presented by Maharajah Moheswar Sing Bahadoor, of Durbungah, for all horses. 1½ mile. Entrance 3 G. M. Sonepore weight for age, and 3st. added. Colonials allowed 7lbs., Arabs and C. Bs. 1st. 7lbs., and

Maidens 10lbs. The winners of the Chumparun or Dumraon Cups to carry 5lbs. extra.

*Second Race.*—A Purse of 10 G. M. from the Fund for all horses.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Entrance 2 G. M. 11st. each. Arabs allowed 1 stone. Winners once to carry 6lbs., twice 10lbs., thrice or oftener 1 stone extra.

*Third Race.*—A Selling Purse of 100 Rs. from the Fund, for all Maidens.  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile. Entrance 1 G. M. If entered to be sold for 500 Rs. to carry 11st., and 7lbs to be added or deducted for every 100 Rs. above or below.

*Fourth Race.*—The Poney Stakes of 50 Rs. from the Fund, for all Ponies 13 hands and under.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance 10 Rs. 13 hands to carry 11st. 7lbs, and 7lbs. allowed for every inch below. No dismounting between heats.

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*Third Day, Tuesday, 2nd November.*

*First Race.*—The Modenarain Cup, value —, presented by —. A free Handicap for all horses.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Entrances for those accepting 3 G. M.

*Second Race.*—A Selling Purse of 15 G. M. from — for all horses. 1 mile. Entrance 2 G. M.

If entered to be sold for 2,000 to carry	12st.	0lb.
1,600	11st.	7lbs.
1,400	11st.	0lb.
1,200	10st.	7lbs.
1,000	10st.	0lb.
800 or under	9st.	7lbs.

*Third Race.*—The Fair Stakes of 100 Rs. from the Fund, for all horses purchased out of the Sonepore Fair, 1854. 11st. 7lbs. each.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 1 G. M.

*Fourth Race.*—The Hack Stakes of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all horses that have never been in training.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Entrance 1 G. M. English horses 12st. Colonials 11st. C. Bs. 10st. 7lbs., and Arabs 10st. Winners 7lbs. extra.

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*Fourth Day, Saturday, 4th November.*

*First Race.*—The Winners' Handicap, being a forced Handicap for all winners of First and Second Races on each day. 1 mile. Entrance 3 G. M. Half forfeit. 15 G. M. from the Fund.

*Second Race.*—The Losers' Handicap, being a free Handicap for all losers of the 1st and 2nd Races on each day. 1 mile. Entrance for those accepting 2 G. M. 15 G. M. from the Fund.

*Third Race.*—A free Handicap for all horses that have started for the third and fourth Races on each day.  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Entrance for those accepting 1 G. M. 10 G. M. from the Fund.

*Fourth Race.*—The Consolation Stakes of 100 Rs from the Fund for all horses that have started and have not won during the Meeting.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. Post Entrance 1 G. M. English horses 12st. Colonials 11st. 7lbs., C. Bs. 11st., and Arabs 10st. 7lbs.

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### RULES.

1.—All disputes to be referred to the Stewards or whom they may appoint, and such decision to be final.

2.—The Handicaps to be made by the Stewards, or whom they may appoint.

3.—In all Races Gentlemen Riders, and extra weight need not be declared.

4.—Nominations to be made to the Secretary by 12 noon the day before the Race.

5.—In the event of a walk over, only half the Purse will be given. No horse allowed to walk over more than once.

6.—The Stewards to have power to make up new Races with Surplus Funds required from walks over, &c.

7.—If three or more horses start, the second to save his Stakes.

8.—If the full amount advertized be not collected, a proportionate reduction to be made from each Purse.

9.—Every winner of a lottery to pay 1 G. M. to the General Fund.

10.—No horse that has been trained subsequent to the 1st August, 1854, to be allowed to run at this Meeting, and no owner or trainer of a regular racing stable to be allowed directly or indirectly to run a horse at this Meeting.

11.—Rule 34 of the Sonepore (Course rendering certain rates of subscription to the General Fund compulsory of the starters of horses) is not in force.

12.—In matters not otherwise provided for above, the rules of the Sonepore Course, as published in the *India Sporting Review*, No. XIII., March 1848, are still in force.

By order of the Stewards,

WILLIAM FRASER, .

Secy. to the Sonepore Races.

Chuprah, August 2, 1854.

RACING CALENDAR

1853-54.

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# RACING CALENDAR.

## MELBOURNE RACES, 1854.

### 1<sup>st</sup> FIRST DAY, 22<sup>nd</sup> March.

**FIRST RACE.**—Town Plate of 150 Sovereigns, with a Sweepstakes of 10 Sovereigns each, for all horses; second horse to save his stakes. Weights—three-year-olds, 8st.; four-year-olds, 9st. 6lbs; five-year-olds, 10st.; six and aged, 10st. 4lbs. Three miles.

Mr. G. Watson's	b. m.	<i>Shadow</i> ,	(A. Miller)	... 1
Mr. P. Milrick's	c. pl.	<i>Ballarat</i>		... 2
Mr. Purcell's	br. g.	<i>Cardinal</i>		... dis.

*Shadow* made the running with *Cardinal* well up, and *Ballarat* lying a few lengths in the rear for the first mile, when *Cardinal* gave way to *Ballarat*, in which order the race finished, *Shadow* winning very easily by several lengths. *Ballarat* pulled up distressed, and the *Cardinal* was nowhere. The pace was anything but good.

Time—6m. 44s.

**SECOND RACE**—St. Leg<sup>ar</sup> Stakes of 20 Sovereigns each, with 200 Sovereigns added, for three-year-olds. Weight—8st. 10lbs. One mile and a half.

Mr. P. Milrick's	b. f.	<i>Tambourine</i> , by <i>Rory O'More</i> ,	(a. lad)...
Mr. Purcell's	b. c.	<i>Zanga</i> , by <i>Jersey</i> , out of <i>Enchantress</i>	...
Mr. McLeod's	b. c.	<i>Warrigal</i>	...
Mr. N. Simpson's	b. g.	<i>Balloon</i> , by <i>Figaro</i>	...
Mr. A. Green's	b. f.	<i>Miss Green</i> , by <i>Old Little John</i>	...
Mr. Hunter's	br. c.	<i>Moss Trooper</i> , by <i>Besborough</i> , out of <i>Brunette</i>	... 0
Mr. Morris'	br. g.	<i>Sarawak</i> , by <i>Jersey</i>	... 0
Mr. Dougherty's	b. c.	<i>Tomboy</i> , by <i>Premier</i> , out of <i>Flight</i>	... 0
Mr. Watson's	g. g.	<i>Muscat</i> , by <i>Imaum</i>	... 0
Mr. Milrick's	br. c.	<i>Frederick</i> , by <i>Robin Hood</i>	dr.

The lot got well away. The *Jersey* colt took the lead after quitting the post, with *Muscat* in close attendance for the first half-mile, when *Balloon* passed *Muscat*, collared *Sarawak*, defeated him in a few strides, went on with the running, with *Zanga* waiting on him, to the distance. *Balloon* now retired, and *Tambourine* showed in front, *Zanga* still looking dangerous, he swerved, and *Tambourine* was



declared the winner, after a good race, by a neck only. Warrigal made a good race for third. The others well up. The race was good all the way.

Time—3m. 15s.

**THIRD RACE.**—Trial Stakes of 10 Sovereigns each, with 50 Sovereigns added, for two year-olds, 8st. each. Three quarters of 7 mile.

Mr. Morris'	bl. c.	Cardinal Wiseman, by Dolo, out of Audacity,	(a lad)... 1
Mr. Shedy's	c. c.	Camel, by Almack	... 2
Mr. M'Haffie's	g. f.	Molly Bawn, by Garry Owen, out of Old Mortality	... dr.

The Cardinal made the running at his own pace, was never headed, and won very easily by several lengths.

The following are the entries for the day :—

**FIRST RACE.**—Maiden Plate of 80 Sovereigns, for all horses that have not won an advertized prize. Entrance, 5 Sovereigns. Town Plate weights. The winner of the Town Plate to carry 7lbs. extra. Heats, 1½ mile.

Mr. Mahon's	Gay Lad,	5 years... 0
Mr. J. Harper's	Puss,	5 years... 0
Mr. N. Simpson's	Brunette,	4 years... 0
Mr. T. Hay's	Buckley	... 0
Mr. Milrick's	Miss Lazen (late Shylock)	5 years... 0
Mr. M'Dougal's	Koh-i-noor,	3 years... 0
Mr. Dogherty's	Soapy Sponge,	5 years... 0
Mr. J. Garlin's	Almack,	... 0

**SECOND RACE.**—Turf Club Cup, value £150. Entrance 10 Sovereigns each. Weights—three-year-olds, 10st. 7lbs. four-year-olds, 11st. 7lbs. ; five-year-olds 12st. 2lbs. ; six and aged, 12st. 10lbs. To be ridden by members of the V. T. Club. Distance, 3 miles.

Mr. A. Hunter's	Corrobery,	aged	... 0
Mr. G. Watson's	Petrel,	aged	... 0
Mr. J. D'gherty's	Cloud,	6 years	... 0
Mr. A. Green's	Benedict,	6 years	... 0
Mr. B. Purcell's	Cardinal,	4 years	... 0
Mr. Milrick's	Ballarat,	aged	... 0

**THIRD RACE**—Publicans' Purse of 80 Sovereigns, for all horses. Entrance 5 Sovereigns. Town Plate weights. Two mile heats. The winner of the Town Plate to carry 4lbs. extra.

Mr. James Quiny's	Gilderoy	...	0	
Mr. H. N. Simpson's	Sir Hercules,	aged	...	0
Mr. Thomas Faby's	Shimrock,	aged	...	0

Mr. Milrock's	<i>Merino,</i>	aged	... 0
Mr. Geo. Watson's	<i>Will-if-I-can,</i>	aged	... 0
John Waite's	<i>Pickpocket,</i>	aged	... 0

FOURTH RACE—Pony Race. A Sweepstakes of 5 Sovereigns, for ponies of 14 hands and under, with 20 Sovereigns added from the Funds. Distance 1½ mile. Catch weights.

Thomas Branagar's	<i>Fearnought</i>	... 0
William Penner's	<i>Don Diego,</i>	5 years ... 0
H. Liardet's	<i>Mullita,</i>	aged ... 0
J. W. Hasler's	<i>Victory,</i>	aged ... 0

## SECOND DAY, 23rd March.

FIRST RACE.—The Queen's Plate of 200 Sovereigns, for all horses. Weights—three-years-old, 8st. ; four-years-old, 9st 6lbs. ; five-years-old, 10st. ; six and aged, 10st. 4lbs. Three miles.

Mr. G. Watson's	b. m.	<i>Shadow,</i>	(A. Miller) ... 1
Mr. N. Simpson's	.	<i>Jeanette</i>	... 2
Mr. P. Milrick's	c. m.	<i>Ballarat</i>	... 3
Mr. G. Watson's		<i>Petrel</i>	... 0

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr. Fahy's	<i>Shamrock</i>	... 0
Mr. Milrick's	<i>Merino</i>	... 0
Mr. Gorton's	<i>Young Almack</i>	... 0
Mr. M'Dougall's	<i>Grey Starling</i>	... 0
Mr. Purcell's	<i>Cardinal</i>	... 0
Mr. Quiney's	<i>Gilderoy</i>	... 0
Mr. Hunter's	<i>Conjuror</i>	... 0

Petrel made the running for Shadow, with the others well up, for the first mile, when the mare showed in front, carried it on, was never headed, and won easily by three lengths—4 to 3 on Shadow.

SECOND RACE.—A Forced Handicap of 10 Sovereigns each, for all winners during the present Meeting, two-year-olds excepted, half forfeit if declared before coming to the post. To be handicapped by the stewards, or whom they may appoint. Two miles.

Mr. Hay's	<i>Buckley</i>	... 1
Mr. G. Watson's	<i>Will-if-I-can</i>	... 2
Mr. Purcell's	<i>Cardinal</i>	... 3

Will-if-I-can and Cardinal cut out the work for the first mile, when the latter cut it, and his companion carried on alone. Buckley came up at the turn into the straight running, and after a good race won by a couple of lengths.

THIRD RACE—The Mayor's Cup of £50, for two and three years old, with £5

entrance added. Weights—two-years-old, 8st.; three-years-old, 8st. 10lbs. One mile. The winner of the St. Leger Stakes to carry 3 lbs. extra.

Mr. N. Simpson's	<i>Balloon</i>	... 1
Mr. A. Hunter's	<i>Moss Trooper</i>	... 2
Mr. P. Milrick's	<i>Warrigal</i>	... 3

Warrigal and Moss Trooper went away with a strong lead for the first half-mile, when Balloon joined them, and the trio made a fine finish, Balloon winning by a neck, and the other two making a good race for second.

FOURTH RACE—The Thespian Cup, the gift of Messrs. Young and Hydes, of the Queen's Theatre, value £50, with a Sweepstakes of £5 for horses that never won an advertized prize of £20 value. Catch weights. One mile and a half.

Mr. Hay's	<i>Buckley</i>	... 1
Mr. Morris'	<i>Vapor</i>	... 2
Mr. J. Harper's	<i>Soldier</i>	... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :—

Mr. Hassen's	<i>Soapy Sponge</i>	... 0
Mr. Hyde's	<i>Thespia</i>	... 0
Mr. Payne's	<i>Medora</i>	... 0
Mr. Cartwright's	<i>Tranbea</i>	... 0
Mr. M'Intosh's	<i>Shakspeare</i>	... 0
Mr. Argyle's	<i>Salathiel</i>	... 0
Mr. Simpson's	<i>Birthday</i>	... 0
Mr. Gregory's	<i>Leila</i>	... 0
Mr. Howard's	<i>Goldseeker</i>	... 0
Mr. Garton's	<i>Young Almack</i>	... 0
Mr. Branagan's	<i>Colin Rohn</i>	... 0

The mob got well away at the second attempt, Vapor, Soldier, and Soapy Sponge in the first division, the others in the rear to the turn, where Buckley joined the front rank, ran half way up the distance, shook them off, and won easily by three lengths—Vapor beating Soldier by a short half length, the others all tailed off, with tremendous panishment.

### THIRD DAY, 24th March.

FIRST RACE—The Steeple Chase of 10 Sovereigns each, with 100 Sovereigns added, for all horses, over three miles of country, to be selected by the Stewards. Weights same as Turf Club Cup. 13 leaps.

Mr. G. Watson's	g. g.	<i>Emerald</i>	aged, 12st 7lbs. (Owner) ... 1
Mr. Smith's	b. g.	<i>Brian O'Lynn</i>	aged, 12st. 7lbs. (Kent) ... 2
Mr. J. Hunter's		<i>Wizard</i>	aged, 12st. 7lbs. (F. Hunter) 3
Mr. J. Harper's	b. g.	<i>Honesty</i>	aged, 12st. 7lbs. (Evans) ... 4
Mr. Stephen's		<i>Shylock</i>	aged, 12st. 7lbs. (J. Boon)... 0
Mr. A. Green's		<i>Benedict</i>	aged, 12st. 7lbs. ... 0

Emerald and Brian paired off at a fair pace, and went pretty well together to

the fifth fence, when the latter fell, but soon righted. Benedict made a mistake at the third jump; Wizard at the seventh. Benedict and the Jew both refused the eighth, and disappeared from the race altogether. Emerald, ridden in Mr. Watson's best style, carried on at a steady rate, clearing everything admirably, and winning by about a distance; Brian O'Lynn second, Wizard third, and Honesty a bad fourth.—5 to 4 against Emerald.

SECOND RACE.—The Hodges' Handicap of 200 Sovereigns, with Sweepstakes of 10 Sovereigns each, the gift of Twisden Hodges, Esq., to be run for by all horses handicapped by the Stewards. Distance, one mile and a distance.

Mr. T. Hays'	br. g.	<i>Buckley.</i>	8 yrs.,	10st. 3lbs.	(Hays)...	1
Mr. Watson's	c. h.	<i>Ab-del-Kader,</i>	aged,	8st.	...	2
Mr. Morris's	g. h.	<i>Vapor,</i>		8st. 7lbs.	...	3

The following started, but were not placed :—

Mr. N. Simpson's		<i>Balloon,</i>		8st.	...	0
Mr. Hedge's		<i>Shamrock,</i>	aged,	8st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. Mildred's		<i>Tumbourine,</i>	3 yrs,	8st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. White's		<i>Pickpocket.</i>		10st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. J. C. Dougherty's		<i>Tomboy,</i>		7st. 10lbs.	...	0
Mr. N. Simpson's		<i>Sir Hercules,</i>		8st. 10lbs.	...	0
Mr. McDougall's		<i>Gry Starling,</i>		8st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. Hunter's	br. g.	<i>Conjurer,</i>		8st. 2lbs.	...	0
Mr. Purcell's	br. g.	<i>Cardinal</i>	4 yrs.	8st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. Watson's		<i>Shadow,</i>				ft.

The lot got off at a rattling pace. Balloon, Buckley, Shamrock, Vapor, Tomboy and Sir Hercules forming the first division, the others slightly in the rear for the first half mile: Tomboy and Sir Hercules disappeared from the first rank, and Abdel-Kader joined Shamrock and Buckley, Vapor carrying on the running to the turn, when the field began to scatter. Balloon now retired, Buckley, Shamrock, and Ab-del-Kader carried on, Vapor still leading; this order continued to the distance, where Shamrock got a quietus, and the two ran a fine race home, Buckley winning by a neck, with Vapor a very good third.

The splendid struggle with which this race concluded strongly illustrates the position in connection with racing matters, which we have often assumed; to the effect that with the limited number of horses which a small community like this can put upon the turf, a judicious system of handicapping is essential to anything like sport. Nothing can be more fatal to our racing than an adherence to that system which allows all the principal prizes to be swept off by one or two good horses, as was long the case in the palmy days of Petrel, Bunyip, and Beasy Bedlam. By such means the turf becomes degraded into a mere commercial speculation, and all true sport in the proper acceptance of the word is at an end.

This truth appears to have been realised in the true spirit of the sporting man by Mr. Hodges, and the liberality of his contribution has been very greatly enhanced by the judgment indicated in its application. The result is seen in one of the best contested races ever witnessed upon the Melbourne Course, and won

upon the very post by the sheer pluck of one of the gamest little horses that

**THIRD RACE.**—Hack Hurdle Stakes of 1 Sovereign each, with 20 Sovereigns added from the Fund.

Won easily by Mr. Bentley's r. g. *Nobbler*, beating six others.

**FOURTH RACE.**—Consolation Stakes of 5 Sovereigns each, with 50 Sovereigns added, for all beaten horses ; post entry. One mile and a distance.

Mr. Pincell's	b. c.	<i>Zanga,</i>	3 yrs., 8st.	(a lad) ...	1
Mr. N. Simpson's		<i>Jeannette,</i>	4 yrs., 9st. 3lbs.	...	2
Mr. P. Milricks'		<i>Warrigal,</i>	3 yrs., 7st. 11lbs.	...	3
Mr. Watson's		<i>Petrel,</i>	aged, 10st. 1lb.	...	0

The following also started :—

Mr Dougherty's		<i>Tomboy,</i>	3 yrs, 7st. 11lbs.	...	6
Mr Harper's	b. m.	<i>Puve,</i>	5 yrs., 9st. 7lbs.	...	0
Mr. John Waito's		<i>Pickpocket,</i>	10st, 1lb.	...	0

*Warrigal*, *Petrel*, *Tomboy*, and *Jeannette* jumped off with the lead, the others well up to the turn into the straight running, when *Petrel* and *Tomboy* gave way, and *Zanga* joined *Warrigal*; at the distance, the three as placed, came out, made a fine race, the Slave winning by a head, *Warrigal* third, and *Petrel* a very fair fourth. The race was good throughout.

**Hack Race**, one Sovereign each, with £20 added. One mile and a half.

Won by Mr. N. Simpson's c f. *Enchantress*, beating 14 others.

Thus ended the race meeting of 1854. The enjoyment expected from it was sadly marred by the storms and almost incessant rain, on the first two days especially ; and the very large amount of funds available, and the care and attention displayed by those principally concerned, were found but badly to compensate for the absence of that first great necessity of a successful Race Meeting, fine weather.

## MYSORE RACES.

**FIRST DAY, Tuesday, July 11, 1854.**

**FIRST RACE**—The Rajah's Plate, 70 G. M. from His Highness the Rajah. For Arabs that have never started. Entrance 5 G. M. for horses named on or before 1st May ; 15 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st June, when the Race will close ; with a Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for horses declared to start. Declaration to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the Race. Weight for age 2 miles. If there are 20 Nominations the 2nd horse to save his Stake, if 30 Nominations, the 2nd horse to receive 50 G. M.

Mr. Johannes'	b. a. c.	<i>Caesar,</i>	7st. 12lbs. (Brewty) ...	1
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# MYSORE RACES.

7

Mr. Campbell's b. a. c. *Highlander*, 7st. 12lbs. (Cotton) ... 2  
 Abdoolah's b. a. h. *Arrow*, 8st. 5lbs. (Abdoolah)... 3

Time—3m. 59s.

**SECOND RACE**—The Give and Take Plate of 20 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 15 G. M. H. F. For all Arabs. Weight for age and inches; Winners before the Meeting to carry 5lbs. extra. 1½ mile heats. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Sprugg's g. a. h. *Little Red Rover*, 8st 11b. 8oz. (Cotton) ... 1 1  
 Mr. Johannes' g. a. h. *Nussecb*, 8st. 9lbs. 14ozs (Brewty)... 2 2  
 Abdoolah's b. a. h. *Hinkull*, 8st. 5lbs. (Abdoolah) 3 0

Time—1st heat, 3m. 1s.—2nd heat, 3m. 3½s.

**THIRD RACE**—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. H. F. For all Arabs 8st. 10lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 miles. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Campbell's g. a. h. *Silver Heels*, 8st. 10lbs. (Cotton) ... 0  
 Mahomed Bawker, pays forfeit.

**SECOND DAY, Thursday, July 13, 1854.**

**FIRST RACE**—The Durbar Stakes of 50 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all Arabs. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 miles. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Johannes' b. a. h. *Favorite*, 8st. 5lbs. (Brewty)... 1 4 2  
 Mr. Campbell's g. a. h. *Silver Heels*, 9st. (Cotton)... 2 0 0

Mahomed Bawker, pays forfeit.

**SECOND RACE**—The Purse of 40 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 20 G. M. H. F. For all Arabs that have never won before the day of starting 8st. 7lbs. 1 mile heats. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Johannes' b. a. h. *Avz*, 8st. 7lbs. (Brewty)... Walked over.

**THIRD RACE**—Hack Stakes of 5. G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 2 G. M. P. P. For all horses not trained before the Meeting. 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Half mile heats, G. R. To close and name at the ordinary, the night before the Race.

Mr. Gammell's b. a. h. *Rangoon*, 10st. (Capt. Prior) ... 1 1  
 Capt. Drury's b. c. h. *Sweep* 11st. (Capt. Renton) ... 2 2  
 Mr. Fletcher's b. a. h. *Brewty* 10st. (Lieut. Powel) ... 3 1

1st heat, 58s.—2nd heat, 56s.

**FOURTH RACE**—Hinkall Stakes of 30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah, with a

Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. for all Maiden Arabs, to be Handicapped by the Stewards. Horses not standing the Handicap to pay 2 G. M. • 1 mile heats.

Mr. Johannes'	b. a. h.	<i>Ava,</i>	8st. 7lbs. (Brewty)	...	1	1
Abdullah	b. a. c.	<i>Indian Warrior,</i>	7st. 4lbs. (Abdullah)	...	2	2
Ali Asker	g. a. c.	<i>Shyman,</i>	7st. 12lbs. (Drunken Boy)	...	3	4
Mr. Spruggs'	g. a. h.	<i>Little Red Rover,</i>	8st. (Cotton)	...	4	3

1st heat, 1m. 56s.—2nd heat, 1m. 54s.

### THIRD DAY, Saturday, July 15, 1854.

FIRST RACE.—The Great Mysore Challenge Stakes open to all India. 100 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. Entrance 50 G. M. P. P. For all Arabs. Weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 2 mile heats. To close on the 1st June and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Campbell's	g. a. h.	<i>Silver Heels,</i>	9st 0 lbs. (Cotton)	...	1	1
Mr. Johannes'	b. a. h.	<i>Favorite,</i>	8st. 5 lbs. (Brewty)	...	2	2
Mahomed Bawker						
names	b. a. c.	<i>Indian Warrior,</i>	6st. 11lbs. (Abdoolah)	...	3	dr.

Time—1st heat, 55s.—1m. 57s.—3m. 2s.—4m. 1s., won by a neck. 2nd heat, 58s.—2m. 0s.—35m.—4m. 17s., won in a canter.

SECOND RACE.—The Colt's Plate of 30 G. M. from H. H. the Rajah. For all Arabs having a Colt's tooth on the 1st May, 5 G. M. for horses named on 6<sup>th</sup> before the 1st May. 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and 1st June, when the race will close, with a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. for horses declared to start. Weight for age. 1½ mile.

Mr Johannes'	b. a. c.	<i>Cesar,</i>	7st. 12lbs. (Brewty)	...	1	
Ally Askar's	c. a. c.	<i>Shoory See,</i>	7st. 12lbs. (Cotton)	...	2	
Abdoolah's	g. a. c.	<i>Trojan,</i>	7st. 12lbs. (Abdoolah)	...	3	

Time—2m. 57s. won easy.

MATCH—10 G. M. ½ mile. 10st. 7lbs.

Capt. Prior names	g. a. h.	<i>Rangoon,</i>	10st. 7lbs. (Capt. Prior)	...	1	
Capt. Drury's	b. c. h.	<i>Sweep,</i>	10st. 7lbs. (Capt. Renton)	...	2	

Time—56s.



## THAYETMYOÖ RACES.—(BURMAH.)

### FIRST DAY.

**FIRST RACE** - The Derby Stakes of two Sequins each, with eight added by the Fund for all thorough-bred Burmah ponies,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Catch Weights. Gentlemen Riders.

Capt Cunliffe's	gr.	p.	<i>The Greyhound,</i>	(Mr. Lambert)	..	1	1
Mr. Battye's	ch.	p.	<i>The Surveyor,</i>	(Owner)	...	3	2
Mr. Alfred Dale's	gr.	p.	<i>Ironsides,</i>	(Owner)	...	2	3
Mr. Parson's	b.	p.	<i>Napoleon III,</i>	(Mr. Daniell)	...	4	4
Mr. Lambert's	b.	p.	<i>Timber-toes,</i>	(Mr. Speke)	..	6	5
Mr. Smallpiece's	b.	p.	<i>Square-toes,</i>	(Owner)	...	5	6

*Betting at starting.*—7 to 4 against The Greyhound, (taken freely), 2 to 1 against Napoleon, 4 to 1 against The Surveyor, and 20 to 1 against Ironsides.

*1st heat.*—The Greyhound went off with the lead, Napoleon and Timber-toes on his quarter, Ironsides lying handy, the rest waiting; they ran in this order to the distance post, when Surveyor (who got off badly) passed his horse in succession, and half way up challenged the two leaders; he could not, however, quite reach them, and the Greyhound, after the semblance of a race with Ironsides, won cleverly by a length.

*2nd heat*—2 and 3 to 1 on the Greyhound.

The lot got off in a cluster; but as soon as they were settled in their places, The Surveyor rushed to the front and made strong running; he kept the lead till within three strides of the Judge's chair, when Mr. Lambert brought up The Greyhound with a rush not unworthy of Chifney, and won by a short head.

**SECOND RACE.**—The Pagodah Stakes for all ponies entered by Non-Commissioned Officers. Catch Weights.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Rs. 30 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 3.

Sergt. Chatterton's	b.	p.	<i>Clarionet</i>	...	1	1
Sergt. Major Bellamore's	ch.	p.	<i>Punch</i>	...	4	2
Sergt. Smith's	d	p.	<i>Bandy-legs</i>	...	2	3
Sergeant Richardson's	b	p.	<i>Kulloo</i>	...	3	4

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge: Sergeant Gordon's Mountain Hare, Sergeant Higley's Rabbit, and Sergeant Craig's Jenny Lind.

*Betting.*—Even on Mountain Hare, 3 to 1 against Clarionet, (taken) 5 to 1 against Bandy-legs.

Sergeant Blagden's Discount twisted one of his plates in taking his preliminary canter, and was not able to start.

*1st heat.*—Clarionet made all the running, and won easily by two lengths.

*2nd heat.*—10 to 1 on Clarionet, who went off with the lead, kept in, and won easily.

**THIRD RACE.**—The Ramnaggar Cup for all horses, the property of Sowars. The winner to receive Rs. 35; the Second Rs. 8. Owners up  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile.

Walleddad Khan's	ch. m.	<i>Sylph</i>	... 1
Nuzzuff Ullee's	ch. m.	<i>Sweetlips</i>	... 2
Faizoolah Khan's	gr. m.	<i>Peri</i>	... 3
Zumroodeen's	b. m.	<i>Sinope</i>	... 0
Nuzrutoolah's	b. m.	<i>Sebastopol</i>	... 0
Shekh Ulcemoolah's	b. m.	<i>Valide</i>	... 0
Unzeer Khan's	b. m.	<i>Sultana</i>	... 0
Alla-ooden's	gr. m.	<i>Scrutari</i>	... 0
Abdool Rhyman's	gr. m.	<i>Odessa</i>	... 0
Lall Mahomed Khan's	ch. m.	<i>Galipoli</i>	... 0
Iradut Ullee's	r. m.	<i>Kalafut</i>	... 0
Ruheemooden's	b. m.	<i>Oltenitza</i>	... 0
Meer Wajid Ullee's	ch. m.	<i>Krajova</i>	... 0
Kuddum Khan's	gr. h.	<i>Omar Pasha</i>	... 0
Sheer Ullee's	b. h.	<i>Abdul Medjid</i>	... 0
Devee Purshad's	d. h.	<i>Gortschakoff</i>	... 0

**Betting.**—Even on Sylph, who made all the running and won easy. Gortschakoff came in last.

This closed the first day's amusement to the gratification of all, even of the losers. The splendid band of the 1st Fusiliers played in the intervals between the Races, and many bets were registered against Gortschakoff and others to the tunes of "The British Grenadiers" and "Partant pour la Syrie." Refreshments of all sorts—from the fizzing "peg" to the modest cup of bohea—were provided in the tents which lined the Course. We were not indeed honored by the presence of the fair sex, but, barring that, the arrangements were such as to defy improvement.

## SECOND DAY.

**FIRST RACE.**—The Fusilier Cup for all ponies. Catch Weights. Gentlemen riders.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr. Battye's	ch. p.	<i>The Surveyor</i> ,	(Owner)	... 1 1
Mr. Daniell's	ch. p.	<i>The Jew</i> ,	(Owner)	... 2 2
Mr. White's	d. p.	<i>Master Slender</i> ,	(Lloyd)	... 3 3
Mr. Davison's	gr. p.	<i>Whitebait</i> ,	(Speke)	... 4 4
Capt. Richardson's	gr. p.	<i>Billy Button</i> ,	(Lambert)	... 5 5

**Betting.**—Even, and 7 to 4 on The Surveyor, 3 to 1 against The Jew, 10 to 1 against Master Slender (taken).

**1st heat.**—The Jew made the running to the cords, where Master Slender made an effort and failed; within a few yards of the post, Mr. Battye brought up The Surveyor, and won cleverly by three parts of a length.

**2nd heat.**—Master Slender off at score, waited on by Surveyor, The Jew and the two others waiting. Master Slender dropped off at the distance post, and though the Jew made a gallant effort at the cords, the Surveyor won by half a length—hard held.

**SECOND RACE.**—The Imperial Prize for all ponies. Catch Weights. Gentle-men riders.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats.

Mr. Parson's	b. p.	<i>Napoleon III.</i>	(Battyö)	... 1 1
Capt. Cunliffe's	d. p.	<i>Bandy-legs.</i>	(Curran)	... 2 2
Nüttell Khan's	b. p.	<i>Hooshyar Beg.</i>	(Owner)	... 3 4
Mr. Davidson's	b. • p.	<i>Jovial Soul.</i>	(Daniel)	... 4 3

The betting in general was in favour of the French Emperor, but a small though select party were very sweet upon The Jovial Soul, whose running, however, caused them anything but jovial sensations.

**1st heat.**—The Jovial Soul dashed off with the lead, but after running three hundred yards, was headed by Napoleon, who ultimately won after a pretty race by a neck

**2nd heat.**—Bandy-legs off with the lead, followed close by Hooshyar Beg, Napoleon and the Jovial one waiting; at the distance Hooshyar Beg dropped, and the other two coming up at the same moment, a very severe Race ensued, Napoleon winning on the post by a head, and Bandy-legs having the same advantage over the Jovial Soul

**THIRD RACE.**—A piece of Plate for all Grass-cutters' tattoos. Owners up Round the Course. The Winner to receive Rs. 15.

Zuiahoosen's	b. p.	<i>The Flower of the Harem</i>	... 1
Hooshen Buksh's	gr. p.	<i>Turkistan</i>	... 2
Alli Khan's	ch. p.	<i>Revenge</i>	... 3

Won by a head, Revenge served at the distance, or in the opinion of good judges, could not have lost.

This morning, additional lustre was added to the day's sport by the arrival of an influx of visitors from Promo, amongst whom we noticed a gentleman celebrated for his skill in handling the willow, and in all manly sports. We need not add that joviality was the order of the day, and that innumerable matches were made up, to come off at a future date. In the course of the night a tiger came down and attacked the stable in which the Jovial Soul was quartered along with another poney ycleped The Jolly Old Hunk, and succeeded in carrying off the latter highly prized, though dark horse. The Hunk, who had been tied on the previous day, and found to be a stone better than the Jovial Soul, was discovered in the morning a mangled corpse. We need not attempt to portray the feelings of the owner of this unfortunate animal, but they were anything but "jolly."

### THIRD DAY.

**FIRST RACE.**—The Huk-na-buk Stakes for all Winners. Catch Weights.  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile heats. Entrance two Sequins, with ten from the Fund.

Mr. Battyö's	ch. p.	<i>The Surveyor.</i>	(Mr. Daniell)	... 1 1
Capt. Cunliffe's	gr. p.	<i>The Greyhound.</i>	(Mr. Lambert)	... 2 2
Mr. Parson's	b. p.	<i>Napoleon III.</i>	(Mr. Battyö)	... 3 dr.

**Betting.**—Even, and 5 to 4 on The Greyhound (taken freely.)

1st heat.—The Greyhound made the running, but was caught half way up the distance, and after a good Race was beaten by a neck.

2nd heat.—7 to 4 on The Surveyor, who took a strong lead at starting, kept on, and won easily.

Opinions being divided as to the merits of the celebrated animals who ran first and second for this Race, a match was made, even weights, to come off in a month.

• SECOND RACE.—Consolation Purse for all losers. Round the Course Catch Weights.

Mr. Lambert's	b.	p.	<i>Timber-toes,</i>	(Owner)	... 1
Mr. Daniell's	ch.	p.	<i>The Jew,</i>	(Owner)	... 2
Mr. Smallpiece's	b.	p.	<i>Square-toes,</i>	(Owner)	... 3
Mr. Birch's	d.	p.	<i>Bundy-legs,</i>	(Curran)	... 4

Captain White's Master Slender, and Mr. Alfred Dale's Ironsides also started, but were not placed.

The Jew the favorite, but Timber-toes also quietly backed. Square-toes cut out the work for the first quarter, when The Jew, who had been pulling double, forged a head, and carried on the running at a great pace, and as he came round the turn, was looking so well, that cries of "The Jew wins" were heard from all sides. A few strides further told a different tale.

Timber-toes, who had waited throughout, gradually crept up at the distance, was on The Jew's quarter, half way up it had headed him, and finally won, after a brilliant display of riding by a short head. The rest were beaten off.

THIRD RACE.—The Champagne Stakes of one Rupee each, with 20 added, for all Non-Commissioned Officers' ponies. Half mile heats. Owners up.

Sergt. Gordon's	r.	m.	<i>Jenny Lind</i>	... 1 1
Sergt. Dunlavy's	ch.	p.	<i>Little Wonder</i>	... 2 2
Sergt. Blagden's	b.	p.	<i>Discount</i>	... 3 dr.
Sergt. Hoey's	ch.	p.	<i>Pipeclay</i>	... 4 dr.

Betting—Even on Discount, 2 to 1 against Little Wonder. 5 to 1 against Jenny Lind, 6 to 1 against Pipeclay.

1st heat.—Discount went off with the lead, but after going a few strides, his chance was out; Little Wonder then went on with the running, and apparently was winning easy, when Jenny Lind came up with a rush and won by a head; Pipeclay nowhere.

2nd heat.—Discount and Pipeclay drawn; Little Wonder again went to the fore, and made running at his best pace; at the cords, however, he had shot his bolt, and the Singer passed him and won easy.

FOURTH RACE.—Match 10 Goldinohurs. Round the Course.

Mr. Davidson's	b.	n.s.w.	g.	<i>Galumpus,</i>	(Col. Welchman)	... 1
Capt. Richardson's		n.s.w.	g.	<i>Blue Skin,</i>	(Owner)	... 2

*Betting.*—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Blue Skin.

Galumpus went off with the lead at a great pace, Blue Skin waiting ; they ran in this order to the last turn, when Blue Skin made an effort to catch his leader ; but no sooner had he reached his quarter, than Galumpus went clean away from him, and won hand held by three lengths.

A Race for all Burmans riding their own Ponies wound up this morning's amusements, which, as usual, went off with *great éclat*.

#### FOURTH DAY.

FIRST RACE.—The Gimcrack Stakes for all Sowars' horses, R. C., over six hurdles.

Shekh Wuquif Allee's	b. h.	Omar Pasha	... 1
Debee Purshad's	ch. h.	Gortschakoff	... 2

Any odds on the Pasha, who cut out the work and won very cleverly, Gortschakoff showing the white feather when called upon.

SECOND RACE.—The Convivial Stakes for all Ponies over five hurdles. Entrance 8 Rs Rupces 10 from the Fund. R. C.

Mr. Smallpiece's	b.	p.	Square-toes,	(Owner)	... 1
Mr. Lambert's	b.	p.	Timber-toes,	(Owner)	... 2
Mr. Parson's	b.	p.	Napoleon III.,	(Mr. Daniell)	... 3
Mr. A. J. Dals's	gr.	p.	Ironsides,	(Owner)	... 4

Timbertoes the favorite, but Napoleon strongly fancied, in consequence of a rumour that he had given The Jovial Soul 7lbs. and a beating in a trial on the previous day.

Ironsides, off at score, was first over the first hurdle, the rest following in a cluster ; at this point the grey bolted, to the intense mortification of his owner who looked unutterable things ; the rest went round close together to the distance post, where Napoleon dropped, the other two rated it together to the post, Square-toes winning by a neck, although at the last hurdle he was very nearly getting a cropper.

Thus ended a most successful Race Meeting, in which all the virtues seemed to strive for superiority. Of disappointments of course there were a few. The premature and melancholy death of The Jolly Old Hunks cast a gloom over the stable, which even the nomenclature of his companion was not able to disperse. Still all went off well, —so well in fact, that another Meeting is appointed to take place next October even on a larger scale. To this it is expected that all Burmah will send representatives. A prospectus is now being prepared, Cricket Matches have been made, one especially of intense interest, for which three gentlemen of noted pretensions (?) have challenged all Burmah, and Boat-races have been arranged, (Promé versus Thayetmyoo, when the Gortschakoff of the former station will attempt to pull against the Omar Pasha of the latter) and many other arrangements at foot-racing, jumping, leaping, and quoits concluded, which will serve, it is to be hoped, to render joviality the order of the day, and manly sports the aspiration of even the most benighted.

# NUGGUR RACES.—(BURMAH.)

FIRST DAY, August 3, 1854.

FIRST RACE.—The Nuggur Derby for Maiden Arabs. Weight for age: professional 7lbs. extra.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. To close 1st<sup>o</sup> June, name day before the race. Rs. 150 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 25 for starters. 9 subscribers. Total value of Stakes Rs. 465.

Hajee Abdool Wahab's	g. a. h.	<i>Bundoola</i> ,	8st. 12lbs. (Cartwright)...	1
Mr. Collier's	g. a. h.	<i>Oberon</i> ,	8st. 12lbs. (Nagoo.) ...	2
Mr. Townley's	g. a. c.	<i>Talisman</i> .	8st. 5lbs. (Bell.) ..	3

Bundoola made the running from the post, and was hard held.

Time—3m. 12s.

SECOND RACE.—The Nuggur Hunt Stake of Rs. 50, from the Nuggur Hunt. Entrance Rs. 15. 1 mile for all untrained horses, the property of and ridden by Members of the Hunt. 10st. G. R.

Mr. Pope's	g. a. h.	<i>Marmion</i> ;	(Mr. Collier)	...	1
Capt. Scott's	b. a. c.	<i>Fidget</i> ,	(Mr. Pickle)	...	2
Capt. Pottinger's	g. a. h.	<i>Buckshee</i> ,	(Mr. Townley),	...	3
Mr. Cubbay's	b. a. h.	<i>Baglock</i> ,	(Mr. D'Oyley)	...	4
Capt. Hatch's	g. a. h.	<i>Prophet</i> ,	(Mr. Burton)	...	0
Mr. ———	c. a. c.	<i>Tom Cat</i> ,	(Mr. Probyn)	..	0

This race lay from the commencement between Marmion, and Fidget. The latter being in very good order, made the running at a very strong pace, which in a very short time told its tale on all, except Marmion, and the old veteran Buckshee. At the run in Marmion crept up to Fidget's quarter, where he remained to the distance post, when he passed, and won easily by two lengths.

Time—2m.  $9\frac{1}{2}$ s.

THIRD RACE.—The Poney Plate. Rs. 20 from the Fund. Rs. 6 entrance for all ponies 13 hands and under.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heat.

Mr. FitzWilliams's	b. p.	<i>Ugly Buck</i>	...	3	2	1	1
The Victim's	c. p.	<i>Pop-goes-the-Weasel</i>	...	2	1	2	2
Capt. Doleful's	g. p.	<i>Silvertail</i>	...	1	3	3	3

This was looked on as an easy thing for little Pop, but owing to the magnanimity of his jock, he was ridden every heat on the outside of the course, running the winner to a neck or half a length each time.

1st heat, 1m. 6s.—2nd heat,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. 5m.—3rd heat, 1m. 7s.—4th heat 1m. 8s.

SECOND DAY, August 5.

FIRST RACE.—The Nuggur Cup for all horses, the property of Subscribers.  $1\frac{1}{2}$

miles. Weight for age—one stone in excess of Byculla standard. Winners to carry extra for one race 5lbs. ; two races, 7lbs. ; three or more, 10lbs. Maidens imported since 1st September, 1853, allowed 3lbs. To close and name 1st July, 3 horses from different stables to start, or the Cup will be withheld. Entrance Rs. 50. H. F. Gentlemen riders. Amount subscribed Rs. 330. 4 horses paid forfeit.

The Victim's	g. a. g.	<i>Runaway,</i>	10st. 7lbs	(Mr. Barton)	.. 1
Mr Collier's	g. a. h.	<i>Oberon,</i>	9st. 12lbs.	(Mr. Townley)	... 2
Mr. Valmy's	b. a. h.	<i>Marine,</i>	10st. 11lb.	(Mr D'Oyley)	... 3
Mr. Spur's	b. a. h.	<i>Caliph,</i>	9st. 2lbs.	(Mr. Harris Bell)	... 0

This being the race of the Meeting, excited a great deal of interest—the more so, as it was confidently given out that each of the owners of horses in the race had chosen the piece of plate they would have ordered out. Public opinion gave the race between Oberon and Marine, the former having the call. The nags came to the post and got away well together ; they passed the grand stand together, and kept so to the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, where Runaway got the lead, nearly pulling his rider's arms off ; this he maintained throughout, winning by a couple of lengths, in 3m. 15s. It was remarked that if he carried the heaviest weight in the race, he carried least flesh of any nag who ever ran to win ; and certainly he looked fitter for a veterinary stables than a Race Course. Caliph was coming up very strong when he bolted, otherwise he would, in all probability, have been second.

SECOND RACE.—The Hack Stakes Rs. 40 from the Fund, with an entrance of Rs. 10. Hcats  $\frac{3}{4}$  miles. G. R. 30-7. Winner to be sold if claimed for Rs. 350.

The Victim's	w. a. h.	<i>Don-cesar-de-Bagan,</i>	(Mr. Barton)	... 1 1
Capt. Pottinger's	g. a. h.	<i>Buckshee,</i>	(Mr. Townley)	... 2 dr.
Mr. Probyn's	g a h.	<i>Daniel O'Rourke.</i>		... dr.

• Won easy.

Time—1m. 35s.

THIRD RACE.—The Tattoo Stakes. Rs. 20 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 5. 13 hands 2 inches and under. One mile Catch weights.

The Victim's	c. t.	<i>Pop-goes-the-Weasel</i>	(A small boy)	... 1
Mr. Crimmin's	c t.	<i>Titus. late Spring Jack,</i>	(Nagoo)	... 2
Mr. Brigg's	b. t.	<i>Griffin.</i>	(Owner)	... <del>2</del>
Mr. FitzWilliams's	b. t.	<i>Ugly Duck.</i>	(A yellow boy)	... 4

This race was looked on as a moral for Titus, who had won the Poona Tat last year in 59s. ; he came on the course looking fine in more senses than one ; but, alas ! for the mutability of human affairs, when it came to the actual race. Pop went off at a great pace, doing his first  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in 1m. 4s., which shewed Titus up, and he came in an easy winner by 3 lengths ridden in a most exciting way by a black boy in dirty tops, and no end of a tie flying out gracefully behind.

Time—1m. 4s.—1m. 13s.— $\frac{3}{4}$ m. 17s.

THIRD DAY, August 8, 1854.

FIRST RACE.—The Nigger Welter for all horses. Rs. 100. Entrance Rs. 25.

Gentlemen riders. 1½ miles, 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs, and if imported since 1st September, 1853, 10lbs.

Mr. Pope's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Marmion</i> ,	10st. 4lbs.	(Mr. Collier)	...	1
The Victim's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Don-Cesar-</i>				
				<i>de-Bagan</i> .	11st. 0lb.	(Mr. Barton)	...	2
Mr. Spur's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Caliph</i> ,	10st. 4lbs.	(Mr. Harris)	...	3

Caliph was the favorite for this race, but when taking his preparatory canter, he went rather tenderly on the off fore leg. They all went off together, pulling steadily, the old horse leading to the run in, where Marmion collared him, and a very pretty race ensued.—Marmion winning by a length, and all three well together.

Time—3m. 15s.

SECOND RACE.—The Selling Stakes. Rs. 80 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 20, 1,000 Rs. 11st and 5lbs. allowed for every 100 Rs. Winner to put up to auction after the race, any surplus to the Fund.

The Victim's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Shumrock</i> ,	(Cartwright)	W. O.
Mr. Townley's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Talisman</i> ,		... dr.

THIRD RACE.—A Free Handicap for all horses. Rs. 150 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 40. R. C. 1 mile 3 furlongs.

Mr. Townley's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Talisman</i> .	8st 3lbs	(Bell)	...	1
Mr. Valmy's	b.	a.	h.	<i>Marine</i> ,	8st. 0lb.	(Fuckera)	...	2
Mr. Collier's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Oberon</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	(Nagoo)	...	3
Abdool Wahab's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Bundoola</i> ,	10st. 7lbs.	(Cartwright)	...	4

This, like all Free Handicaps, was a good race; all the horses had their backers—Bundoola being the favorite, as he looked a sort of an animal that would carry 11st. as easy as 8. He went away at a tearing pace, and it was not until the ½ mile post, that his rider appeared to get him in hand; at the ¾ mile they all got in a heap, and kept so until the distance, where Marine and Talisman came to the front, and a beautiful struggle ensued, which ended by Bell throwing his horse in a winner by about a neck: nothing but superior riding did it, and both Nags were well ridden.

Time—3 furlongs, 45s; ½ mile 1m. 2s; last mile 1m. 5s. Round the Course, 2m. 52s.

FOURTH RACE—A Tattoo Race. 20 Rs. 5 Rs. entrance. ½ mile heats. Catch Weights.

Mr. Crimmin's	<i>Titus</i> ,	(European boy)	...	1	2	2
The Victim's	<i>Pop-goes-thy-Weasel</i> ,	(Asiatic boy)	...	2	1	1
Mr. Brigg's	<i>Griffin</i> ,	(Owner)	...	3	dist.	
Mr. Fitz-Williams's	<i>Ugly Duck</i> ,	(Anglo-Indian boy)	...	4	3	3

1st heat.—A beautiful race between Titus and Pop, the former winning by a half head. Pop ridden out in the middle as usual.

Time—1m. 4s.



2nd heat — Pop won by a length. Mr —'s saddle turned with him, and he came down, (fortunately for him) on his head, and, of course, was not hurt.

Time — 1m 6s.

3rd heat — Pop won easily by a couple of lengths.

Time — 1m. 6s.

FOURTH DAY, August 10.

FIRST RACE.—A Forced Handicap for all winners during the three first days hacks and tattoos excepted, and open to losers. Rs. 100 from the Fund. Entrance Rs 25. 1½ miles.

Mr. Townley's	g	a	h	<i>Talsman</i>	8st. 7lbs	(Bell)	...	1
The Victim's	g	a	g	<i>Runaway</i>	9st. 7lbs.	(Cartwright)	...	2
Mr Pope's	g	a.	h	<i>Marmion</i>	8st 5lbs		...	dr.
Abdool Wahab's	g	a	h	<i>Bundoola</i>	10st 0lb.		...	dr

After a false start and Runaway's going nearly half a mile before he could be pulled up they got away, Runaway leading, pulling as usual, they kept close all the way, and both were pushing for the distance; and Talsman won by a head on the post. Had there been no false start, many were of opinion that the Hed-diwallah would have won.

Time — 7m. 9s.

SECOND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, a Handicap for all horses. Rs. 100. Entrance Rs 25. 1½ miles. Gentlemen riders

Abdool Wahab's	g	a	h.	<i>Bunbul</i> , 11st 0lb.	(Mr. Macpherson)	3
Mr. Collier names	g	a	h.	<i>Murron</i> 9st. 5lbs.	(Mr. Collier) ...	2 2
The Victim's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Shamrock</i> , 9st 1lbs.	(Mr. Pickle) ...	0
Mr. Barton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Romanoff</i> 9st 0lb.	(Owner) ...	1 1

With indomitable pluck, Bundoola, notwithstanding his heavy weight, was again put in, and, more strange still, was the favorite. Romanoff was a dark horse, the only thing known about him being his withdrawal from the Derby and Cup; on account of a severe attack of gripes. However, he appeared quite recovered, and made the running, waited on by Shamrock, who had a leg as big as a man's thigh; on the opposite side of the course there must have been at least 25 or 30 lengths between the first and last horses. At the ½ mile they commenced closing, and at the distance Shamrock was pulled up dead lame; it afterwards appeared he had gone so near the ½ mile, and Marmion made a rush, but never got nearer than 2 or 3 lengths to Romanoff, who carried 7lbs. extra, and went at an even pace throughout, doing all his ½ mile in 1m. 3s., making the time 3m. 9s.

THIRD RACE.—A Post Handicap. Rs 50 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 50. Round the Course.

Mr. Valmy's	h.	a.	h.	<i>Marine</i> ,	8st 2lbs.	(Fackera)...	1
The Victim's	w.	a.	h.	<i>Don-Casir-de-Bugay</i> ,	9st. 0lb.	(Cartwright)	2

Won by a neck after a very pretty race.

Time—2m. 53s.

## FIFTH DAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

FIRST RACE.—A Handicap, Rs. 100 from the Fund. Entrance Rs. 30. Round the Course.

Alfred Whab's	b	4	h.	<i>Bundoola</i> ,	9st. 11lbs.	(Cartwright)	...	1
The Victim's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Runaway</i> ,	9st. 9lbs.	(Nagoo)	...	2
Mr Barton's	g.	a.	h.	<i>Romanooff</i> ,	9st. 7lbs.	(Owner)	...	1

This was, as expected, the fastest race of the Meeting; they all kept close together all round, Bonas of winning by half a length in 2m. 51s. The other horses from previous running were stale.

SECOND RACE.—A Tattoo Handicap, Rs. 20. Entrance Rs. 5.  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile heats.

The Victim's	ch.	p.	<i>Pop-goes-the-Weasel</i> ,	8st. 7lbs.	...	1	1
Mr Brigg's	b.	p.	<i>Guffin</i> ,	8st. 2lbs.	...	2	2

Both heats won easy in 1m. 6s. and 1m. 7s.

This concluded one of the best Meetings we have ever had in Nuggur, and all mainly attributable to the unwearying exertions of our Secretary, Capt P—r, who combines a thorough knowledge of racing and races (as the Handicaps all prove), with not only the will, but the way to carry out the details.

# AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

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Melbourne Races, 1854	. . . . .	<i>Bell's Life in Sydney.</i>
Mysore Races	. . . . .	<i>Hurkaru.</i>
Thayetmyoo Races —(Burmah)	. . . . .	<i>Ditto.</i>
Nuggur Races.—(Burmah)	. . . . .	<i>Bombay Gazette.</i>



# ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

A.	J.	
Ava, 7, 8,	Jenny Lind, 12,	Shadow, 1, 3
B.	L.	Silver-heels, 7, 8
Buckley, 3, 4, 5	Little Red Rover, 7	Sylph, 10
Balloon, 4	M.	Square-toes, 13
Bundoola, 14, 17, 18	Marmion, 14, 16	Shamrock, 16
C	Marine, 17	T.
Cardinal Wiseman, 2	N.	Tambourine, 1
Cesar, 6, 8,	Nobbler, 6	The Greyhound, 9
Clarionet, 9,	Napoleon III., 11	The Surveyor, 10, 11
D.	O.	The Flower of the Harem,
Don-Cesar-de-Bagan, 15,	Omer Pasha, 13	11
E.	P.	Timbertoes, 12
Emerald, 4	Pop-goes-the-Weasel, 15,	Talisman, 16, 17
Enchantress, 6,	16, 18	U.
F.	R	Ugly Back, 14
Favorite, 7,	Rangoon, 7, 8	Z.
G.	Runaway, 15	Zanga, 6
Galumpuz, 12		









